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No 41-
MAY

The

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Kids have hours of fun with these 50 Wild West toys. Authentic details make these finest quality durable plastic toys educational as well as amusing. Each brightly colored toy on an individual base. Set contains BUCKING BRONCOS, RODEO RIDERS, HOLD-UP MEN, SHERIFFS, COWGIRLS, CHUCK WAGONS, LOG CABINS, INDIANS, SQUAWS, WARRIORS, etc. Children will re-enact TV movies, set up complete rodeos and Western scenes. Order several sets now at this very low introductory price.

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CIRCUS TOYS, Room 1402
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NAME _____

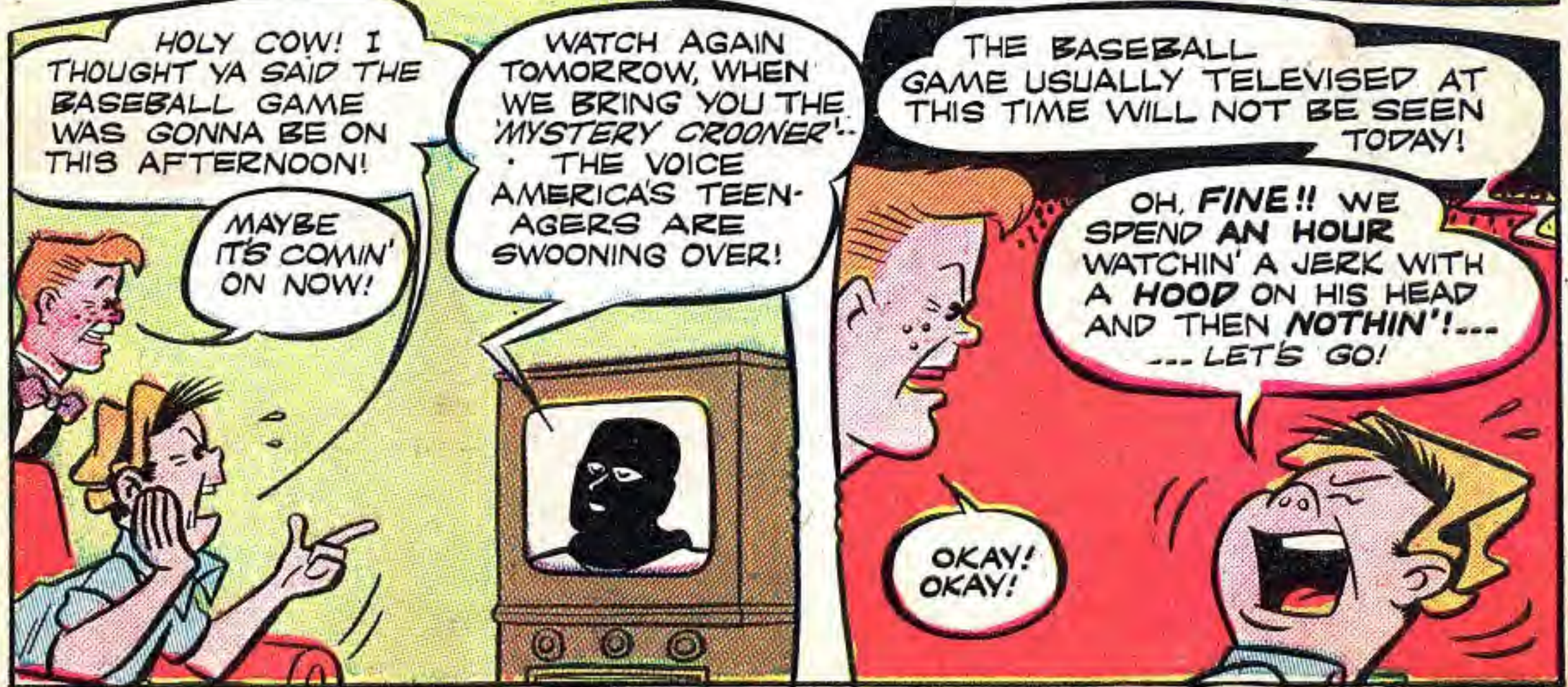
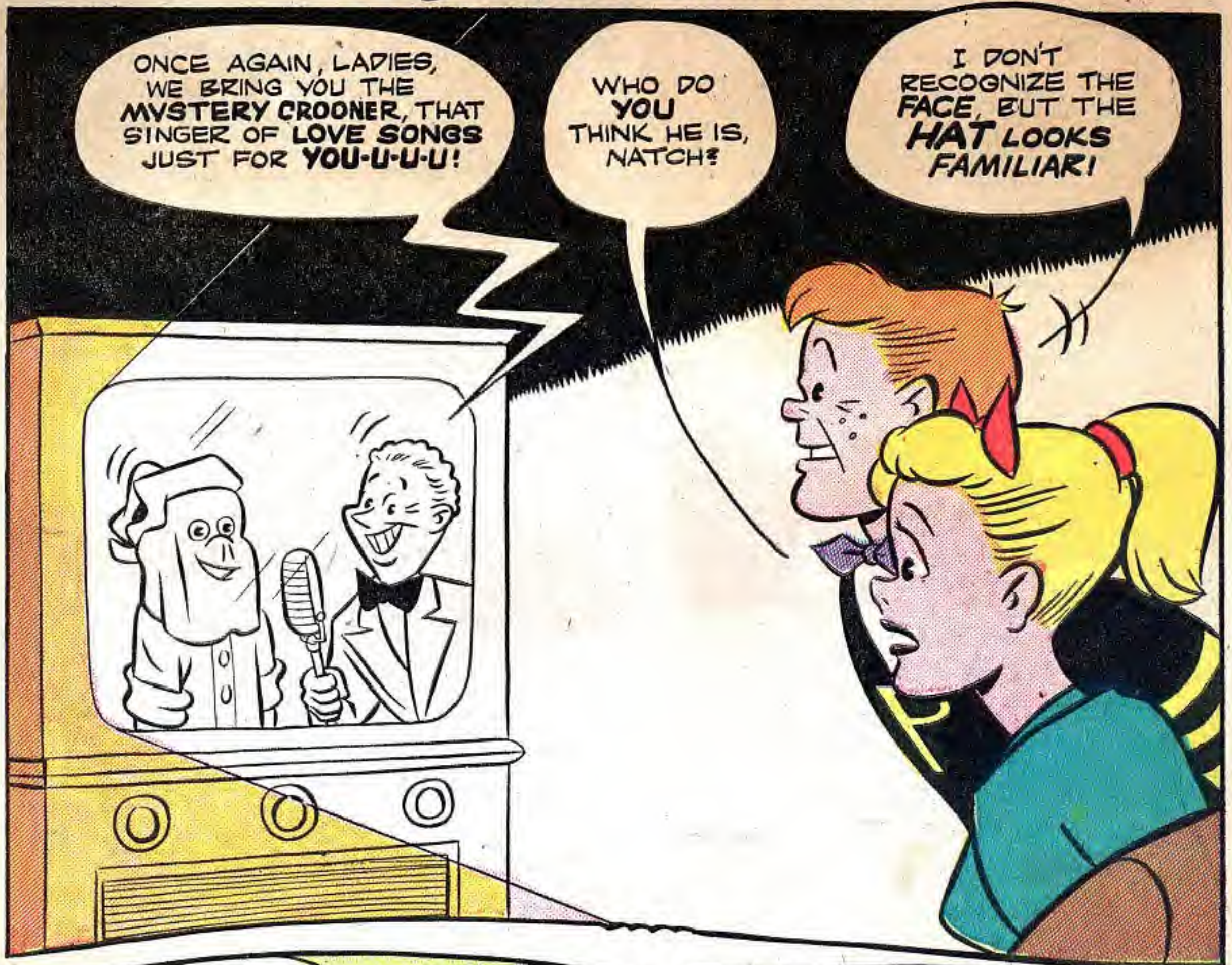
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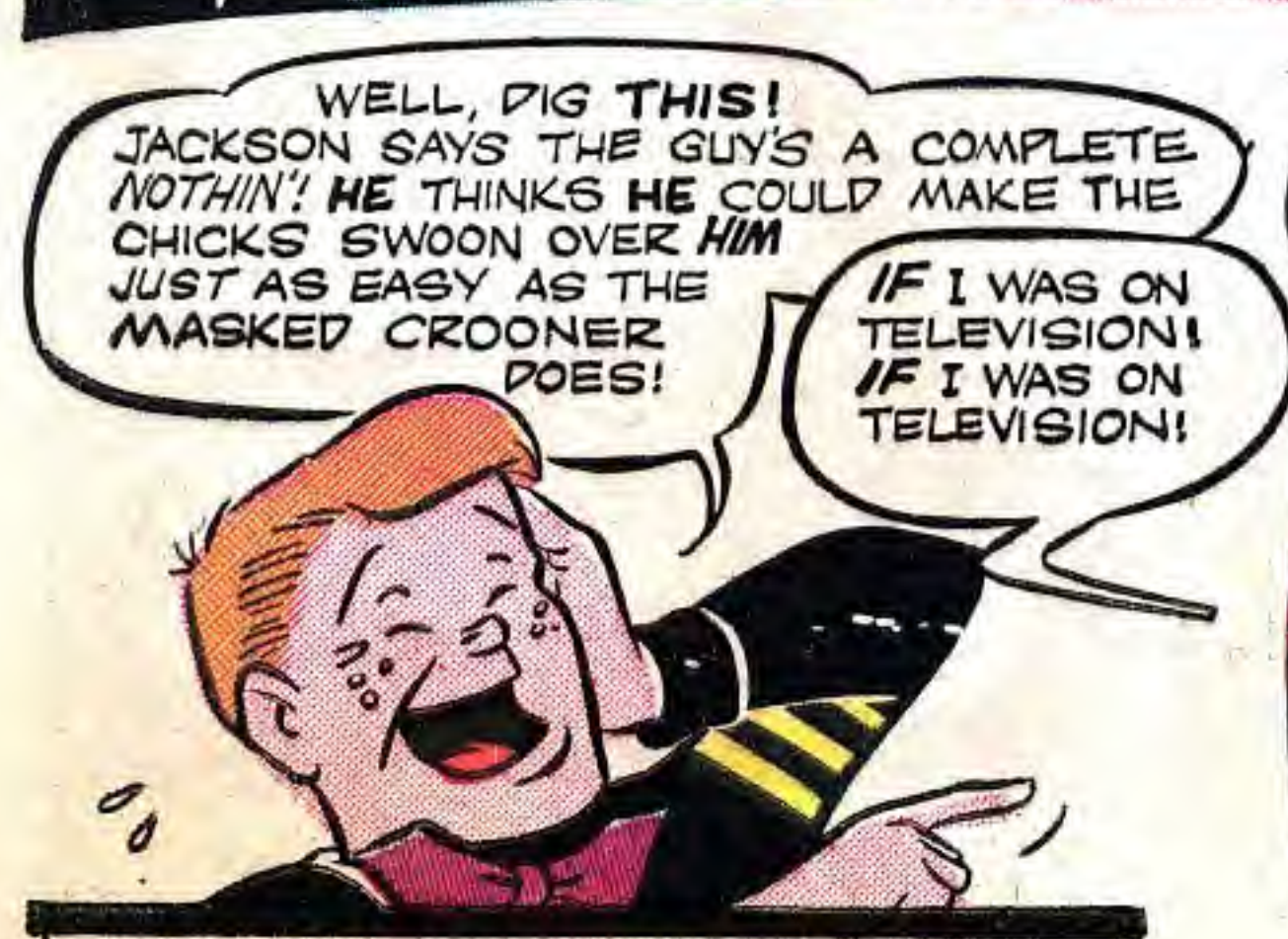
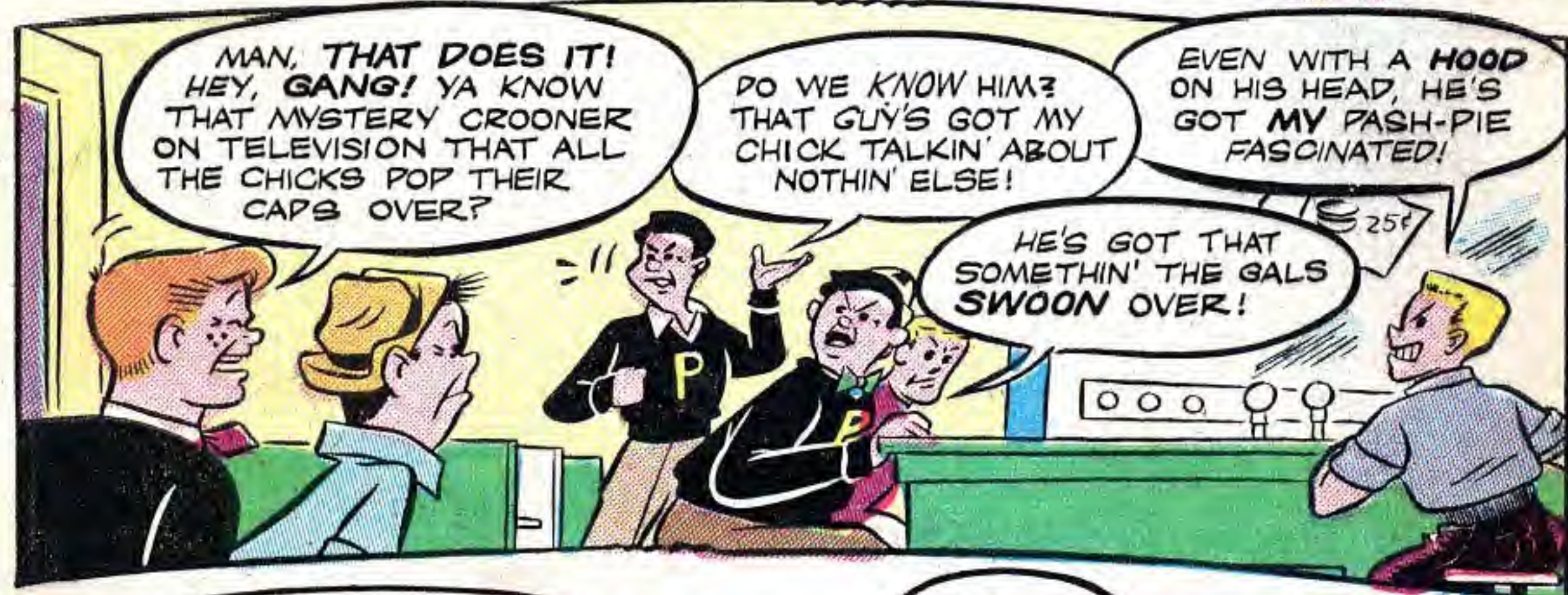
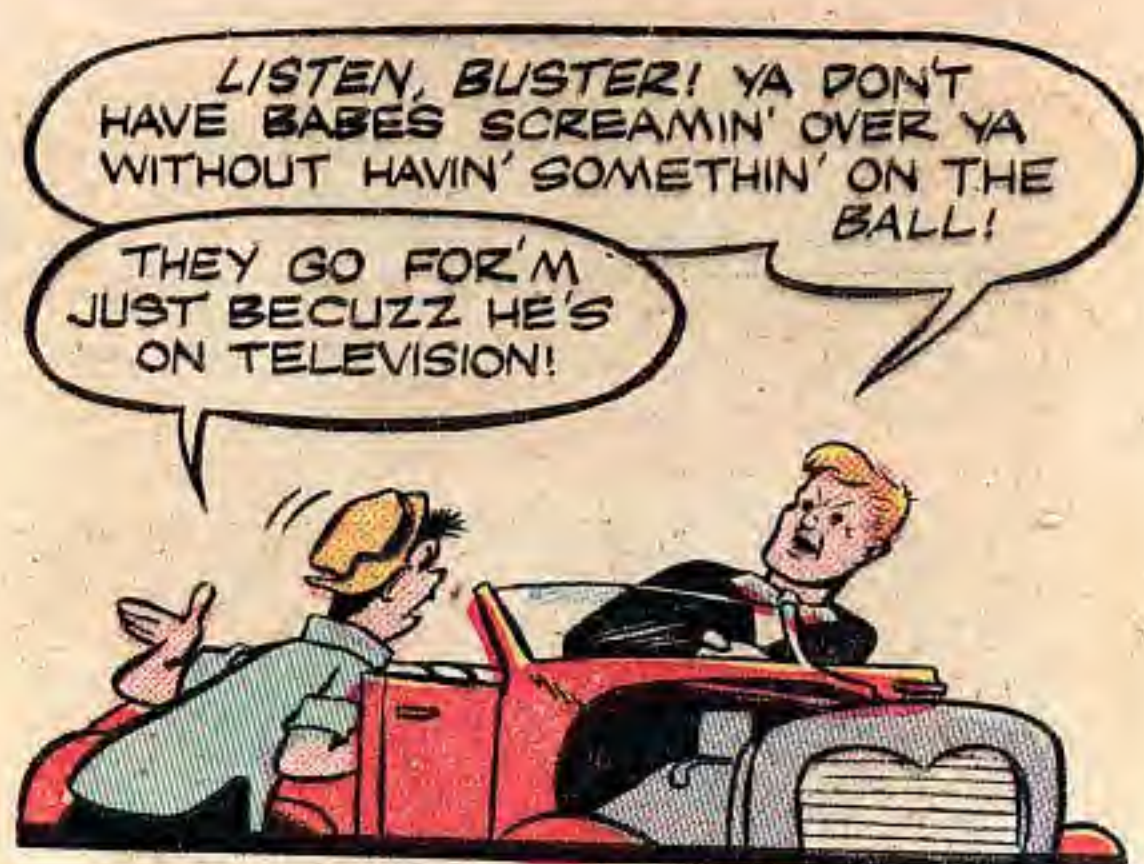
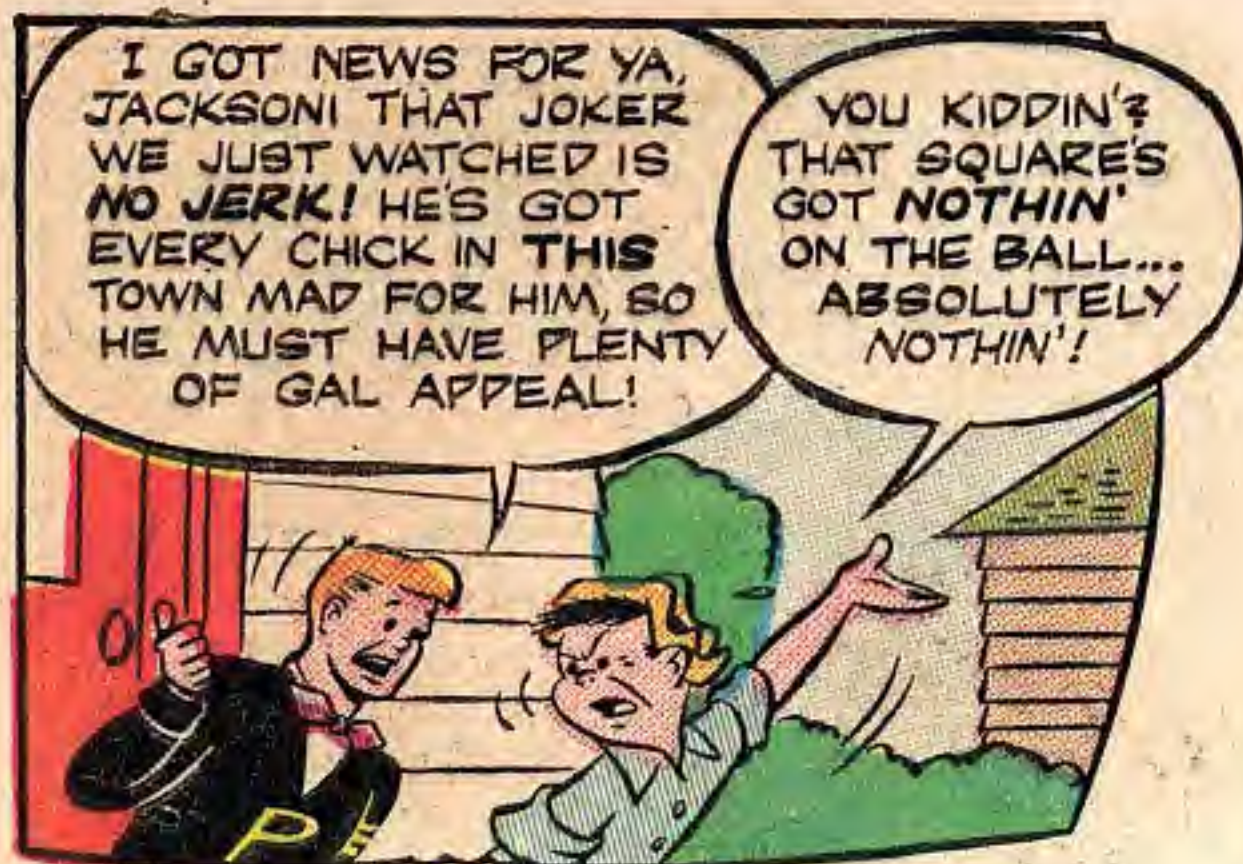
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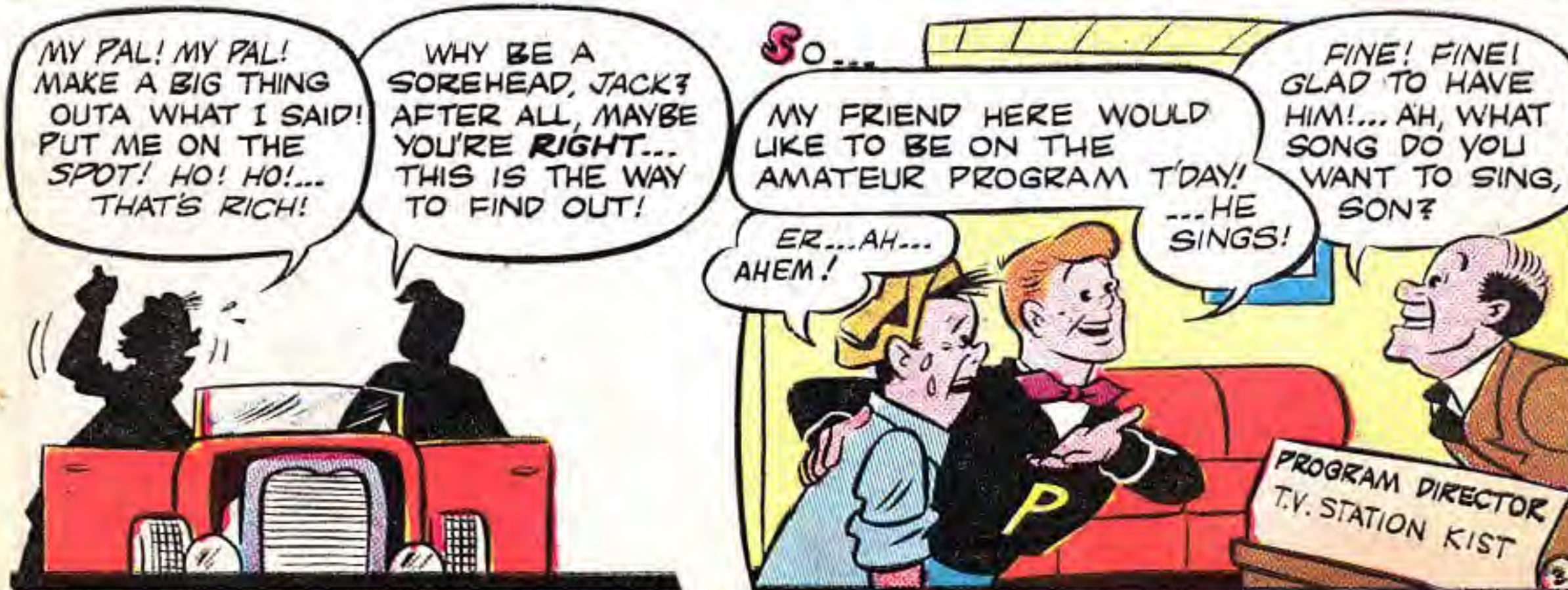
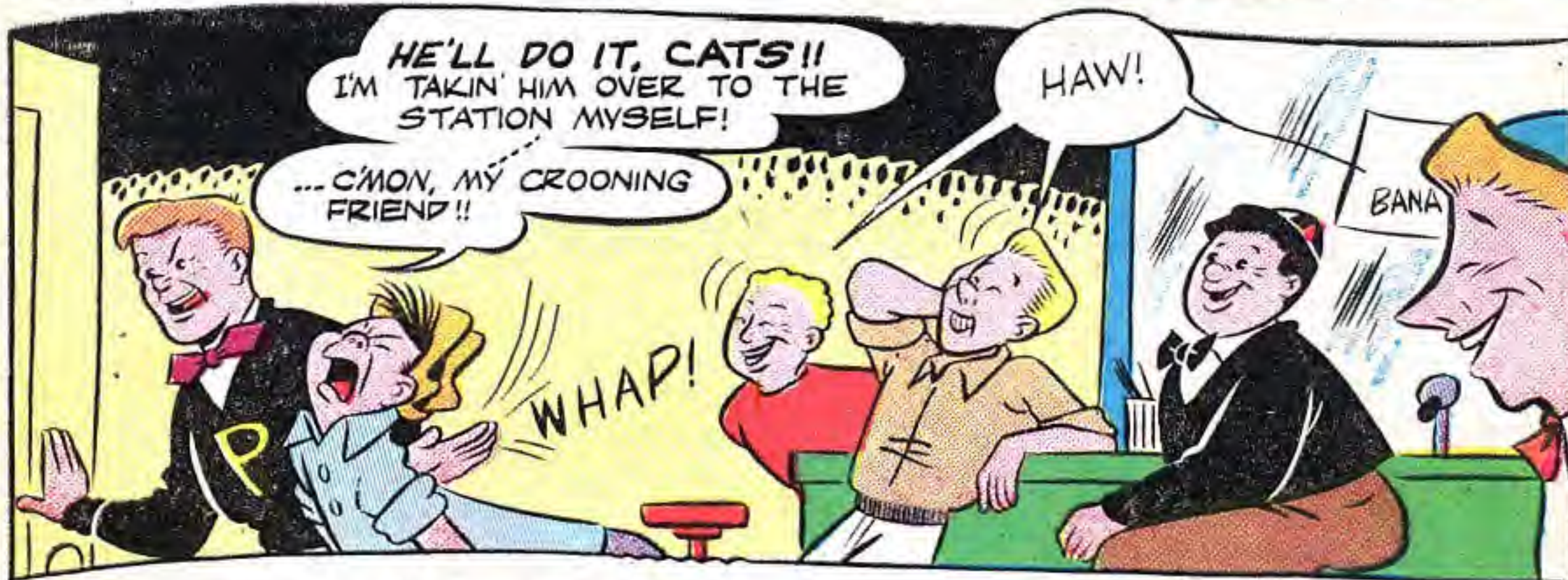
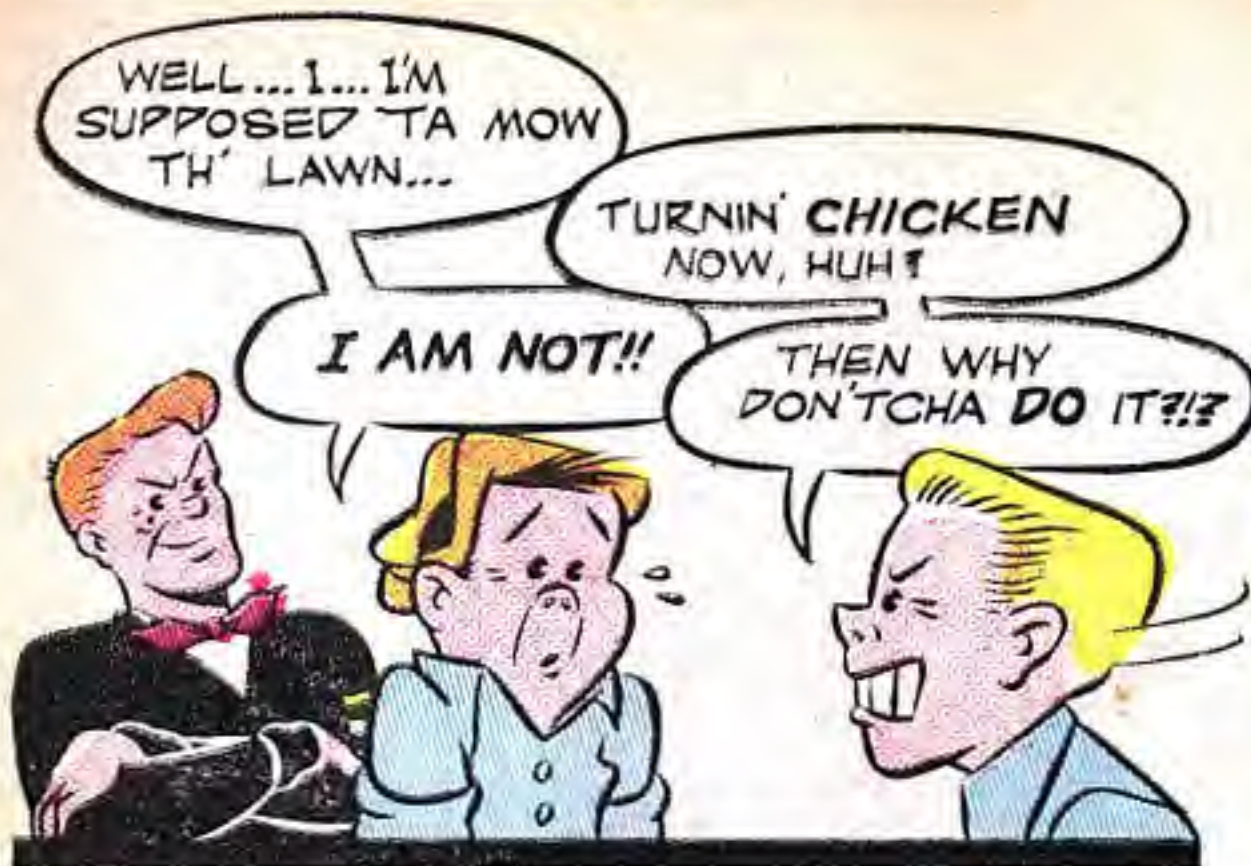
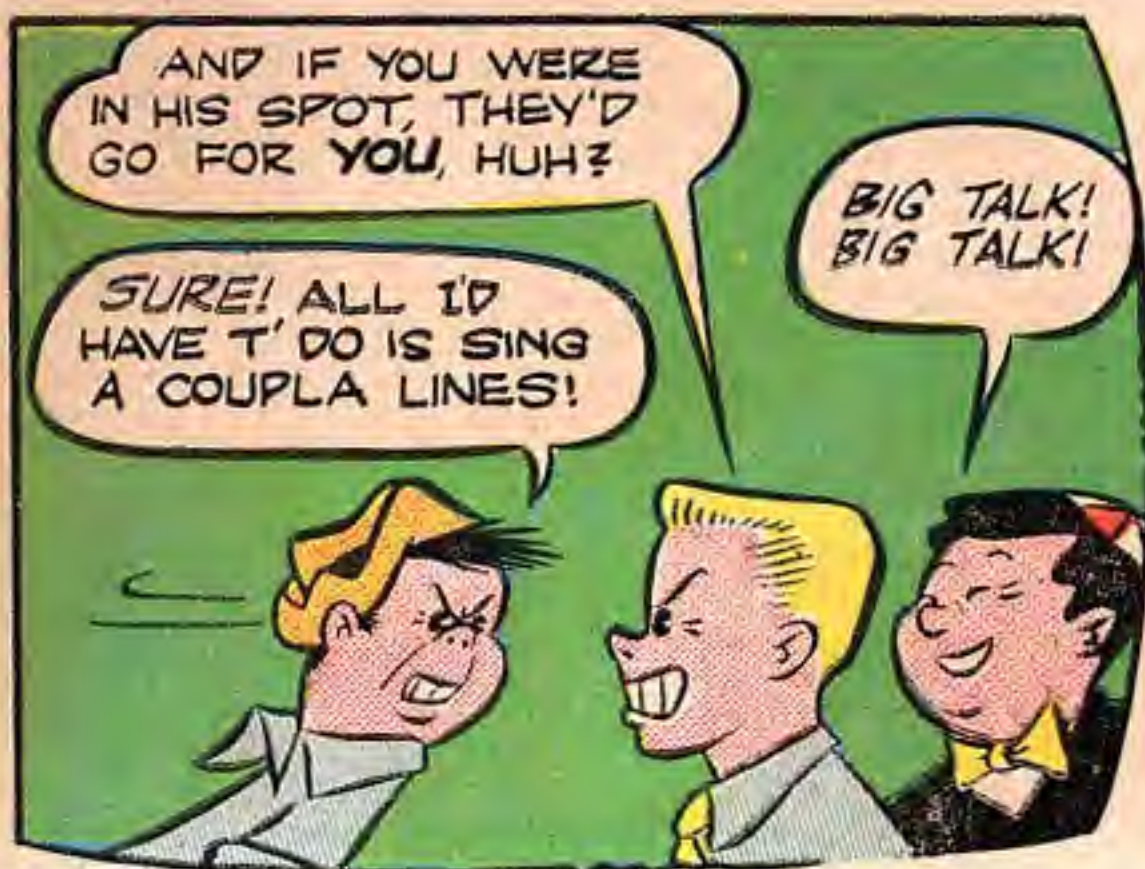
Enclosed \$_____ for _____ Sets

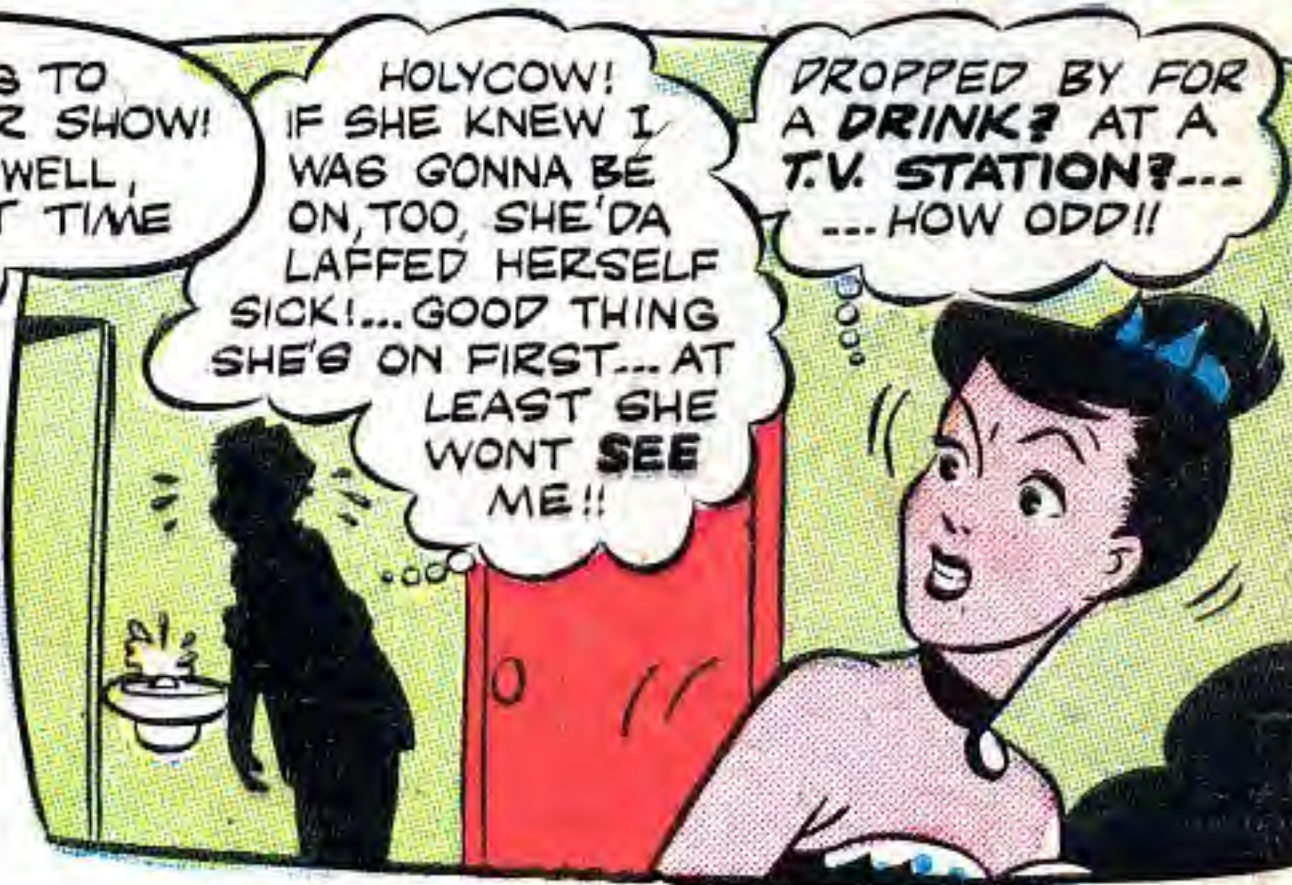
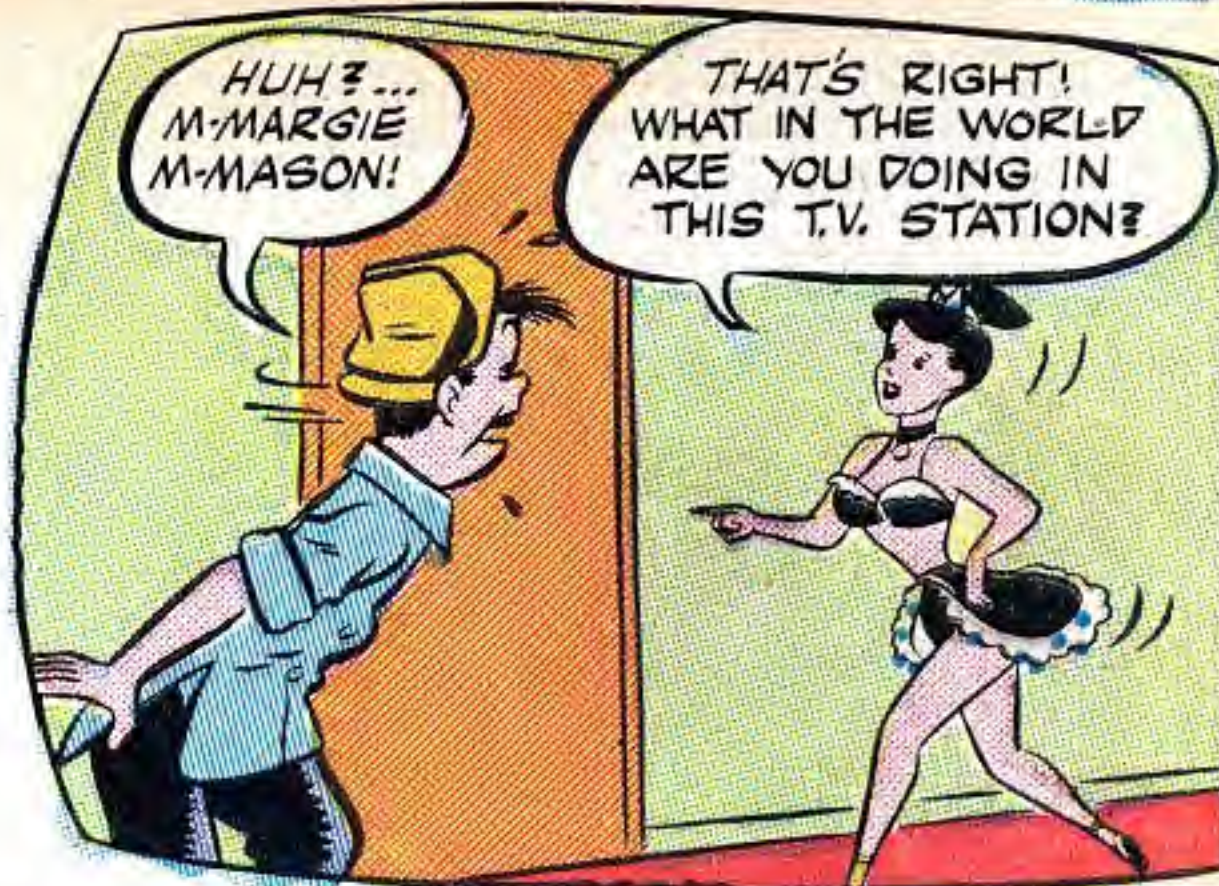
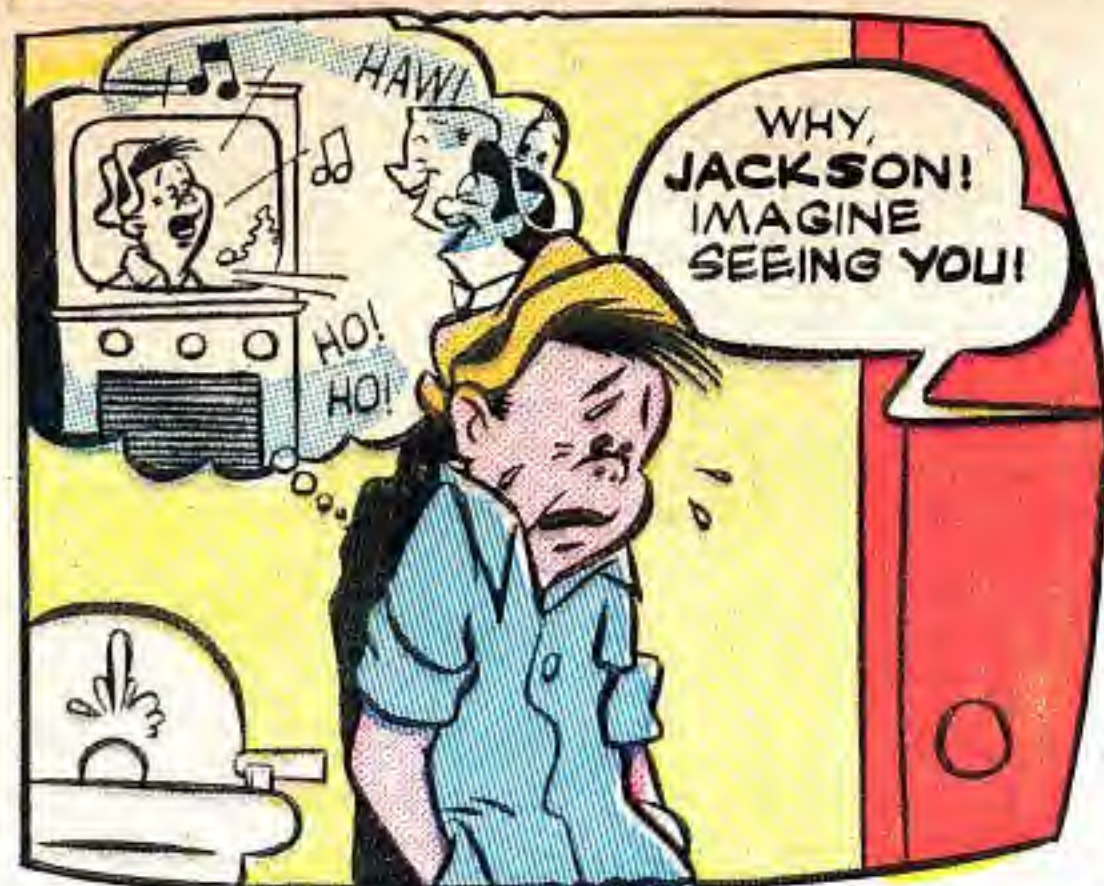
NATCH and JACKSON

"The Chick Charmer"









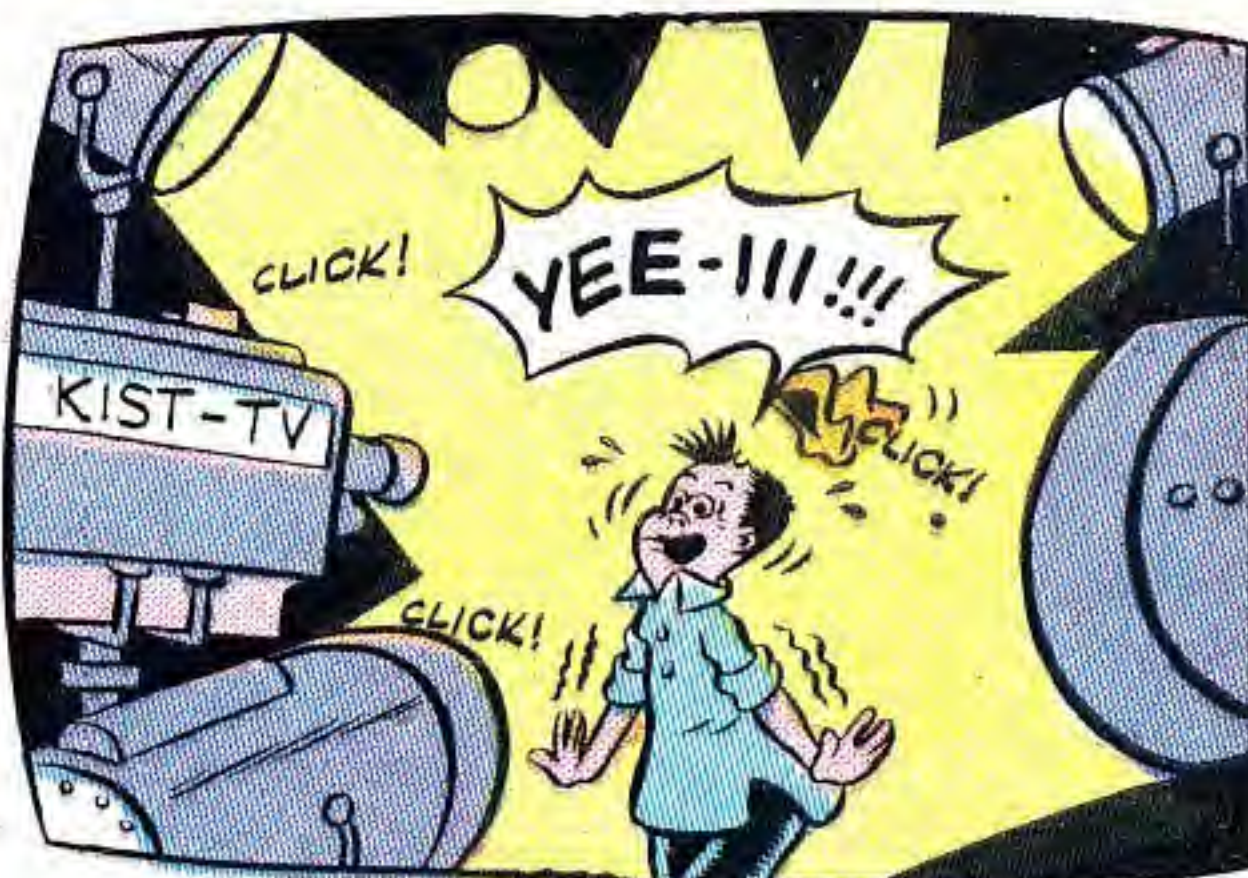
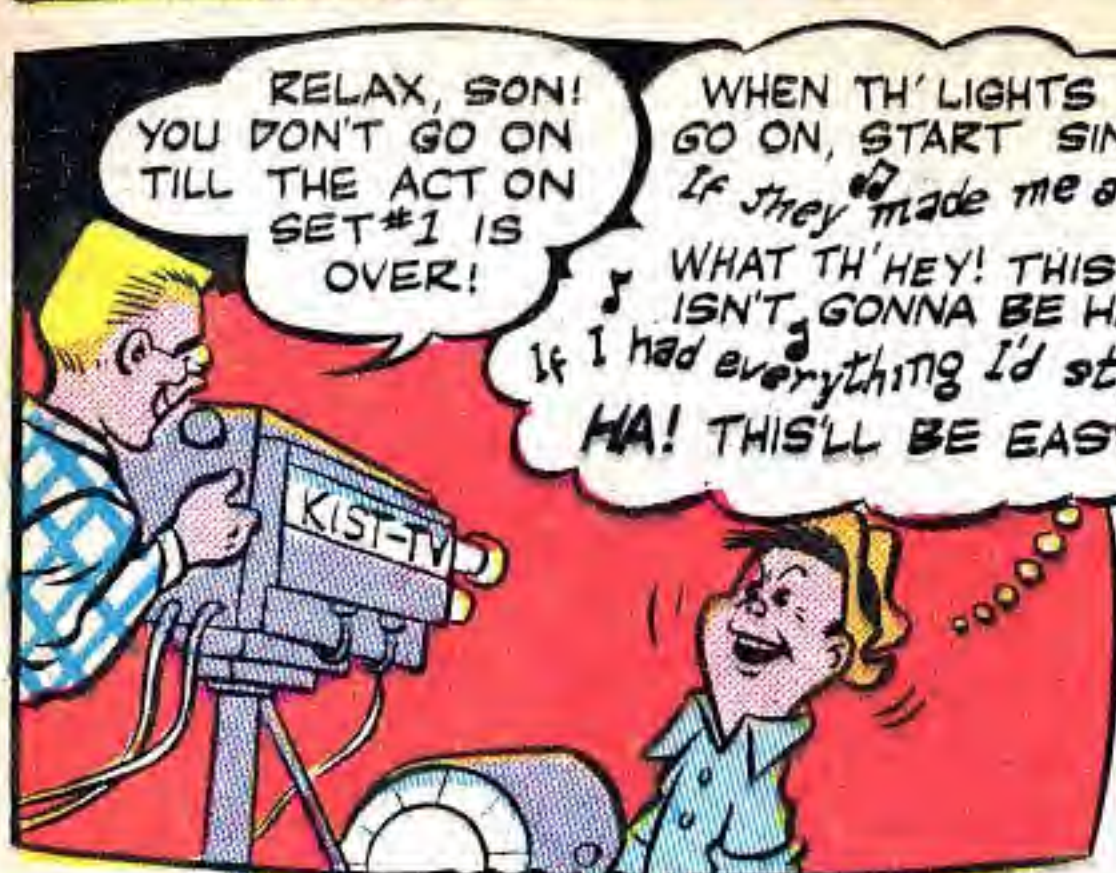
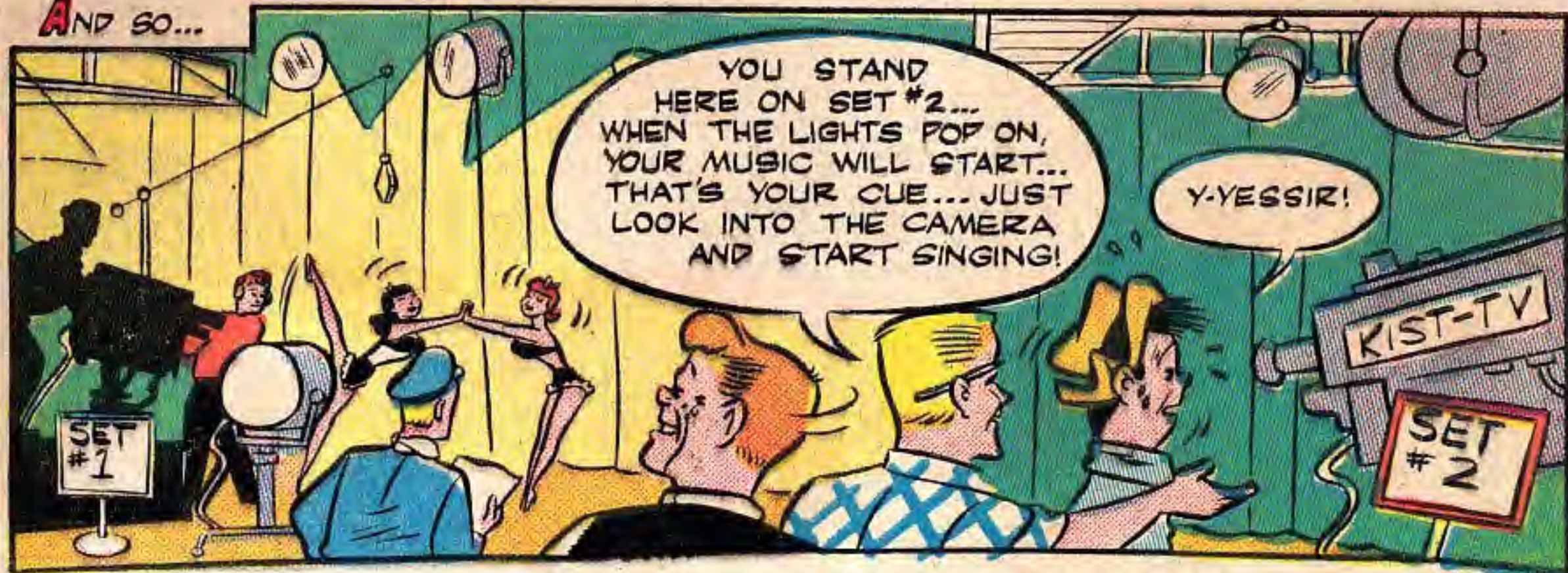
SO, SOME TIME LATER...

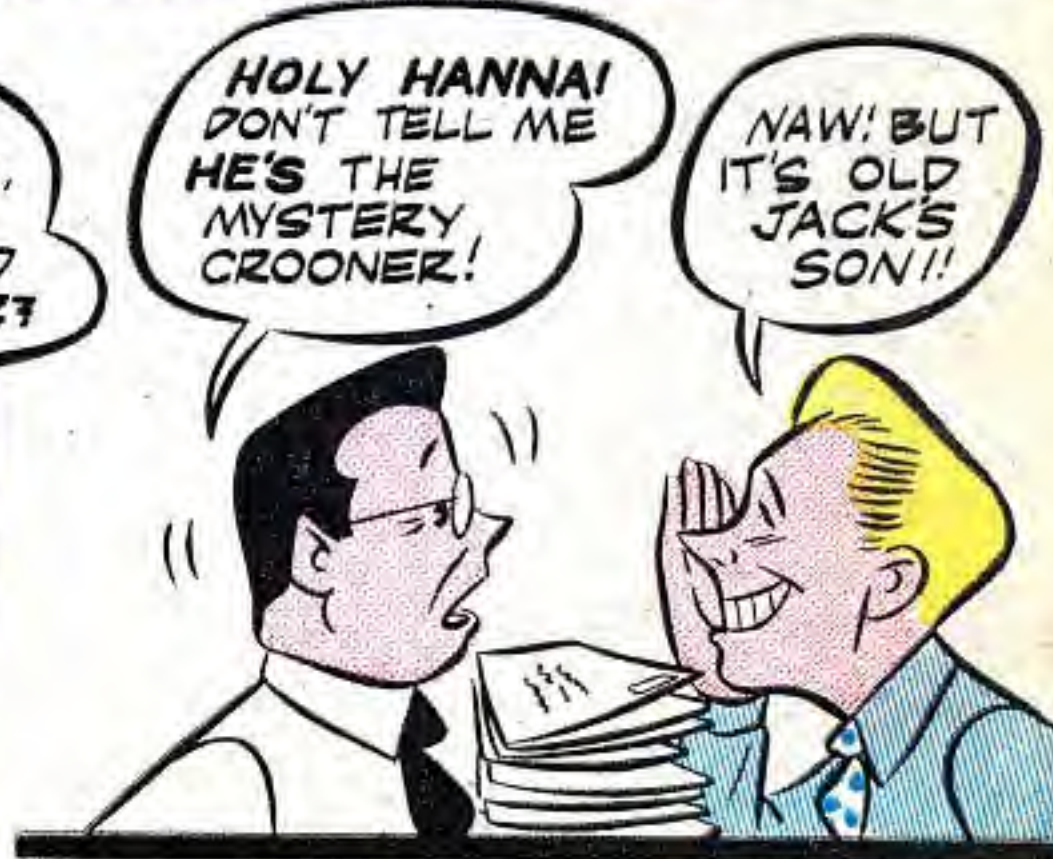
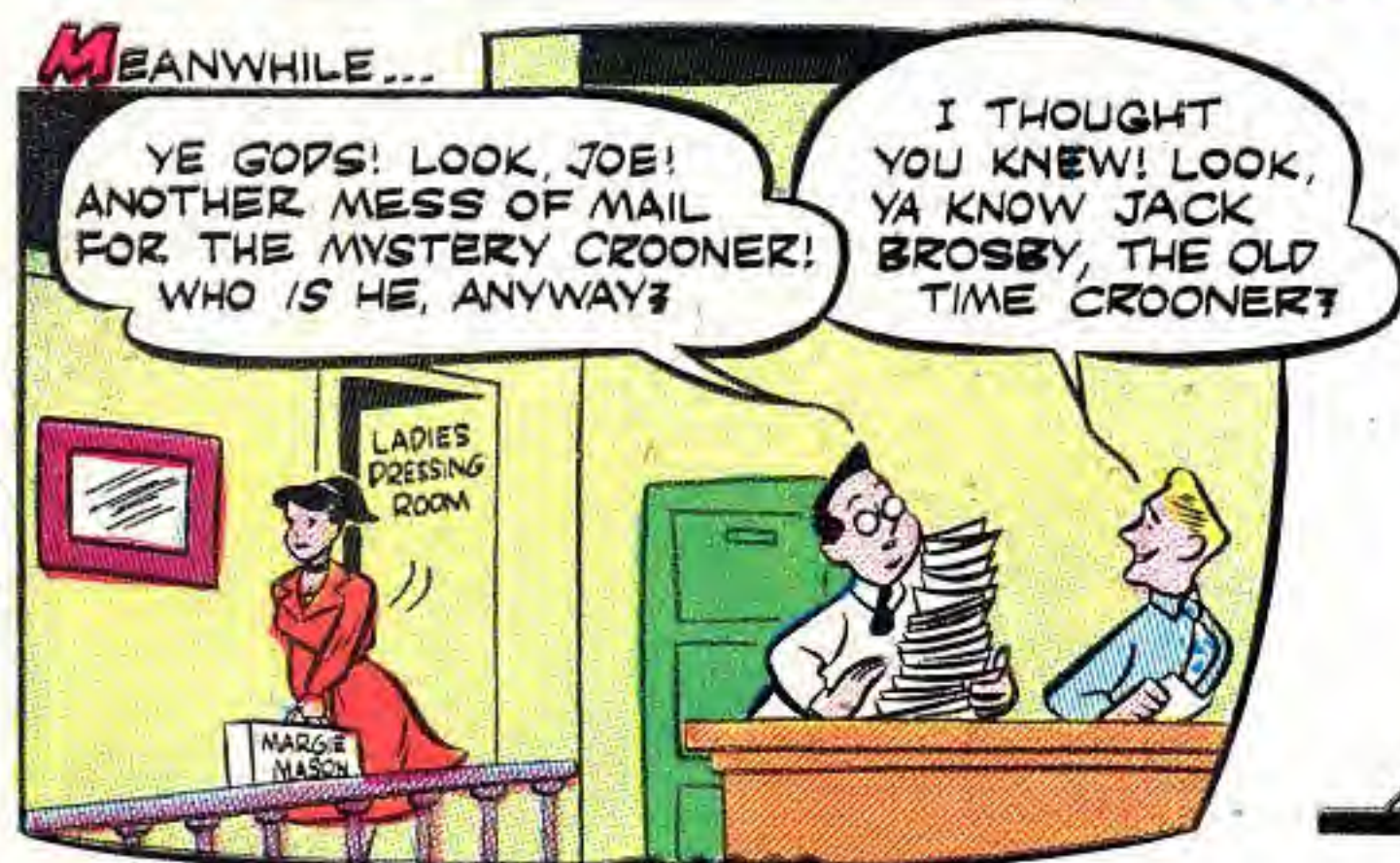
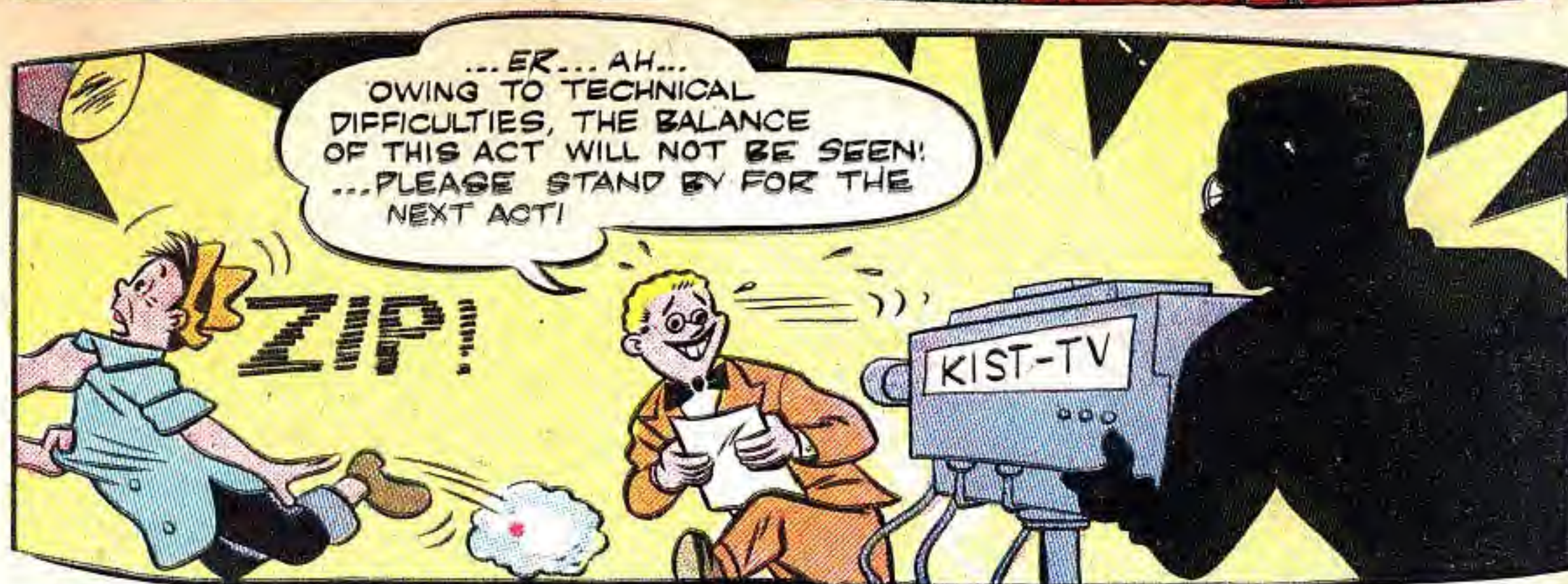


MEANWHILE...



AND SO...





LATER, NATCH AND JACKSON RETURN TO THE SWEET TOOTH...

HERE HE COMES, GANG! TH' SWOON CROONER WHO FRACTURES TH' CHICKS WITH 'ROCK-A-BYE BABY'!

I WISH I WAS DEAD!

MAYBE IT WAS MY FAULT, JACKSON!

WODDA CORNBALL! HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW TH' WORDS TO 'ROCK-A-BYE BABY'!

SOMEBODY GUARD THE DOOR SO THE GALS DON'T MOB HIM! HAW! HAW!

HOLYCOW! LOOK!

CRASH!

JACKSON, YOU DARLING! YOU SEND ME!!!

I'VE SEEN YOU ON TELEVISION AND YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

WHAT A VOICE!! I'M MAD FOR YOU!

HOLY HEP! HE WAS RIGHT!

BABY!

SING FOR ME, JACKSON! FOR ME ALONE-TONIGHT! JUST WE TWO!

DO YOU CATS REALIZE... HE'S GOT ALL OUR CHICKS?

WE WANNA CHAT WITH YOU, JACKSON! COME OVER HERE A MINUTE!

GET LOST, BEETLE! HE'S MINE!

YOU...YOU VOICE, YOU!

WE BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!... GET HIM OVER HERE!

OF COURSE YA REALIZE IT MEANS DENYIN' THESE PRETTY CHICKS O' THEIR KICKS, BUT...OKAY! I'LL TEAR MYSELF AWAY...

LOVE IT! LO-HOVE IT!

LOOK, BUSTER! YOU'VE GOT ALL OUR GIRLS, AND IF YOU DON'T AGREE TO HELP US BURST THIS LITTLE BUBBLE OF YOURS, YOU WON'T LIVE TO ENJOY ONE MORE MINUTE OF THIS SETUP!

WE'RE GONNA TELL THEM THAT WAS YOUR COUSIN...NOT YOU ON TELEVISION!... AND YOU BETTER BACK US UP!!... WELL!??

GULP! OKAY, CATS, OKAY!

AND SO...

HOLYCOW, JACKSON! CHEER UP AND BE HAPPY!... AFTER ALL, YOU WERE RIGHT!

RIGHT, SHMIGHT! WHO CAN BE HAPPY WHEN HE'S JUST LOST TWENTY BEAUTIFUL CHICKS?

The End!

FIRST DATE for DIANE

DIANE LOOKED AT her reflection in the mirror for the tenth time, at least. She had combed and re-combed her hair and straightened her stocking seams over and over again. She'd removed some perfectly neat nail polish and put some more on again with a trembling hand.

Well, it was almost eight o'clock, anyhow, and soon the torture of waiting would be over. Or...a terrible thought struck Diane...would it just be *starting*? "Oh, no!" she wailed aloud. "I couldn't *bear* that!"

To some people, the reason for Diane's worry and nervousness might have seemed silly, but not to any girl who has known the misery and uncertainty of going out on her first date... *alone!*

"Just with...with...*him!*" Diane couldn't get over that part. Up until this Saturday night, she'd had lots of dates, but always with a crowd of boys and girls who went skating or dancing or hiking together. One of the boys had always been her special beau, but that was different. There was so much laughter and so much fun going on all the time, that Diane never had had to worry as she was worrying now!

"What'll I say? What'll we talk about? And I know, I just know, that I'm going to be clumsy and walk into things or knock something over! And he'll laugh at me and never ask me out again!"

That would be the worst humiliation of all! To be taken home and told a polite "good night" with no promise of another date. That would mean that she had failed miserably!

"Oh, I wish I were just going to the movies...all by *myself!*" Diane thought. "I know I'll *bate* it...oh, that must be

Ken, now...at the door...oh..."

Reluctantly, with dragging feet, Diane forced herself to walk to the door. There he was, handsome, but somehow different-looking from the familiar, every-day Ken she saw at school. He was wearing a dark blue suit and his hair was slicked down. And he was carrying a small bouquet!

"Hi," he said, tendering the flowers.

"Oh! Thank you!" Diane's voice was tense as she accepted the nosegay. "Guess I'd better put these in water...*oh!*" Her nervousness had betrayed her, after all. The flowers, a small mass of bright, blue cornflowers and pink carnations, tumbled from her hand and scattered all over the floor.

"Clumsy! I knew I'd be!" Diane choked back the tears as she kneeled to pick up the flowers.

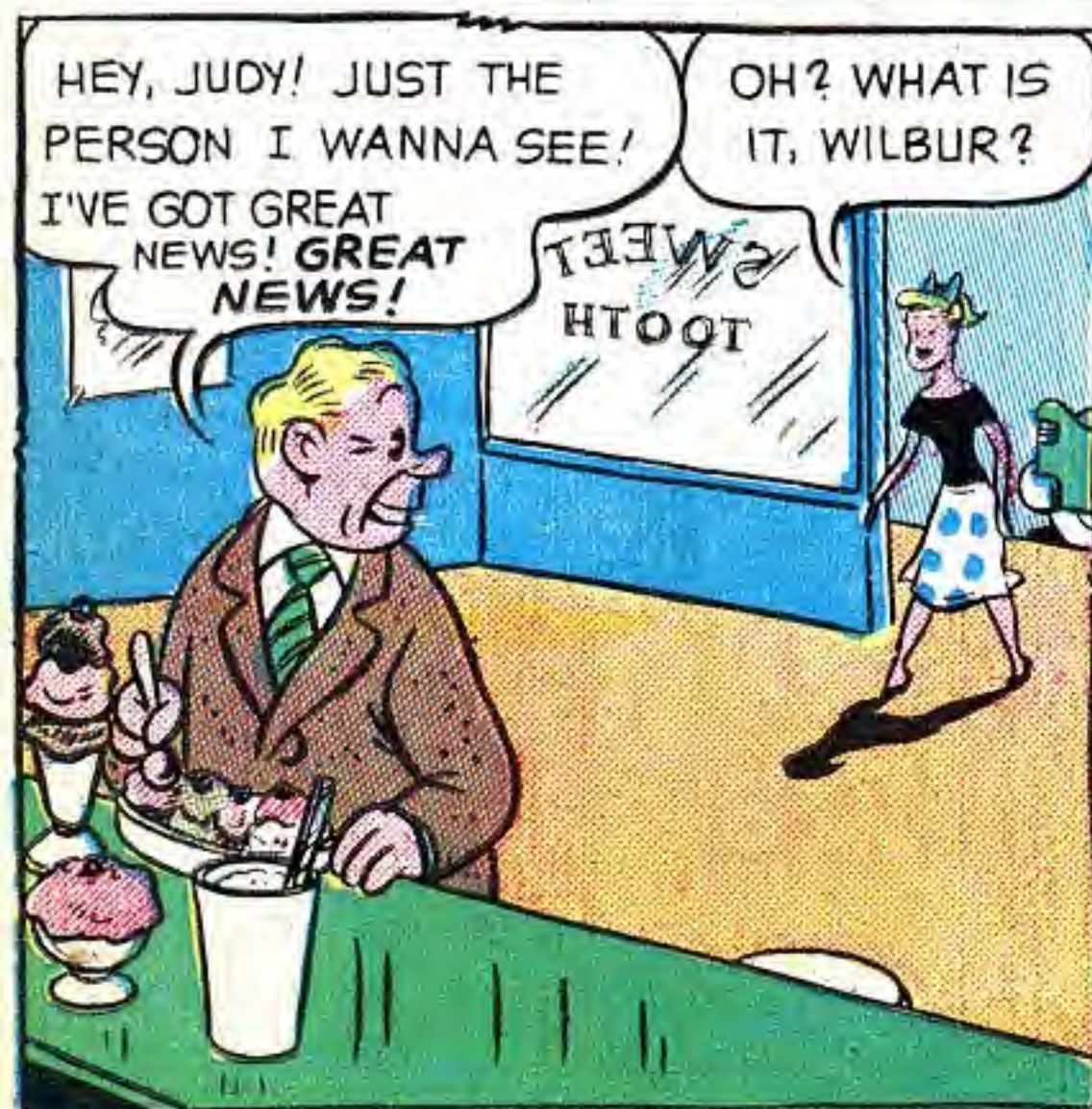
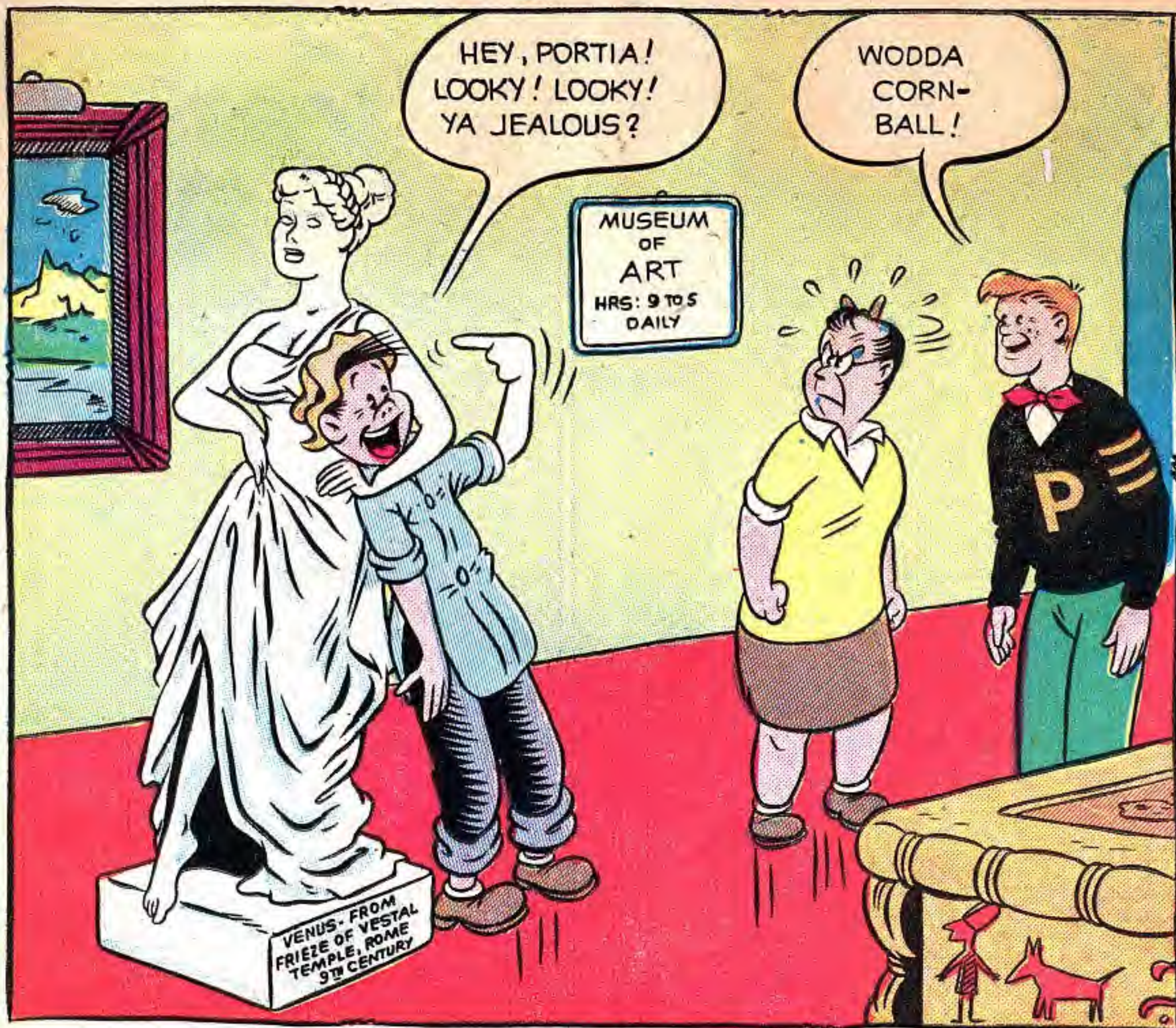
"Here, let me help you!" Ken started to pick up one of the fallen posies when...*crash!* His elbow hit a vase, the vase toppled over, and, as he reached to keep the vase from smashing to bits on the floor, crash went a small table!

Ken's face was red and his eyes deep with unhappiness. "I...I'm sorry," he said. "I...guess I'm...clumsy!"

To her surprise, Diane found that she was laughing. She laughed and laughed with tears of relief and happiness in her sparkling eyes. "Sorry?" she asked. "What for? My goodness, that's absolutely *nothing!* If daddy learns you've broken that vase, he'll want to give you a *present!* He *bates* it! And I think mother will be glad, too!"

And now, Ken was laughing too! And Diane knew that their first date was going to be fine!

"Natch"



ALLA TIME IT'S NATCH
KILROY! WODDEYA SEE IN THAT
NOSEBLEED, ANYWAY? HE NEVER
HAD 200 GEETAS T' SPEND ON YA!

MAYBE NOT, BUT
MONEY ISN'T
EVERYTHING,
WILBUR!

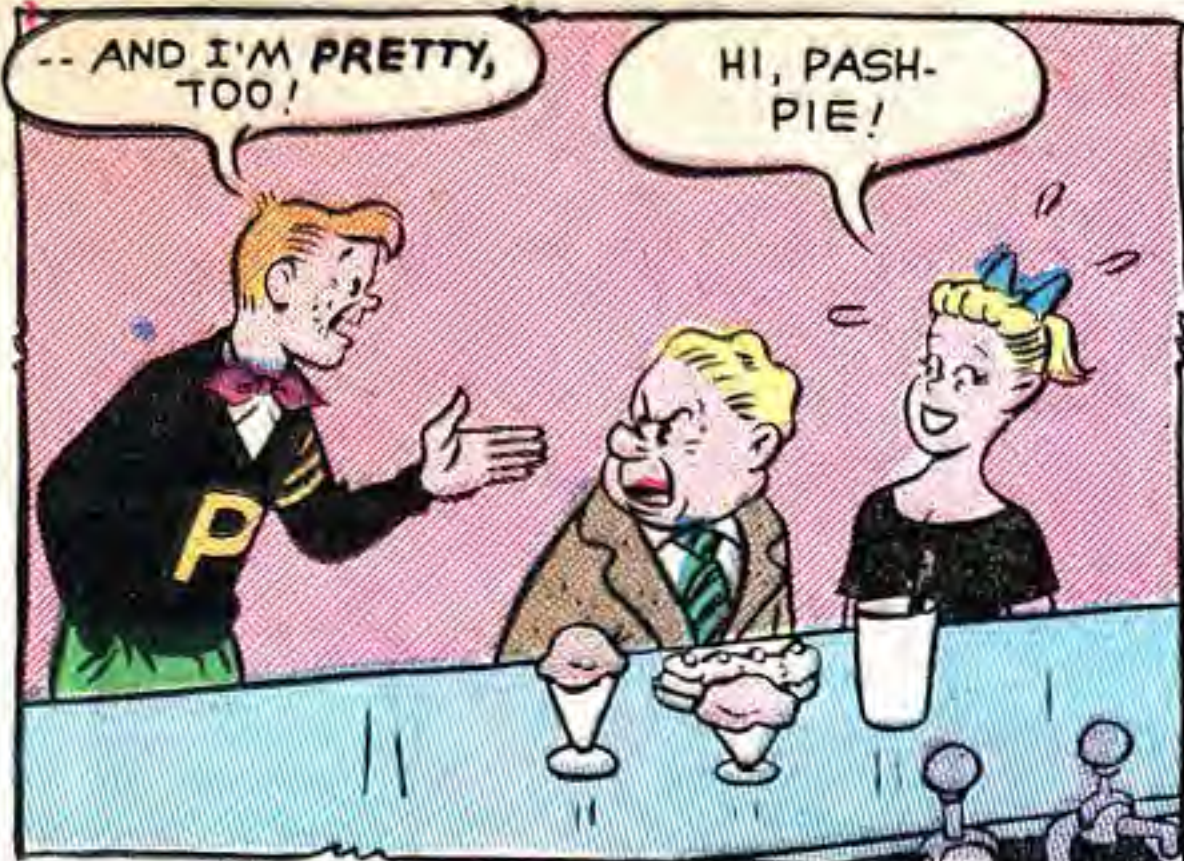


NATCH HAS PERSONALITY, CHARACTER, A
SENSE OF HUMOR, AND HE'S THOUGHTFUL
AND CONSIDERATE!-- THAT'S
WHAT I SEE IN HIM!



-- AND I'M PRETTY,
TOO!

HI, PASH-
PIE!



HOW'S ABOUT
A MALT,
JUDY?

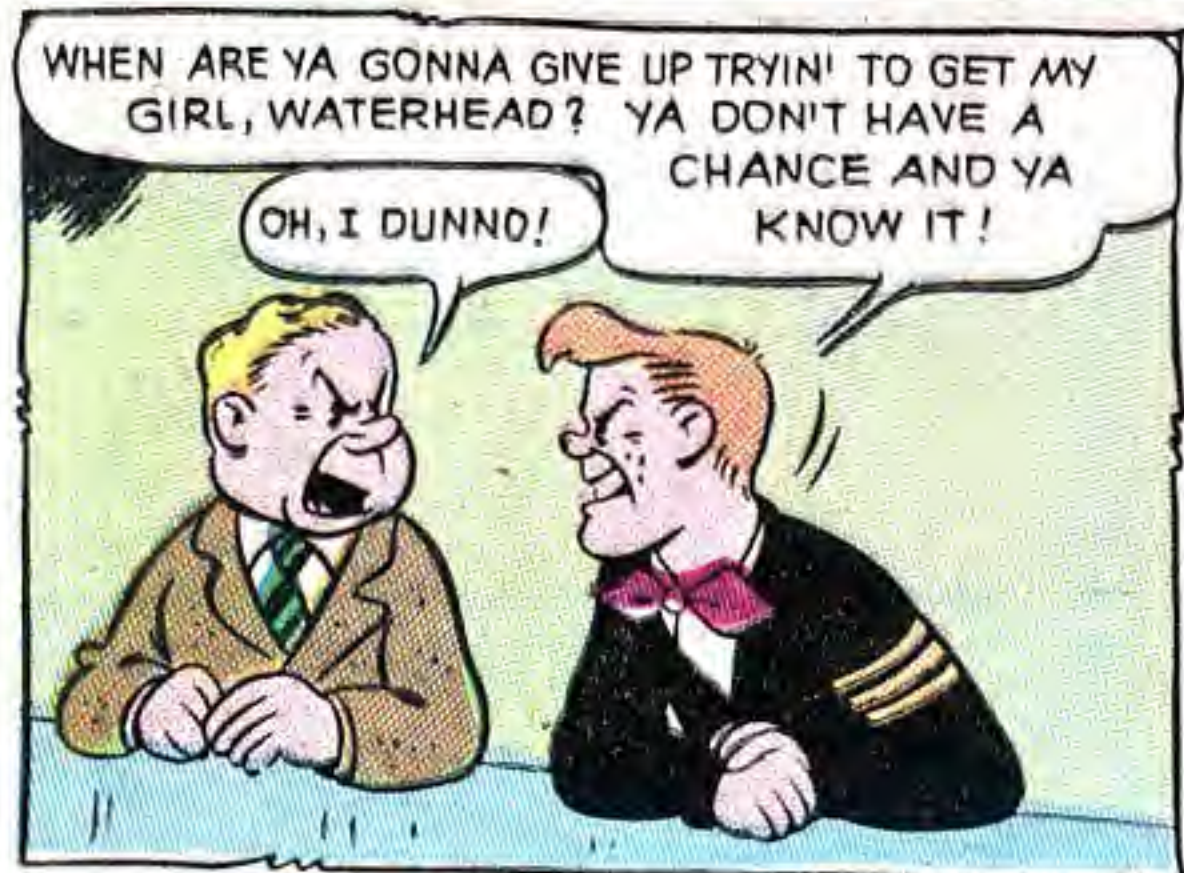
NO THANKS, NATCH!
I'VE GOT TO RUN
ALONG! THE CURRENT'S
PUSHIN'
ME! *



* IN A HURRY!

WHEN ARE YA GONNA GIVE UP TRYIN' TO GET MY
GIRL, WATERHEAD? YA DON'T HAVE A
CHANCE AND YA
KNOW IT!

OH, I DUNNO!



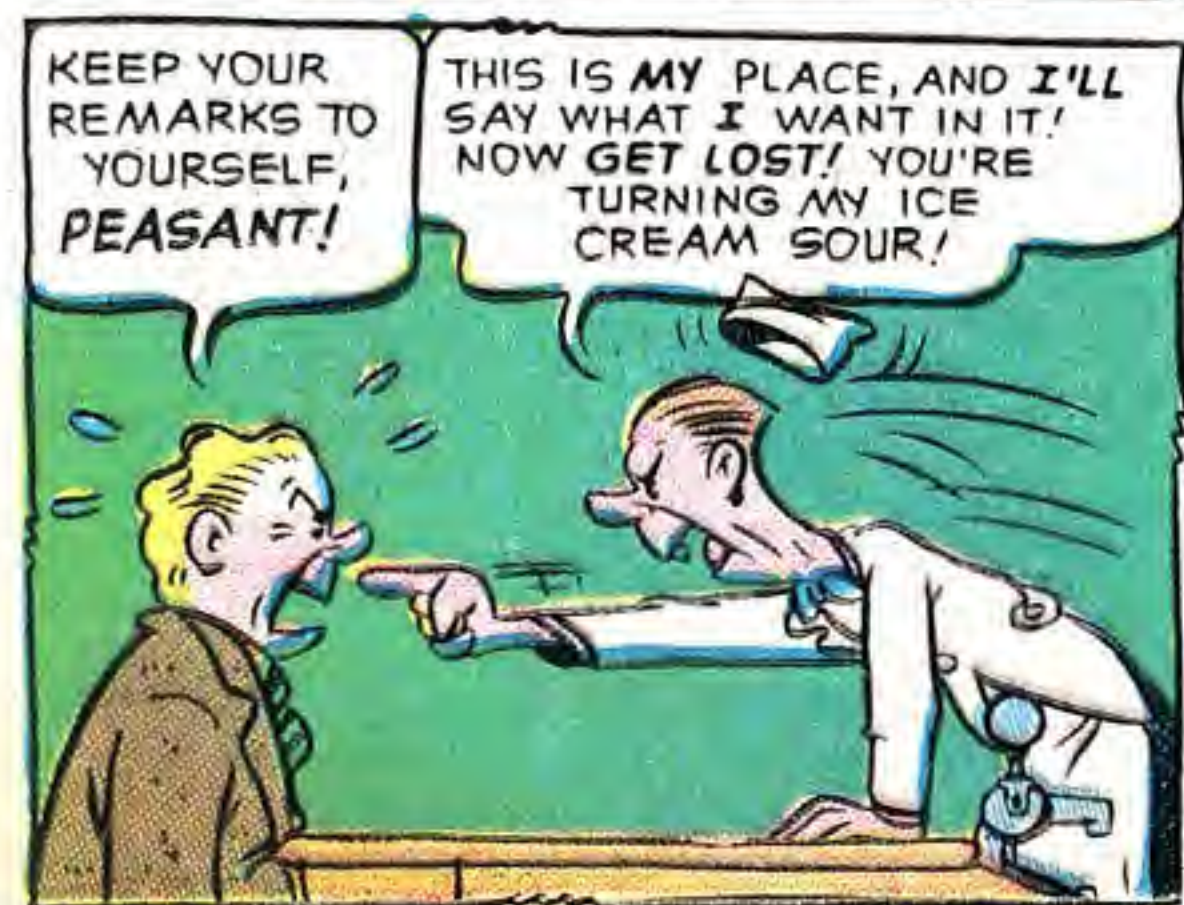
WELL, I DO! JUDY ALWAYS BRUSHES YOU OFF
LIKE A BAD CASE OF DANDRUFF! SO LATCH ON,
FRACTUREBRAIN--TAKE YOUR 200 CARTWHEELS
AND BUY YOURSELF A PAPER DOLL THAT
YOU CAN CALL YOUR OWN!



THAT'S
TELLIN'
HIM,
NATCH!

KEEP YOUR
REMARKS TO
YOURSELF,
PEASANT!

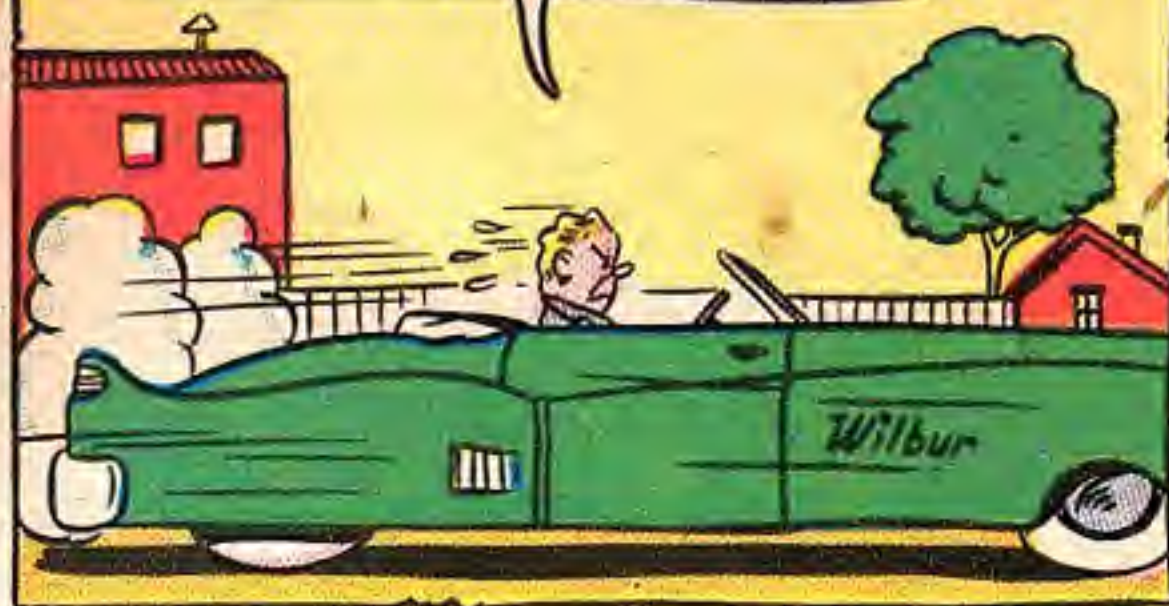
THIS IS MY PLACE, AND I'LL
SAY WHAT I WANT IN IT!
NOW GET LOST! YOU'RE
TURNING MY ICE
CREAM SOUR!



I'VE HALF A NOTION TO ASK MATER TO BUY
THIS BUILDING JUST SO I COULD THROW
THAT HOT FUDGE
FLINGER OUT!

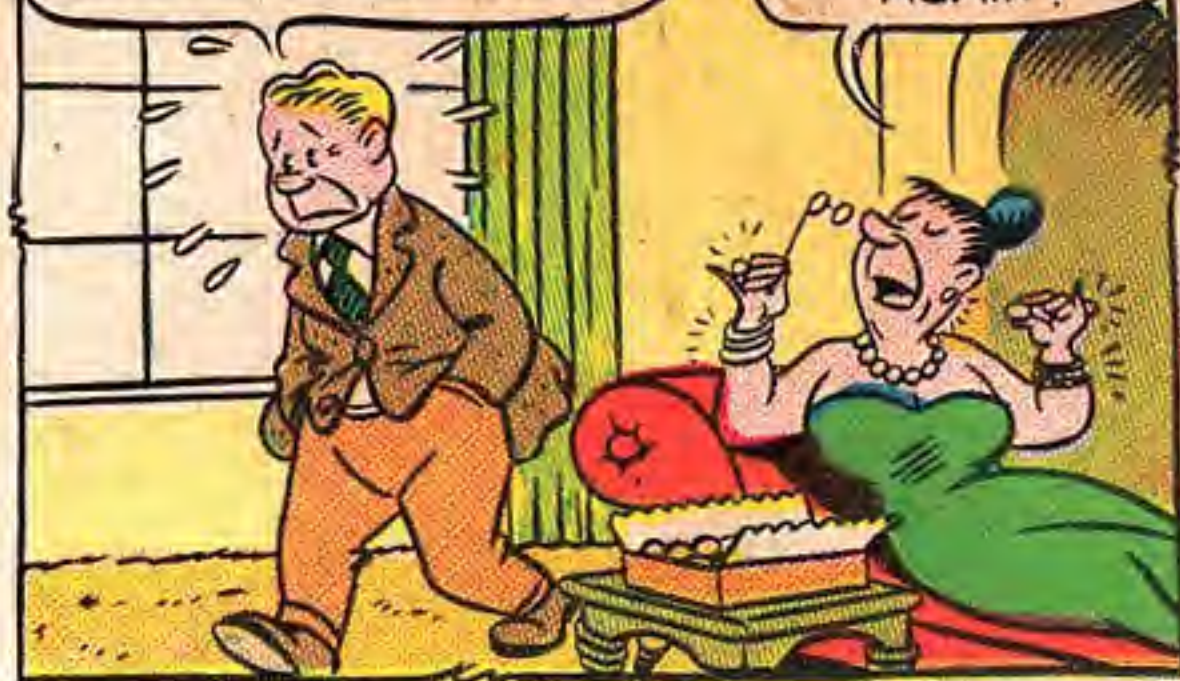


AS FOR THAT NUGGET-NOGGIN, NATCH KILROY--
GRRR! I'D GIVE **ANYTHING** TO TAKE JUDY
AWAY FROM HIM! SHE'S THE ONLY
CHICK IN POINT FALLS
THAT I WANT!

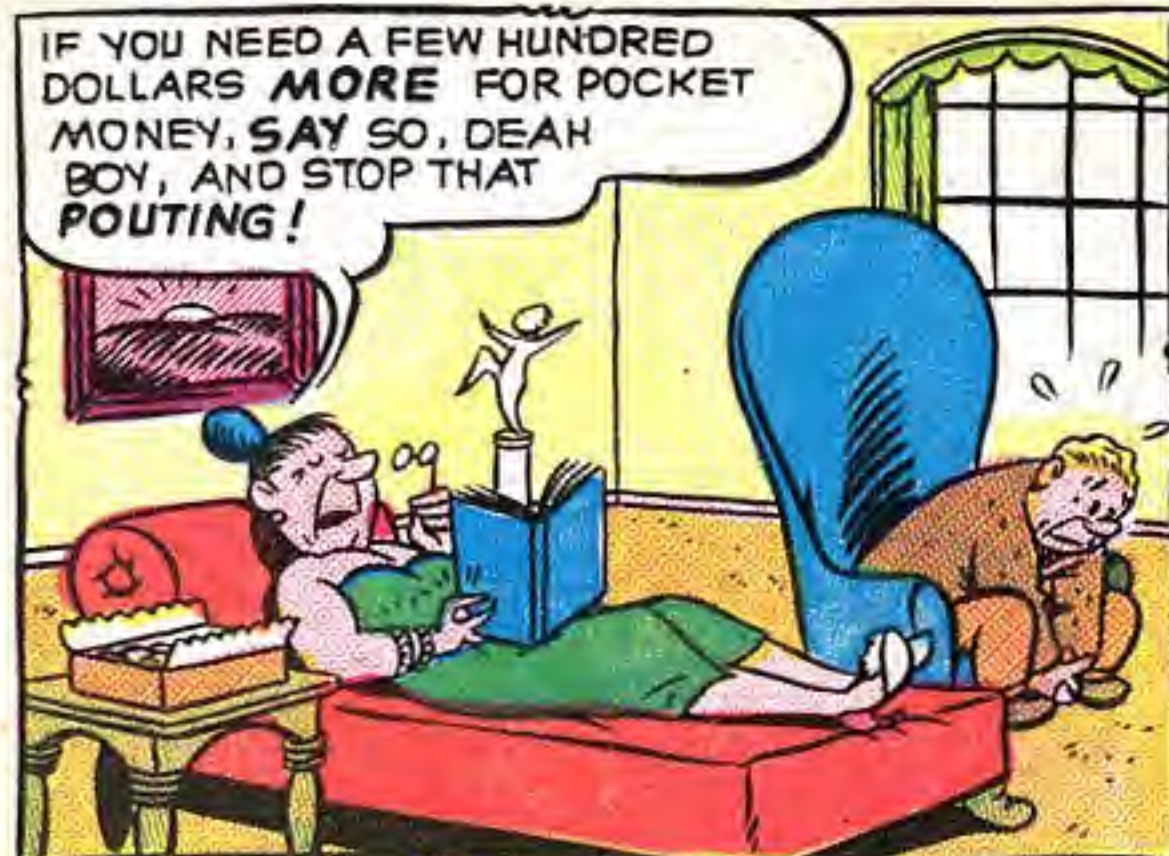


IF I JUST HAD ALL THOSE
THINGS SHE SAID NATCH
HAD, I'D HAVE HER FOR
MY GIRL IN **NO TIME!**

WILBUH, DEAH
BOY! ARE YOU
SULKING
AGAIN?



IF YOU NEED A FEW HUNDRED
DOLLARS **MORE** FOR POCKET
MONEY, **SAY SO**, DEAH
BOY, AND STOP THAT
POUTING!



I DON'T WANT **MONEY**, MATER! WHAT I
WANT IS **PERSONALITY, CHARACTER,**
AND A LOT OF **OTHER** THINGS!
NATCH KILROY'S GOT 'EM AND
I **HAVEN'T!**



WELL, IF YOU WANT THEM,
YOU CAN **HAVE** THEM!
I WANT MY BOY TO HAVE
ANYTHING THE OTHAH BOYS
HAVE! NOW RUN ALONG
AND **BUY** THEM!

BUY 'EM?
YOU CAN'T
BUY THOSE
THINGS,
MATER!



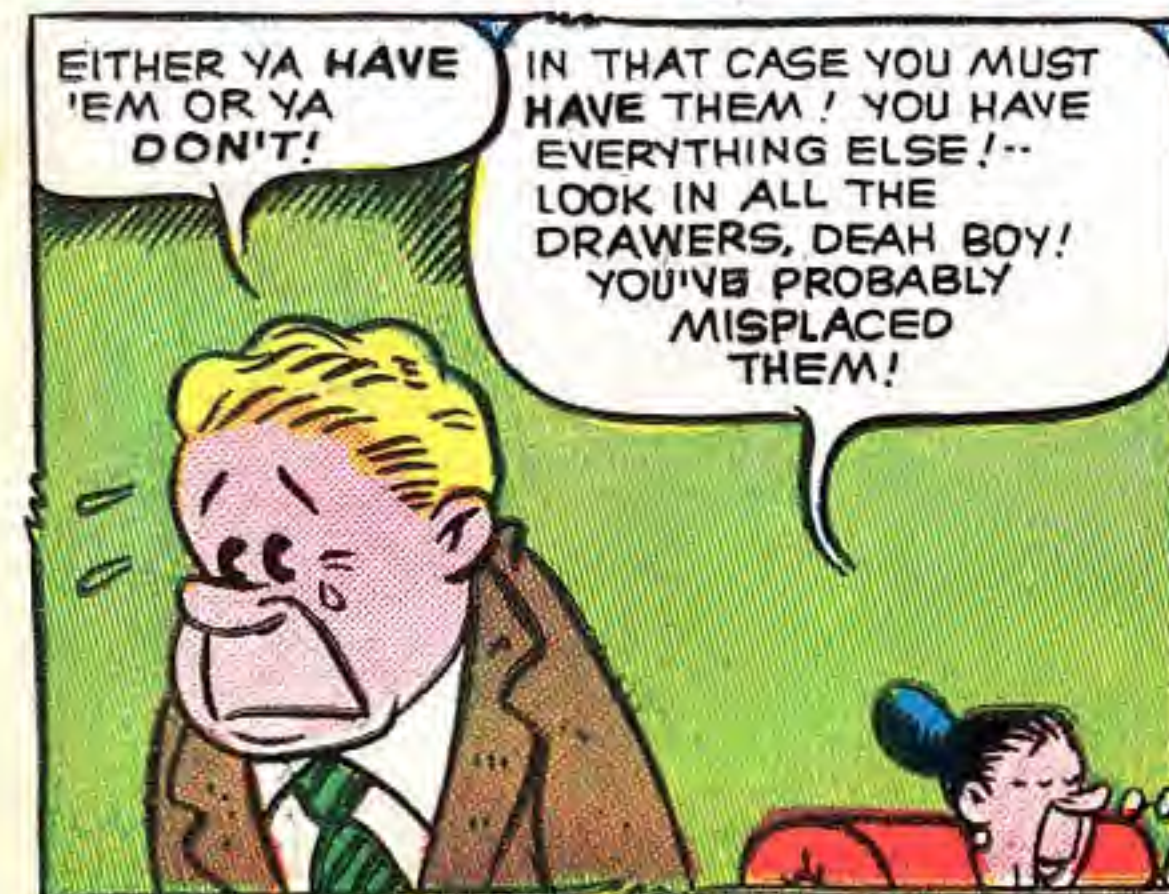
OH, COME NOW, WILBUH!
THERE'S **NOTHING**
MONEY CAN'T BUY!
EVERYTHING HAS ITS
PRICE! CALL MY
LAWYER! I'M SURE
WE CAN ROUND THEM
UP FOR
YOU!

I TELL YOU, MATER,
YOU CAN'T **BUY** A
PERSONALITY
AND ALL THAT
STUFF!



EITHER YA HAVE
'EM OR YA
DON'T!

IN THAT CASE YOU MUST
HAVE THEM! YOU HAVE
EVERYTHING ELSE!--
LOOK IN ALL THE
DRAWERS, DEAH BOY!
YOU'VE PROBABLY
MISPLACED
THEM!



LISTEN, MATER! LET
ME EXPLAIN! YOU'RE
BORN WITH A
PERSONALITY AND A
SENSE OF HUMOR AND
THE REST OF THAT
JAZZ, AND I **WASN'T**
BORN WITH ALL
THOSE THINGS!

WELL, YOU WERE
BORN WITH A SILVER
SPOON IN YOUR
MOUTH! ISN'T
THAT ENOUGH
TO BE BORN
WITH?



NO! BECUZZ JUDY FARRELL DOESN'T GO FOR SILVER SPOONS, SHE GOES FOR ALL THOSE OTHER THINGS! THAT'S WHY I WANT 'EM, SO SHE'LL GO FOR ME AND BE MY GIRL FRIEND INSTEAD OF NATCH KILROY'S!



TCH-TCH! I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'D WANT HER, WILBUH, WHEN THERE'S A YOUNG LADY COMING HERE TODAY WHO'S VERY BEAUTIFUL AND WHO I'M SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE YOUR GIRL FRIEND!

I WANT JUDY FARRELL!



MADAM, MISS AMOUR HAS ARRIVED FROM NEW YORK!

HELLO, COUSIN ETHEL!

MARIA! MY DEAH GIRL, HELLO!



WILBUH, I WANT YOU TO MEET YOUR FIFTH COUSIN, MARIA! SHE'S A MUSICAL COMEDY STAR, AREN'T YOU, DEAH?

I'M AFRAID NOT! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING BACK HOME! I COULDN'T LAND A JOB IN NEW YORK!

WODDA DOLL!



IN FACT, I'M SO BROKE I HAVEN'T EVEN MONEY TO GET HOME! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TRY TO GET A JOB HERE TO MAKE ENOUGH MONEY TO FINISH MY TRIP!

REALLY!



WELL, I MUST RUN ALONG AND ARRANGE FOR MY BRIDGE CLUB! YOU TWO CAN CHAT FOR A WHILE!

THE OLD BAG! SHE HAS MORE LOOT THAN SHE KNOWS WHAT TO DO WITH, BUT SHE WOULDN'T OFFER TO LEND ME A DIME!

I GOT AN IDEA!



ER, LOOK, MARIA-- WOULD TWO HUNDRED BUCKS BE ENOUGH TO GET YOU HOME?

I'LL SAY IT WOULD!



WELL, LOOK! I'VE GOT 200 PIECES OF GOLD AND IT'S ALL YOURS IF YOU'LL DO ME A FAVOR!

-- AND WHAT IS THE FAVOR?





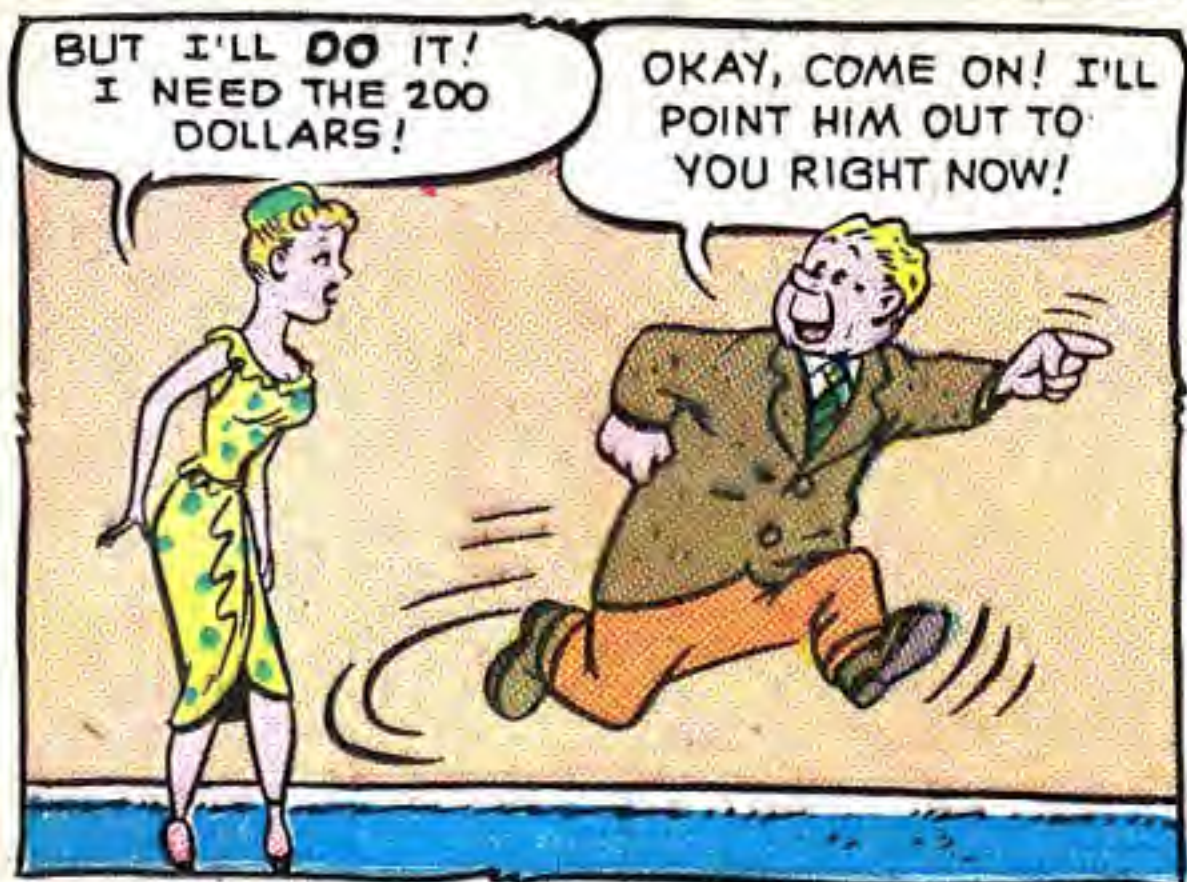
THIS! I WANT YOU TO MANAGE TO MEET A JERK IN THIS TOWN NAMED NATCH KILROY! THEN PRETEND YOU GO FOR HIM IN A BIG WAY! YOU KNOW, POUR IT ON!

WHY?



BECAUSE I WANT TO MAKE HIS GIRL FRIEND JEALOUS SO SHE'LL GIVE HIM THE BRUSH AND BE MY PASH-PIE!

WELL, AREN'T YOU THE SWEET YOUNG BOY! I THOUGHT ALL THE HEELS WERE IN NEW YORK, BUT YOU'RE A BIGGER ONE THAN I EVER MET THERE!



BUT I'LL DO IT! I NEED THE 200 DOLLARS!

OKAY, COME ON! I'LL POINT HIM OUT TO YOU RIGHT NOW!



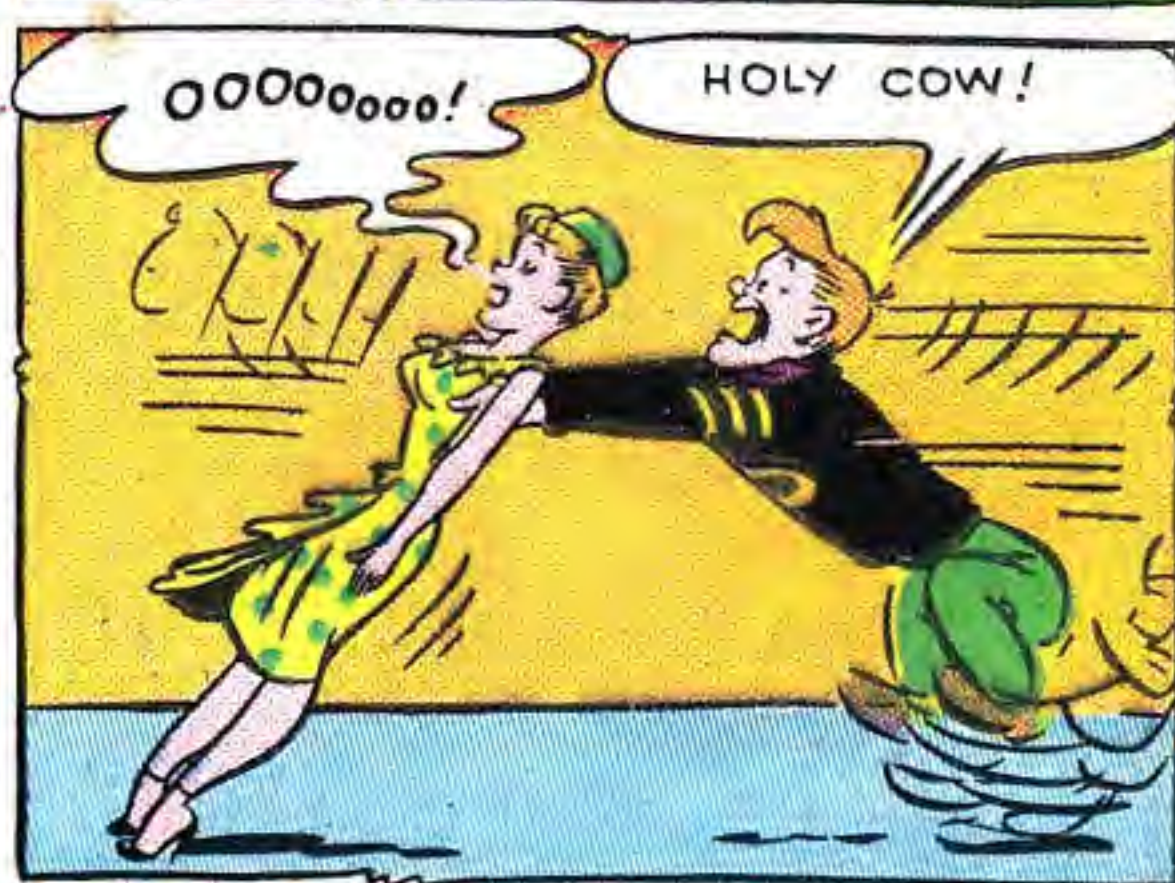
MINUTES LATER--- LOOK! THAT'S HIM COMING OUT OF THE SWEET TOOTH! I'LL DROP YOU AROUND THE CORNER AND THEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN! REMEMBER, IF YOU HEAR THE NAME JUDY, POUR IT ON HEAVY!

OKAY! I'LL PULL THE OLD FAINT GAG!



HELP! I THINK I'M GOING TO FAINT!

HUH?



OOOOoooo!

HOLY COW!



YA ALL RIGHT, MISS? YA ALMOST LANDED ON YOUR HEAD!

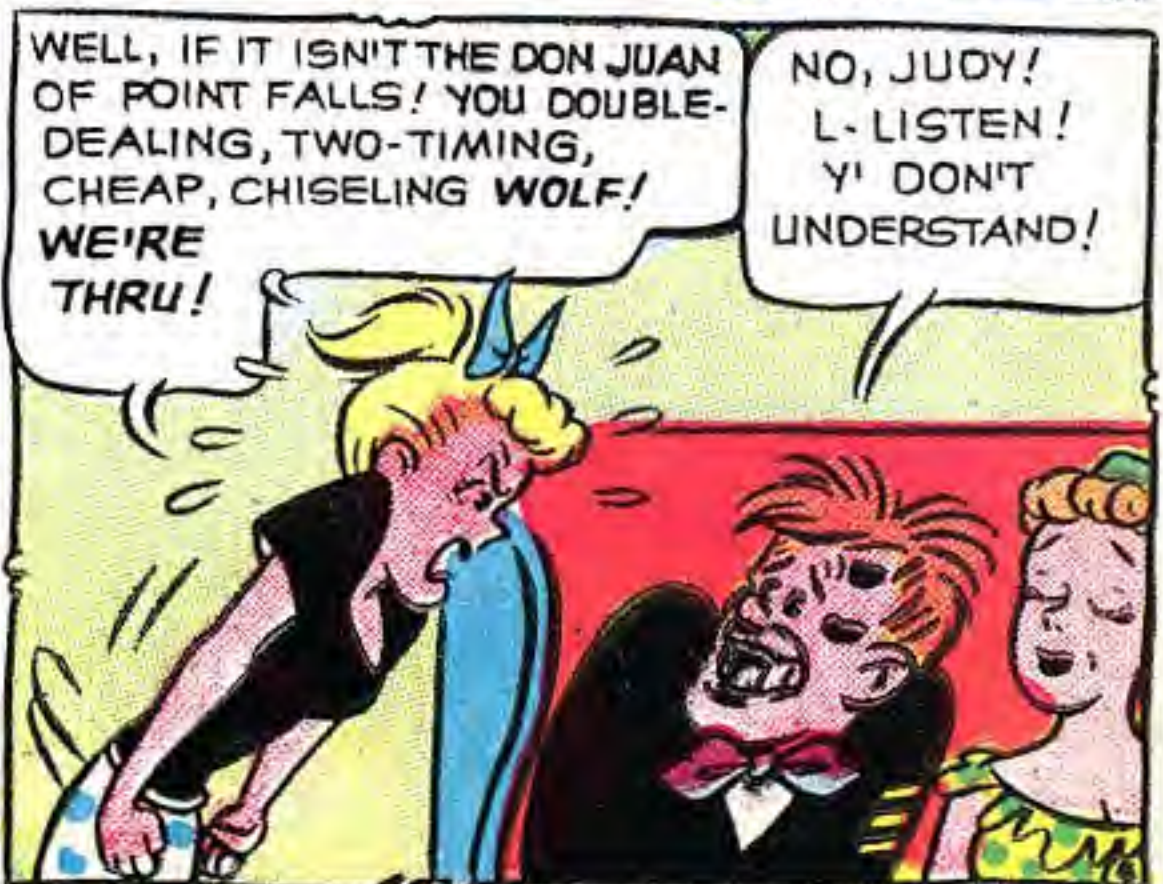
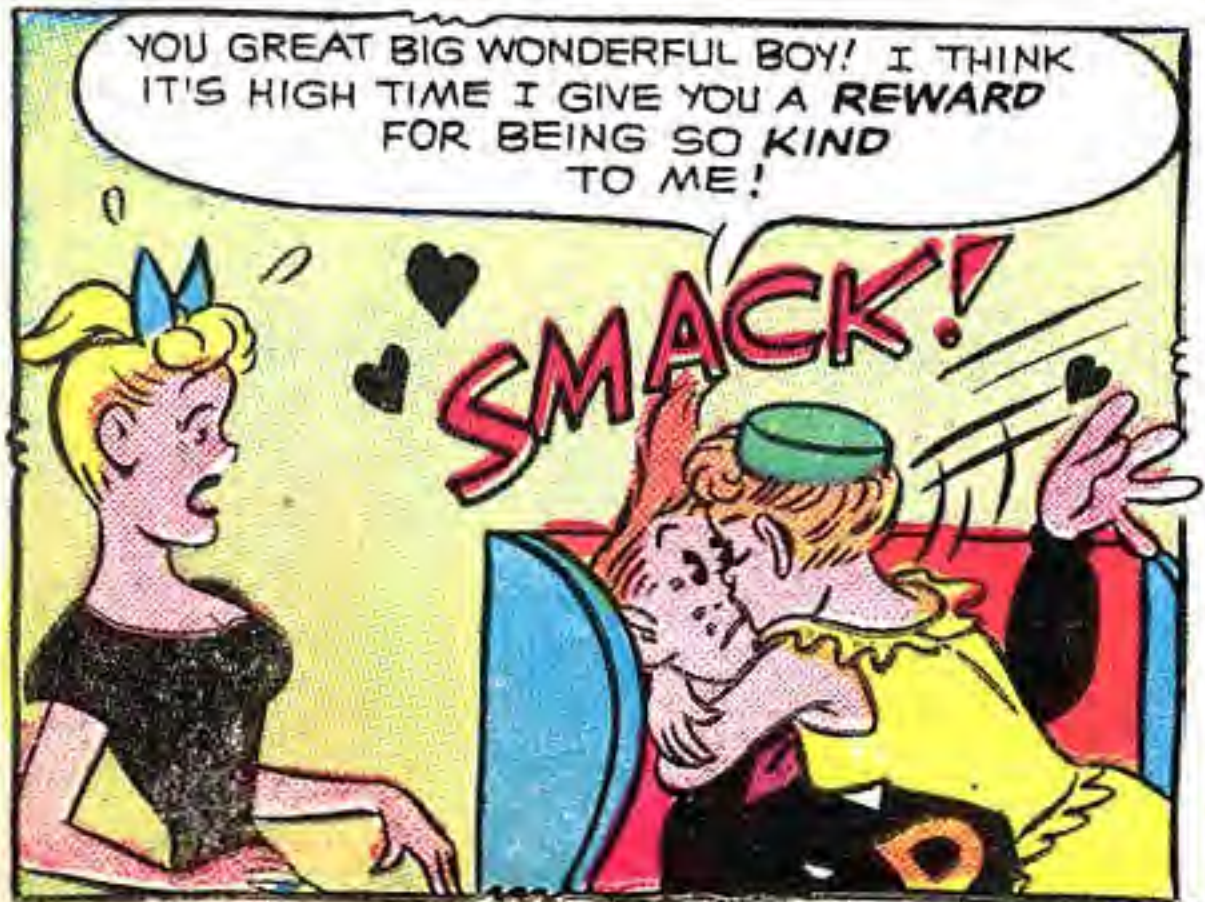
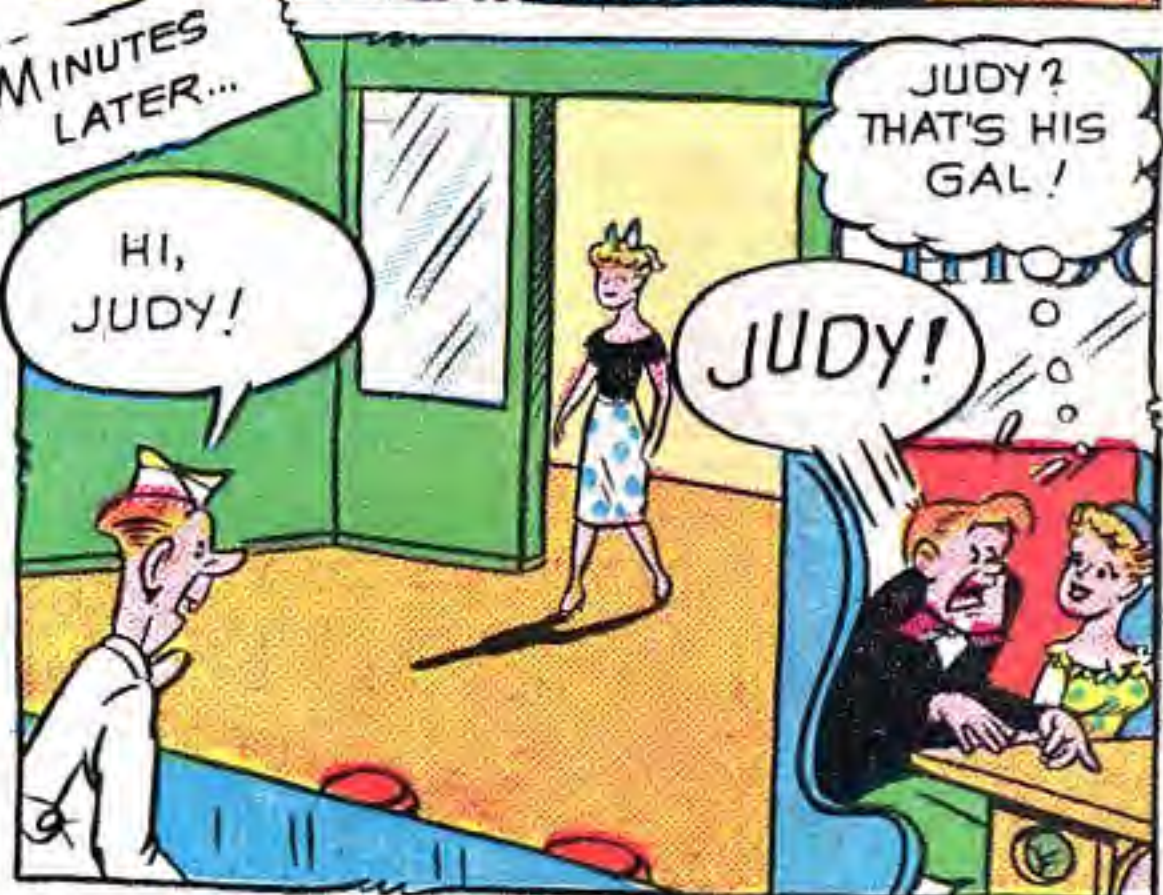
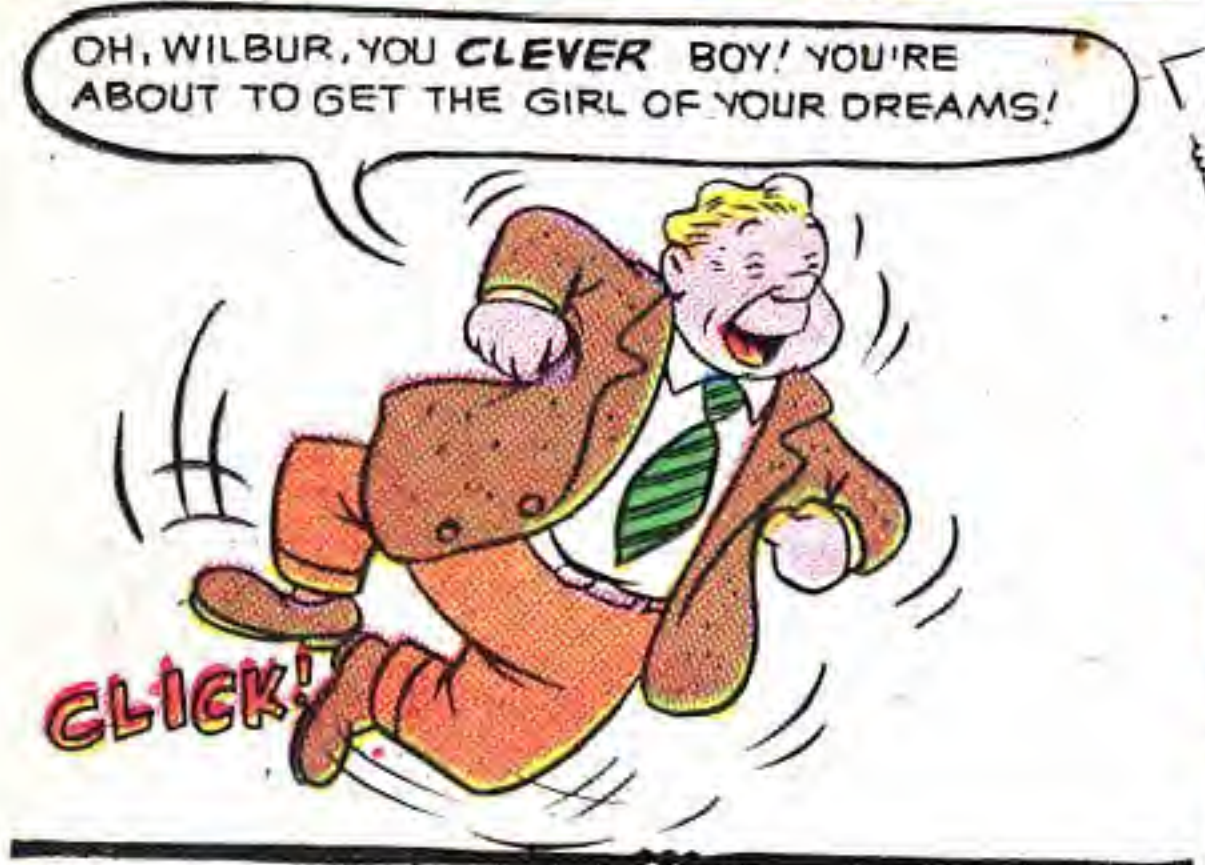
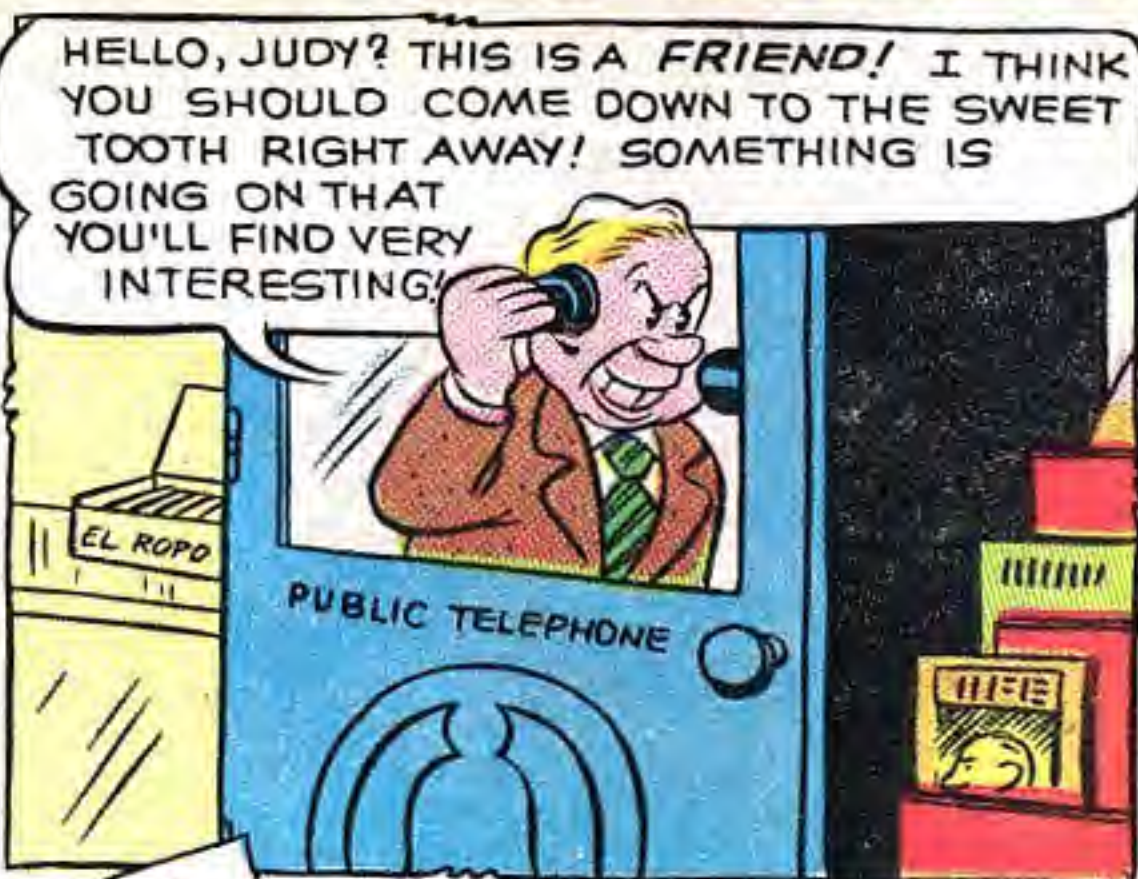
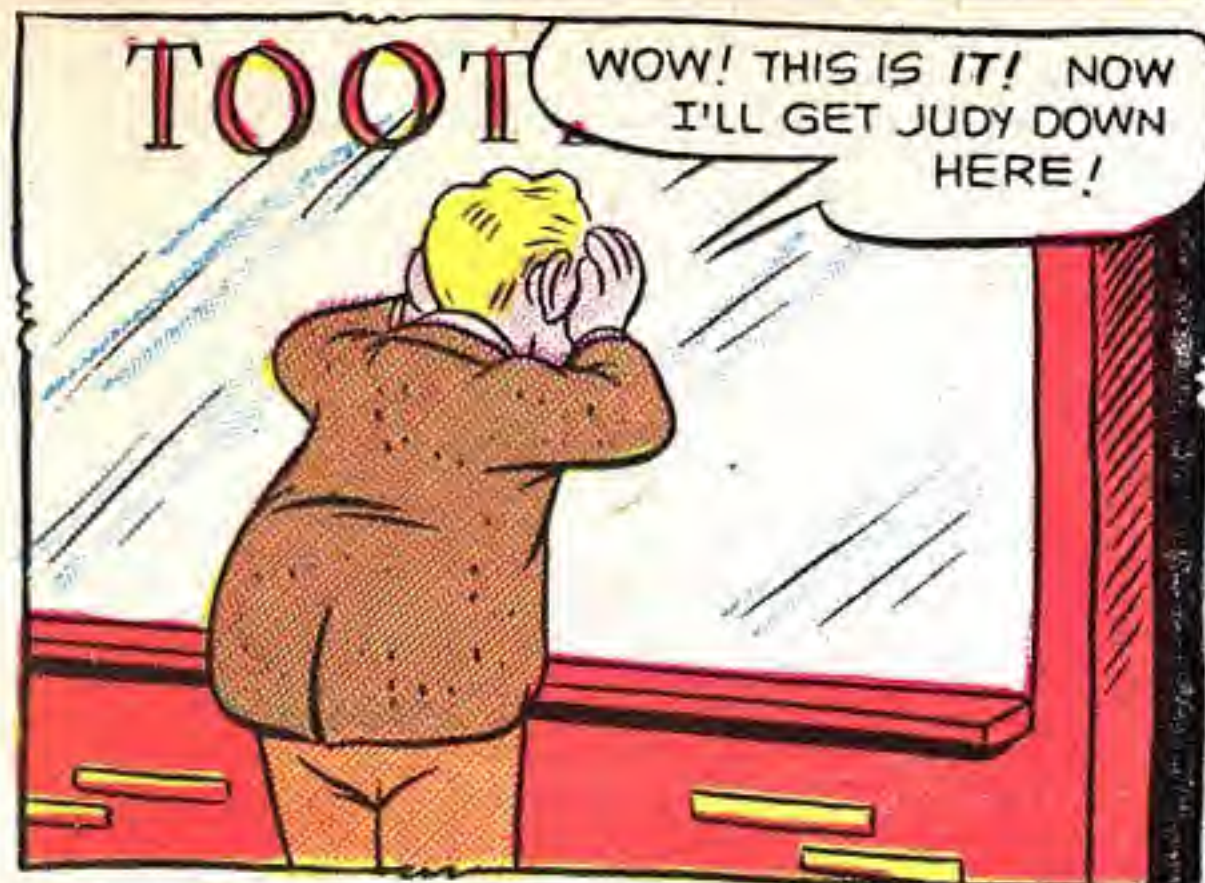
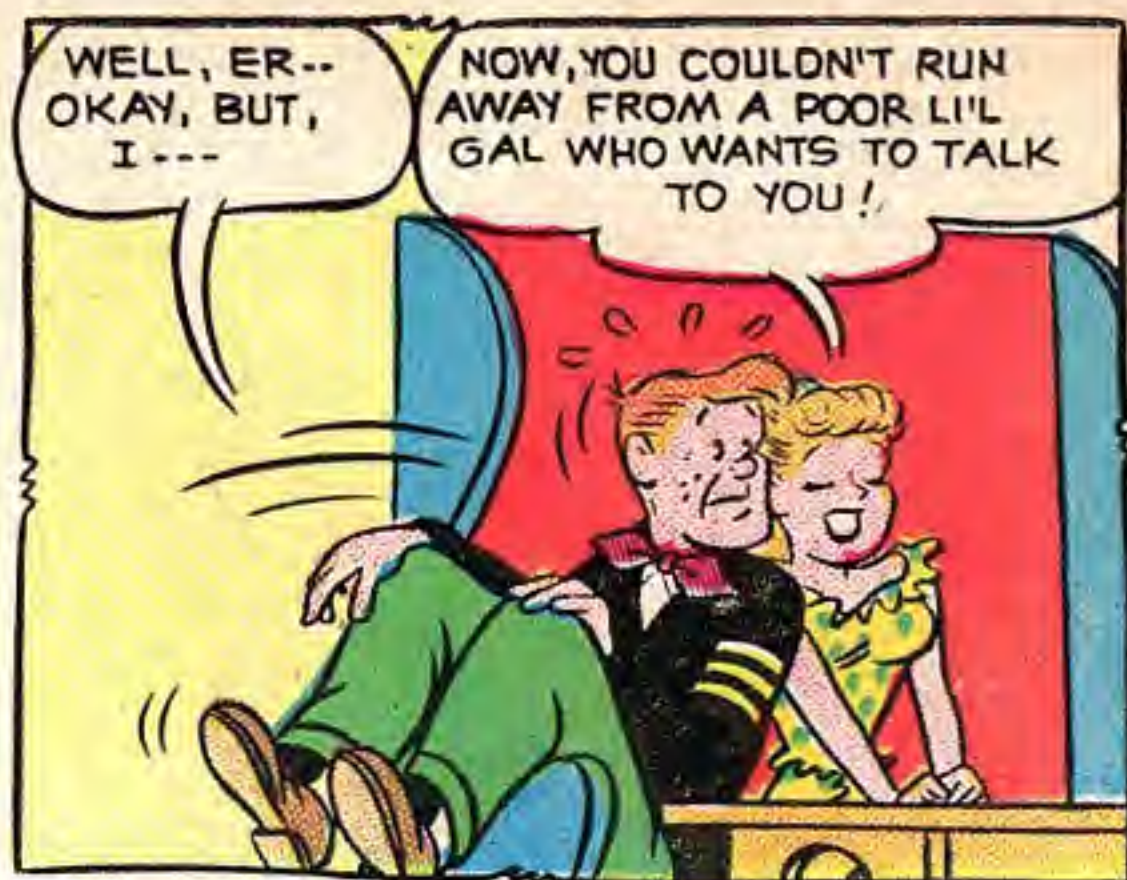
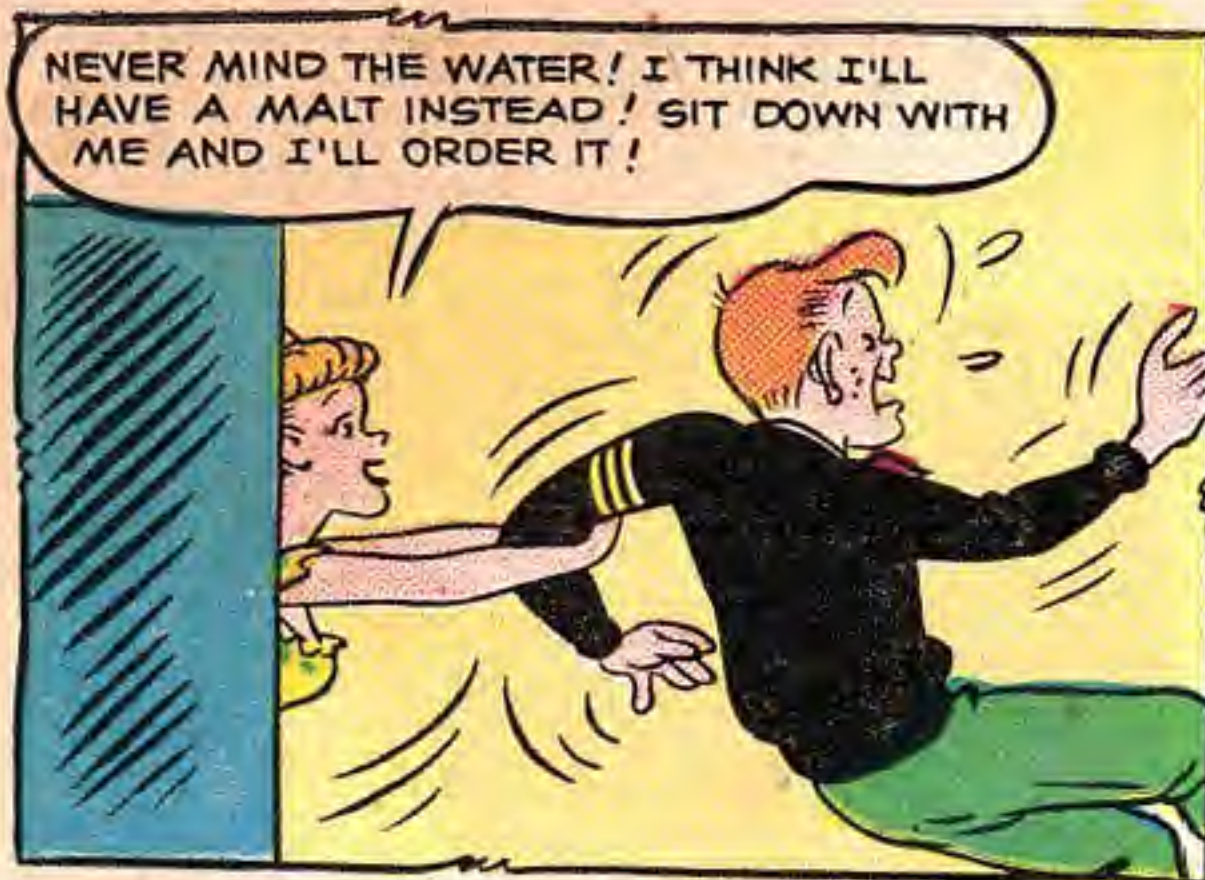
I... THINK SO! A GLASS OF WATER WOULD HELP THOUGH!

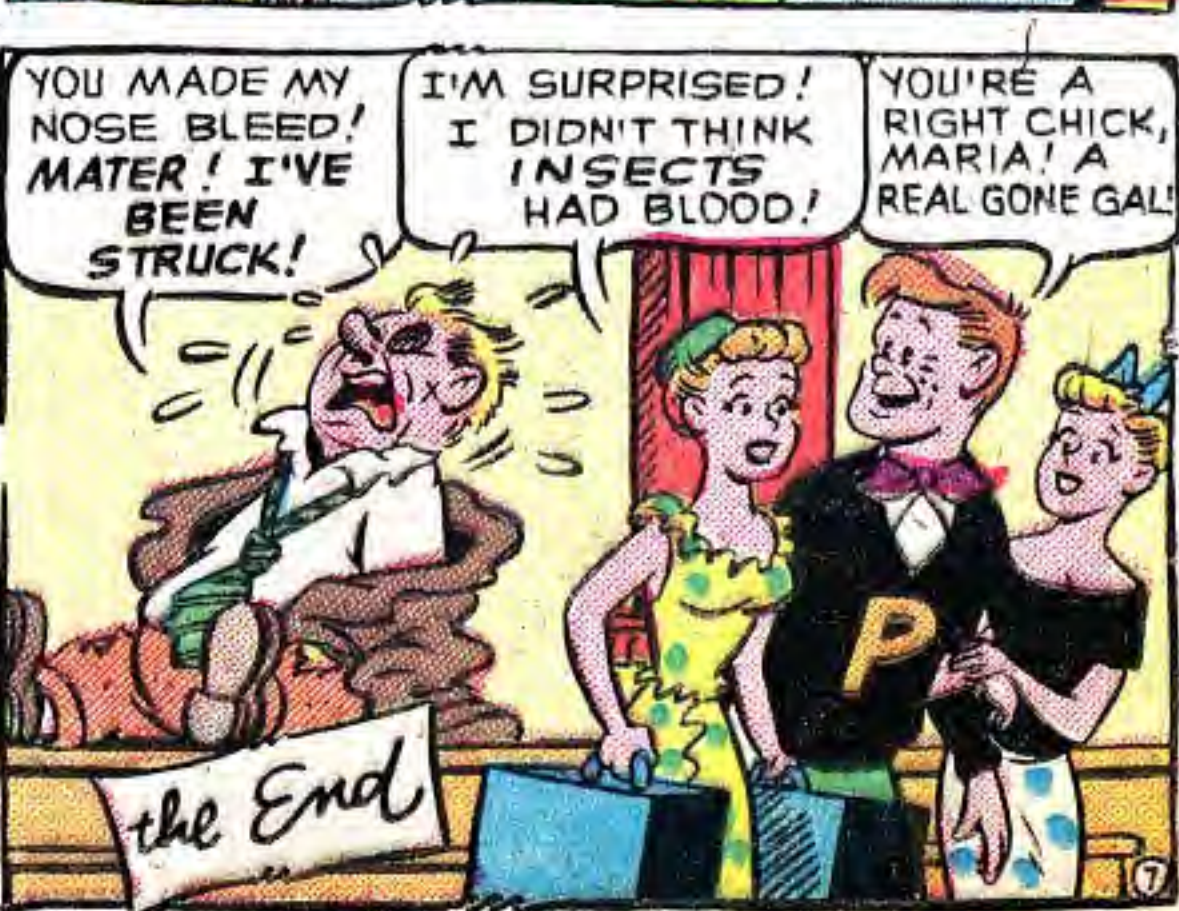
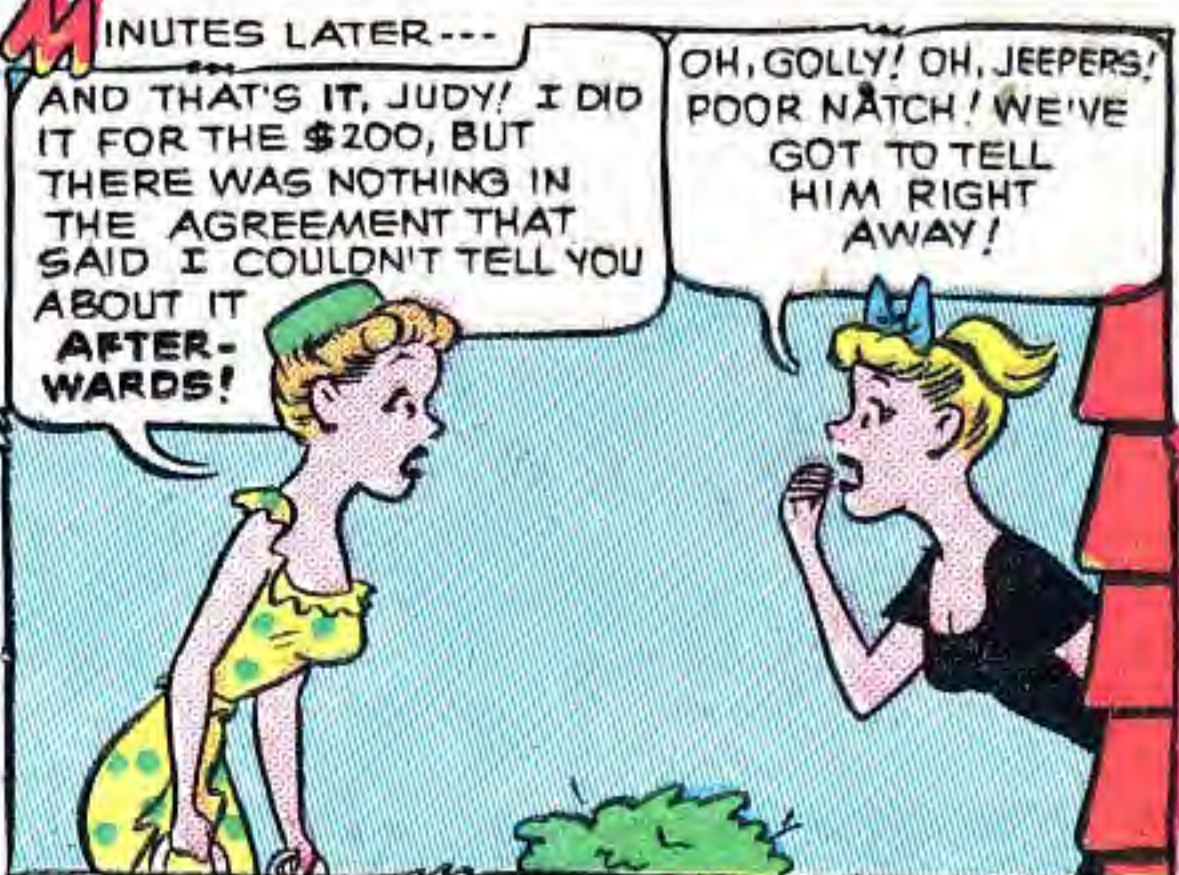
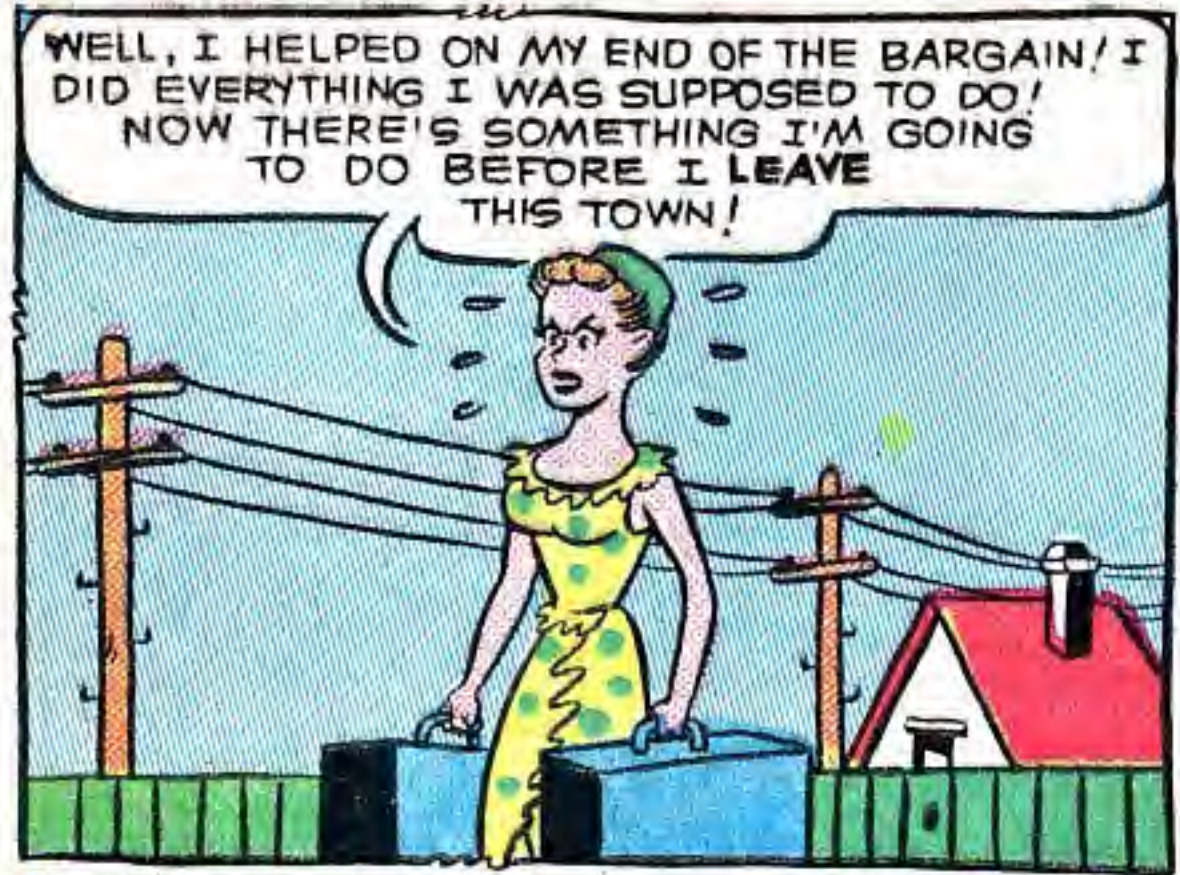
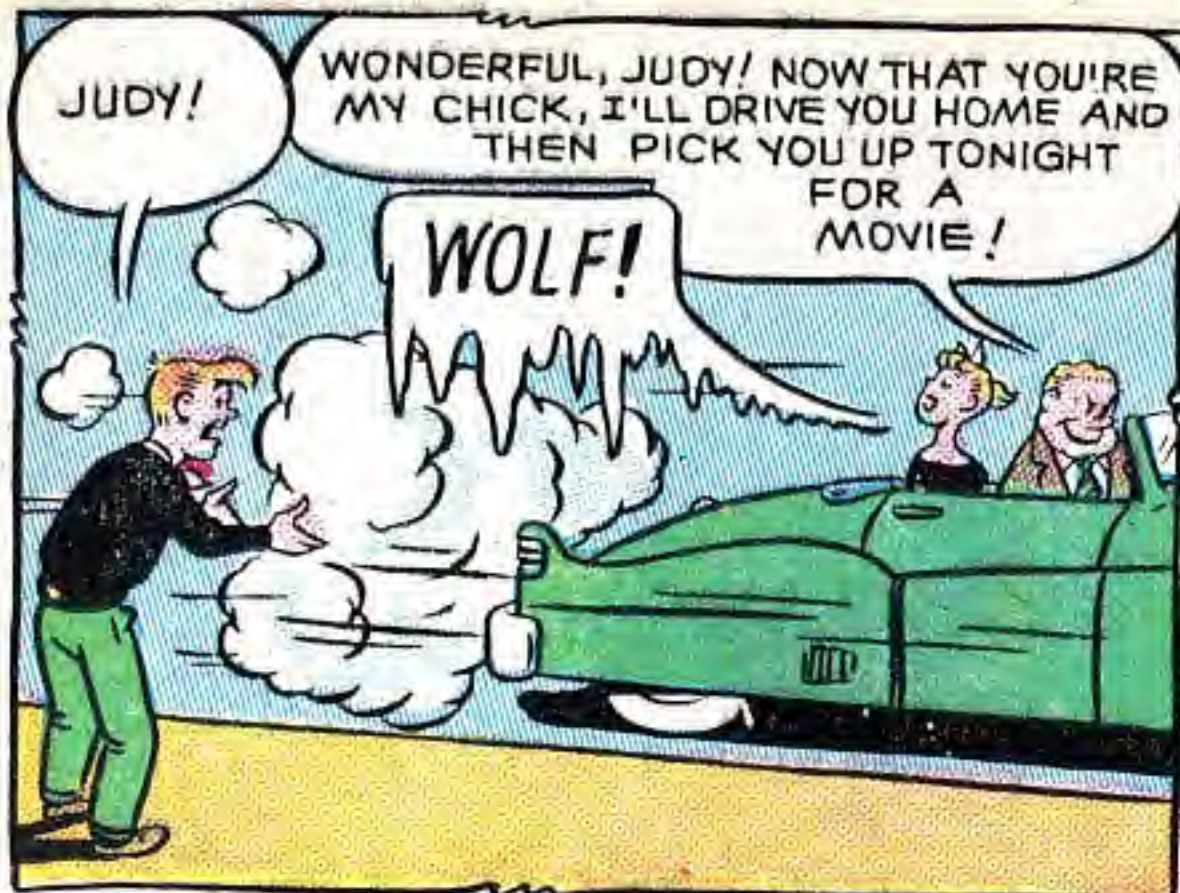
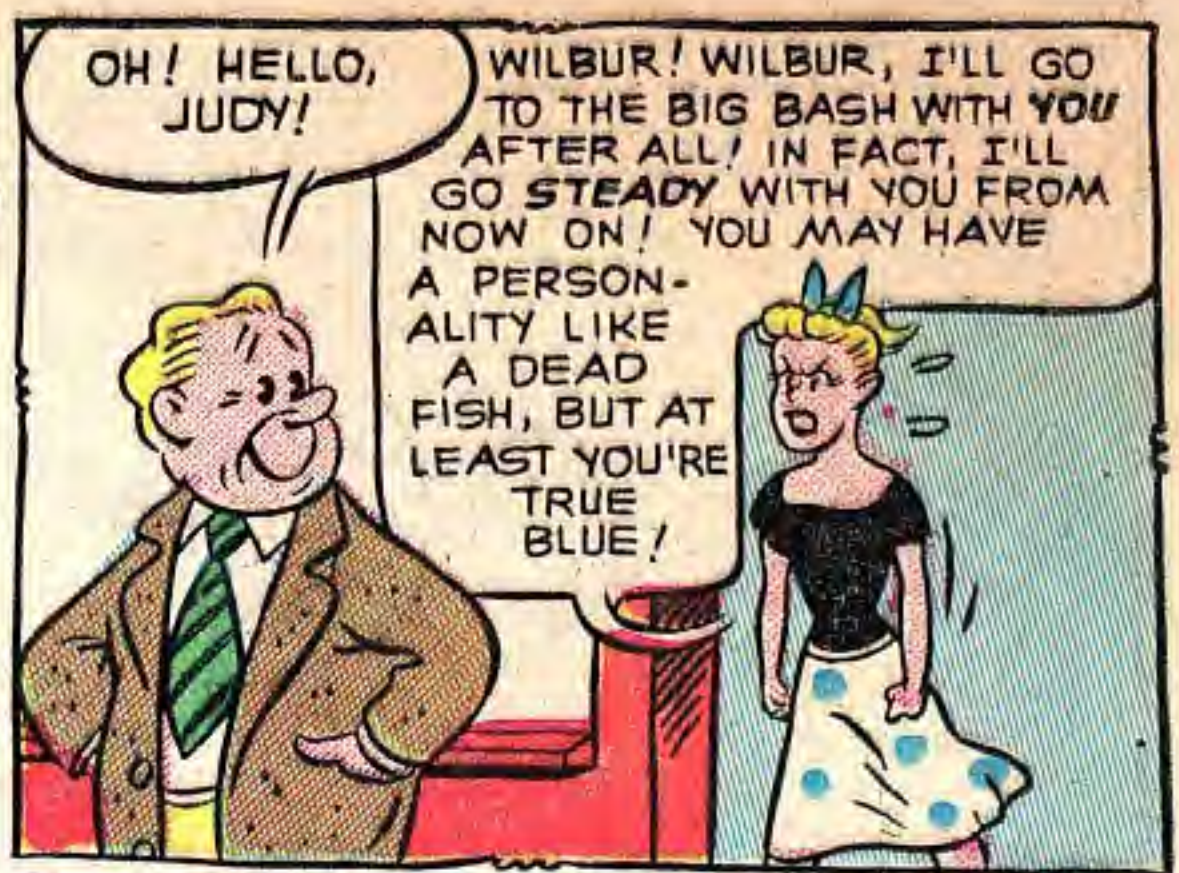
I'LL TAKE YA TO THE SWEET TOOTH! IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER!



MY, WASN'T I LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A CUTE BOY NEAR ME WHEN I STARTED TO FAINT! MY NAME IS MARIA! WHAT'S YOURS?

NATCH KILROY! HERE, YOU CAN SIT IN THIS BOOTH WHILE I GET YOU A GLASS OF WATER!





MARY LOU



MARY LOU! GOOD HEAVENS, STRAIGHTEN UP-- **THAT'S** NO WAY FOR A LADY TO BE SITTING IN A CHAIR!

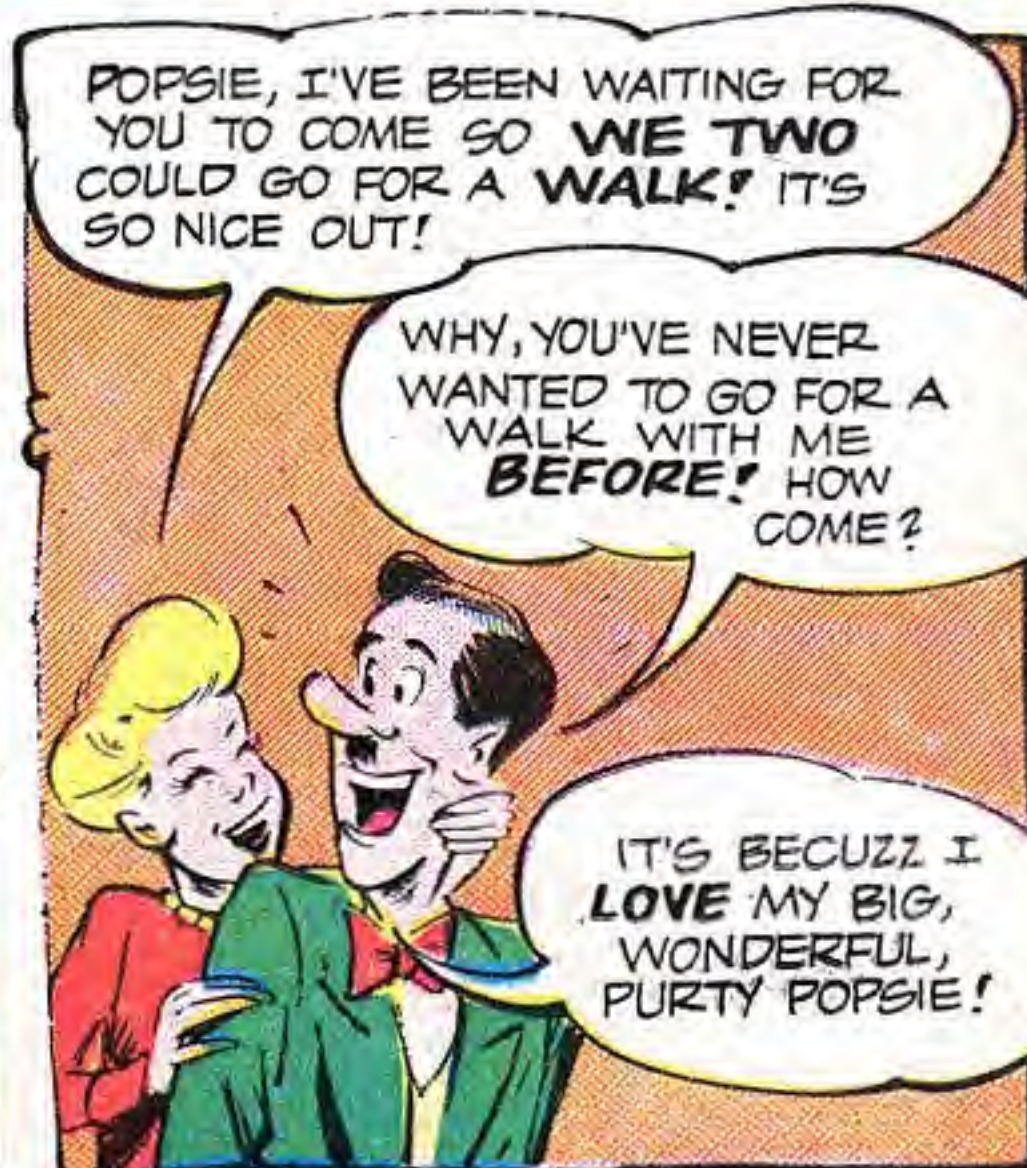
OH! OKAY, MOMSIE!



EVENING, CLARA--- **HEY!** WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH **YOU?**

IT'S MARY LOU-- HONESTLY, SI, I **WONDER WHEN SHE'S GOING TO GROW UP!**

POPSIE! YOU'RE HOME!

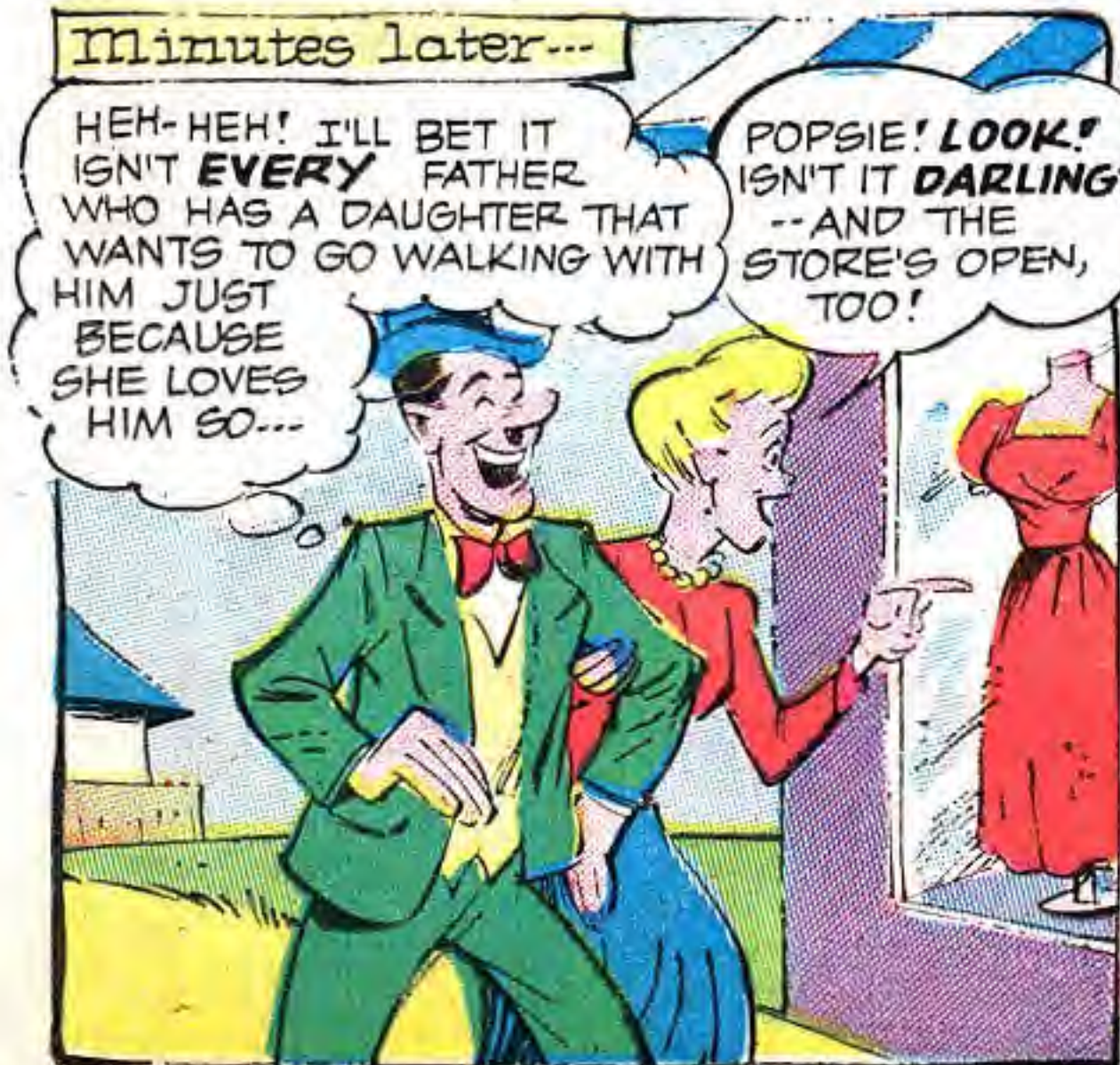


POPSIE, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO COME SO **WE TWO** COULD GO FOR A **WALK!** IT'S SO NICE OUT!

WHY, YOU'VE NEVER WANTED TO GO FOR A WALK WITH ME **BEFORE!** HOW COME?

IT'S BECUZZ I **LOVE** MY BIG, WONDERFUL, PURTY POPSIE!

Minutes later---



HEH-HEH! I'LL BET IT ISN'T **EVERY** FATHER WHO HAS A DAUGHTER THAT WANTS TO GO WALKING WITH HIM JUST BECAUSE SHE LOVES HIM SO---

POPSIE! LOOK! ISN'T IT **DARLING?** --AND THE STORE'S OPEN, TOO!

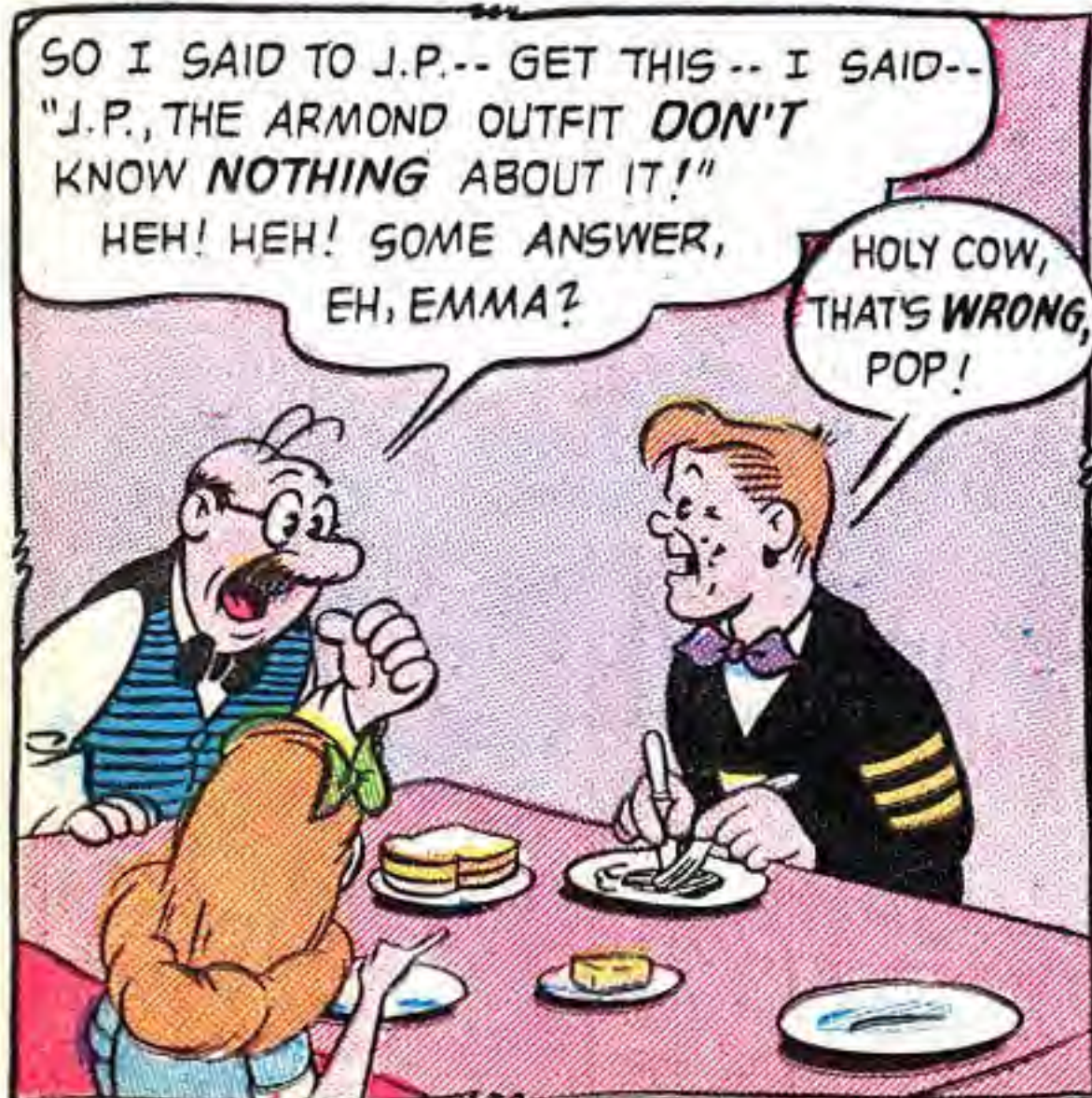
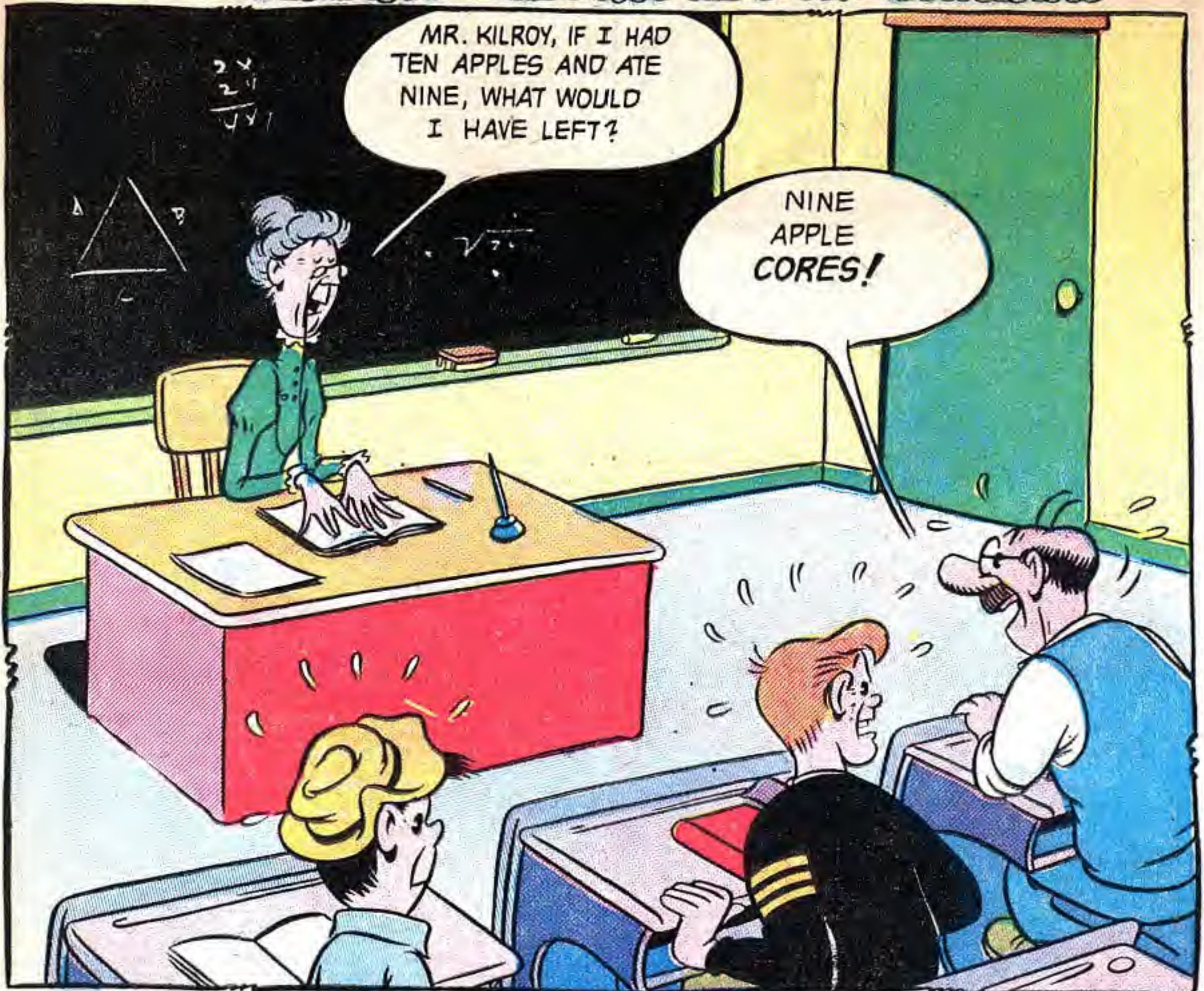
And back at home---

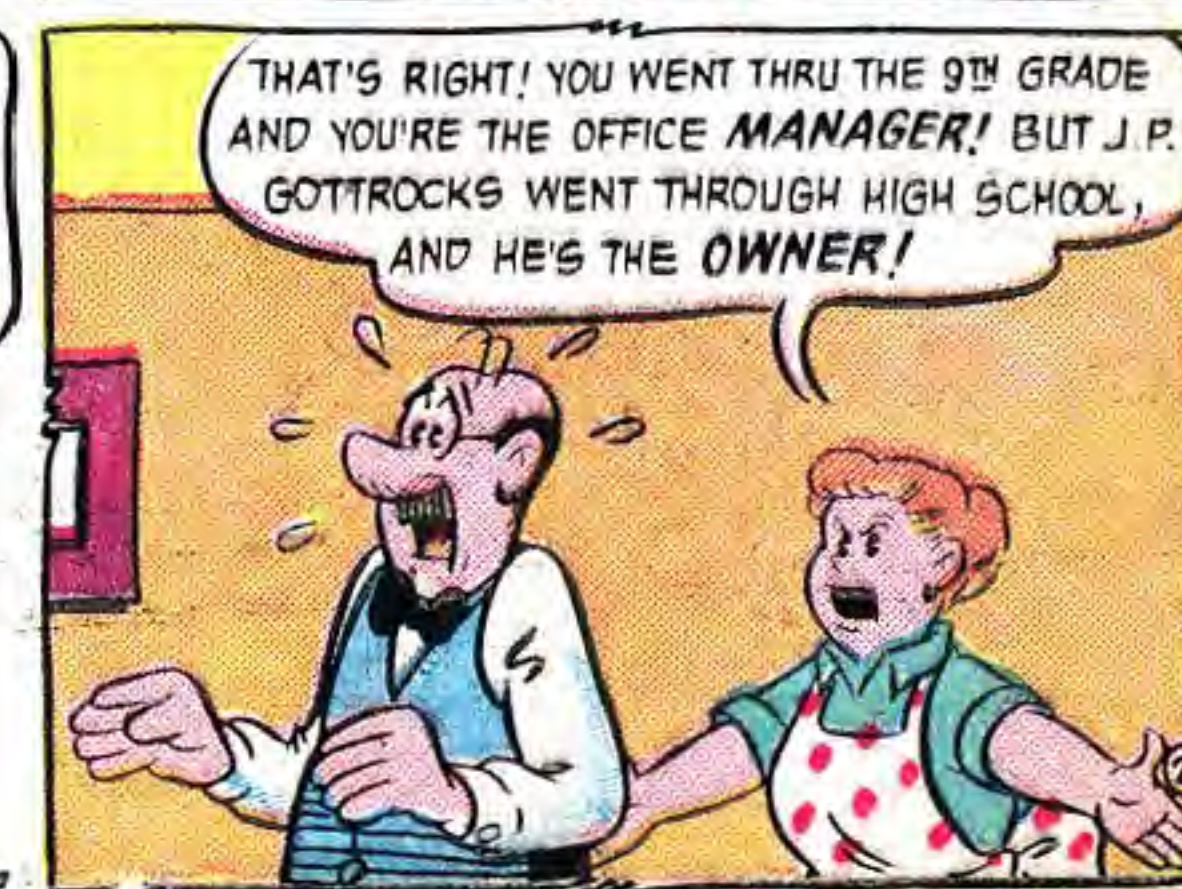
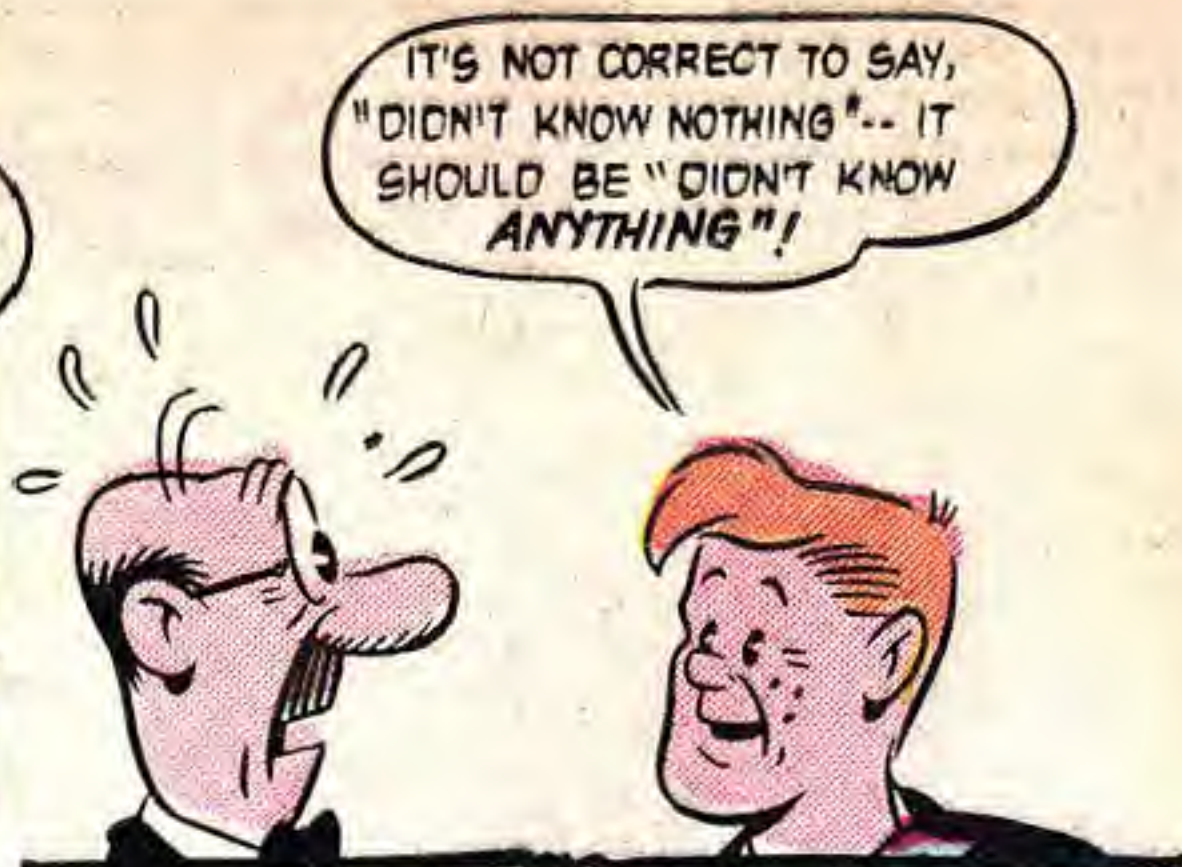


CLARA, I'VE GOT **NEWS** FOR YOU! YOU CAN **QUIT** WORRYING ABOUT WHEN MARY LOU'S GONNA GROW UP! **SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW!**

The KILROYS

"A DILLAR, A DOLLAR, A VERY OLD SCHOLAR!"





YEAH--YEAH! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, EMMA! BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

MAYBE NOT, BUT WHEN THE CHILDREN TRY TO HELP YOU, YOU CAN TAKE IT GOOD-NATUREDLY!



AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T WANT PEOPLE TO THINK THEIR FATHER DIDN'T HAVE AN EDUCATION!

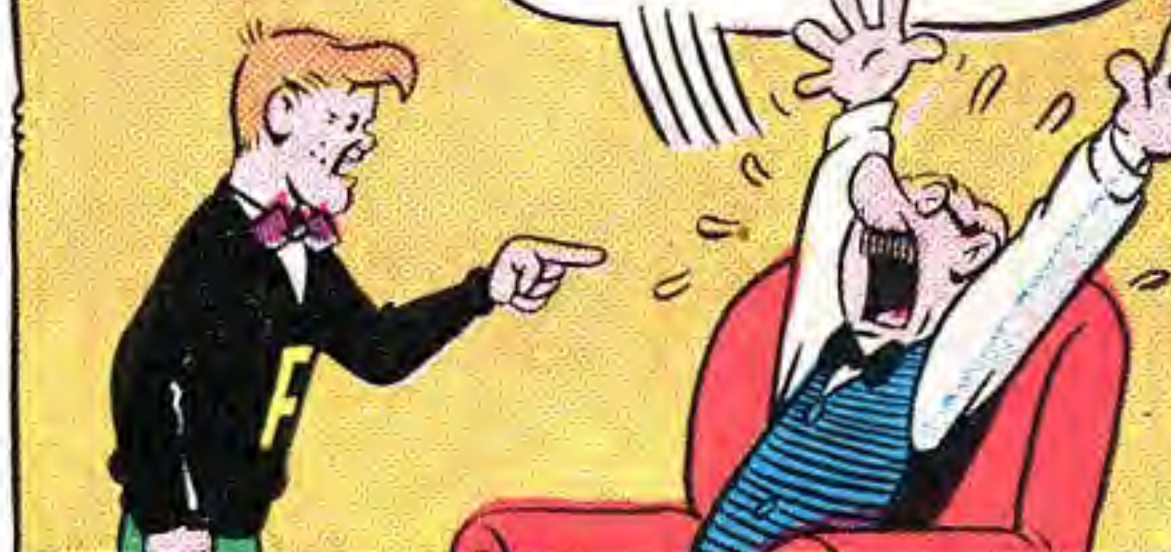


ALL RIGHT !!! ALL RIGHT !!! SO FROM NOW ON I DON'T USE NO MORE DOUBLE NEGATIVES NO MORE! NOW FORGET IT!



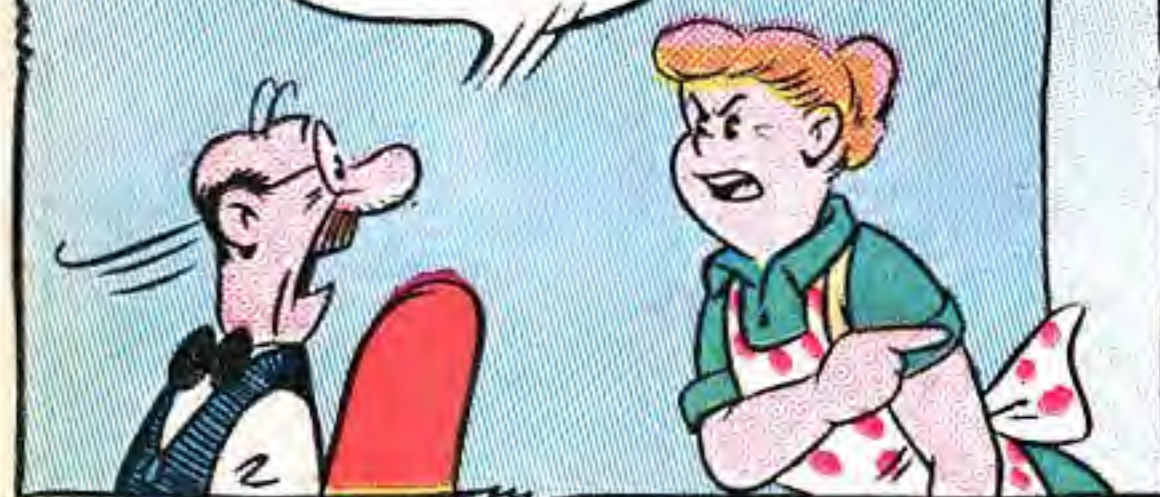
HOLY COW! NOW YA JUST USED 3 OF 'EM, POP!

I CAN'T HELP IT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A DOUBLE NEGATIVE IS!

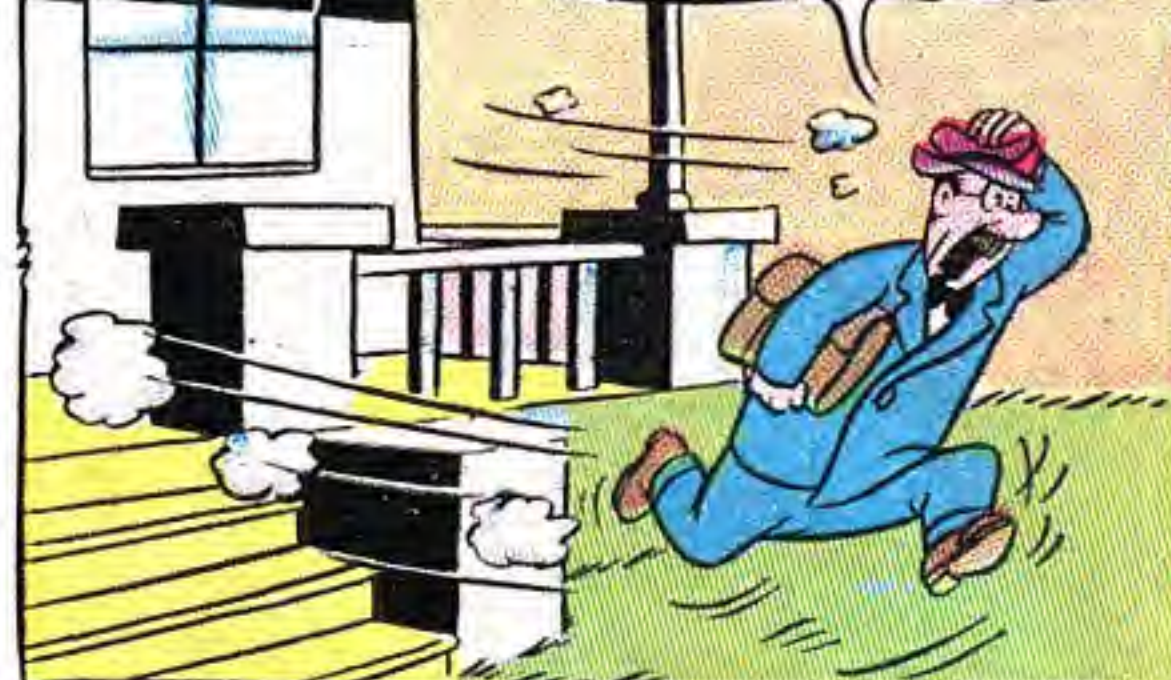


ED KILROY, STOP THAT SHOUTING! IT'S 8:30, AND TIME YOU'RE AT THE OFFICE!

WHAT?
8:30!!!



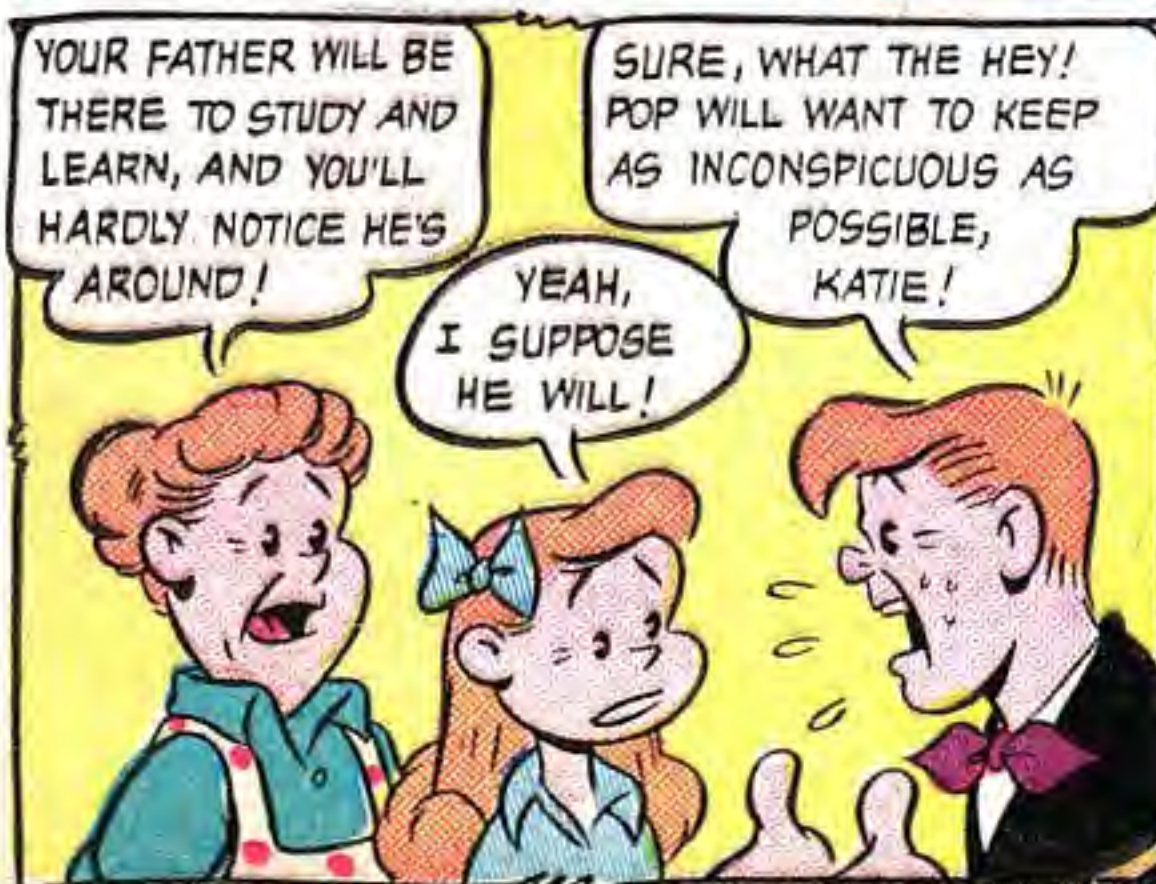
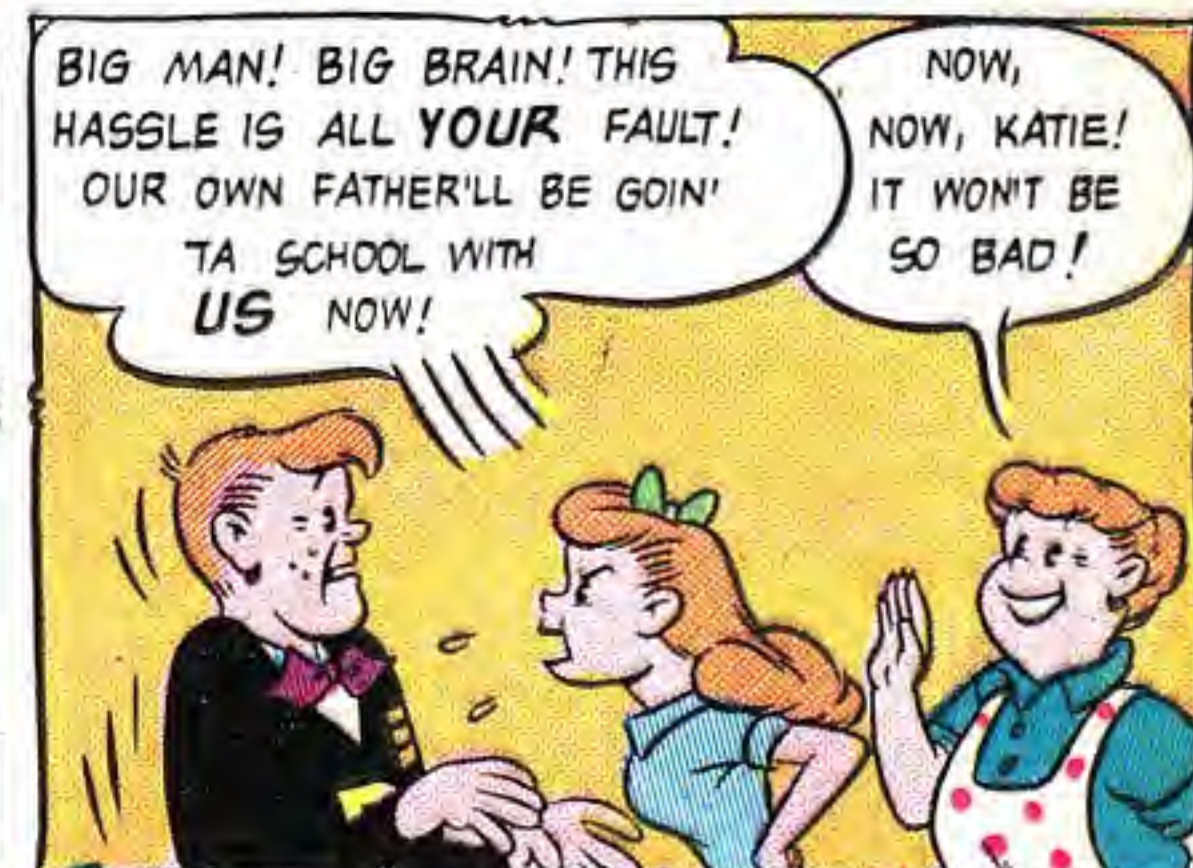
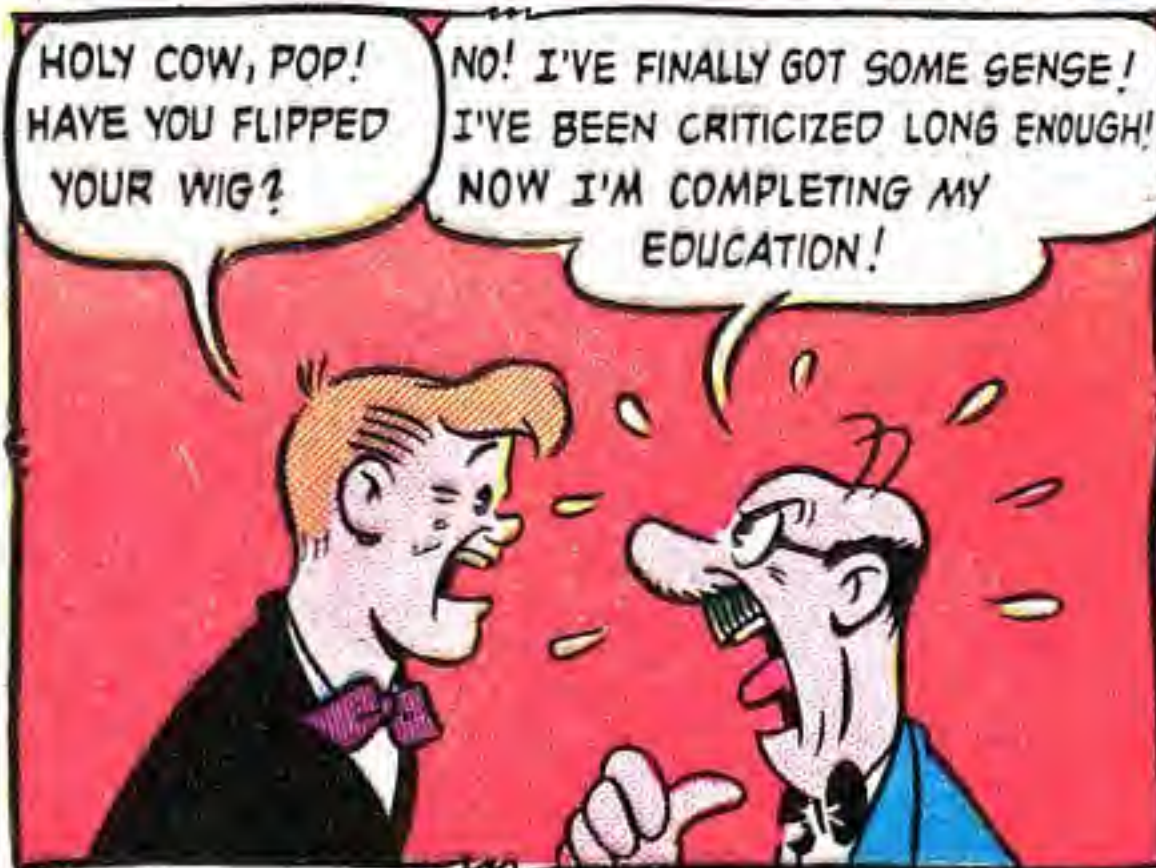
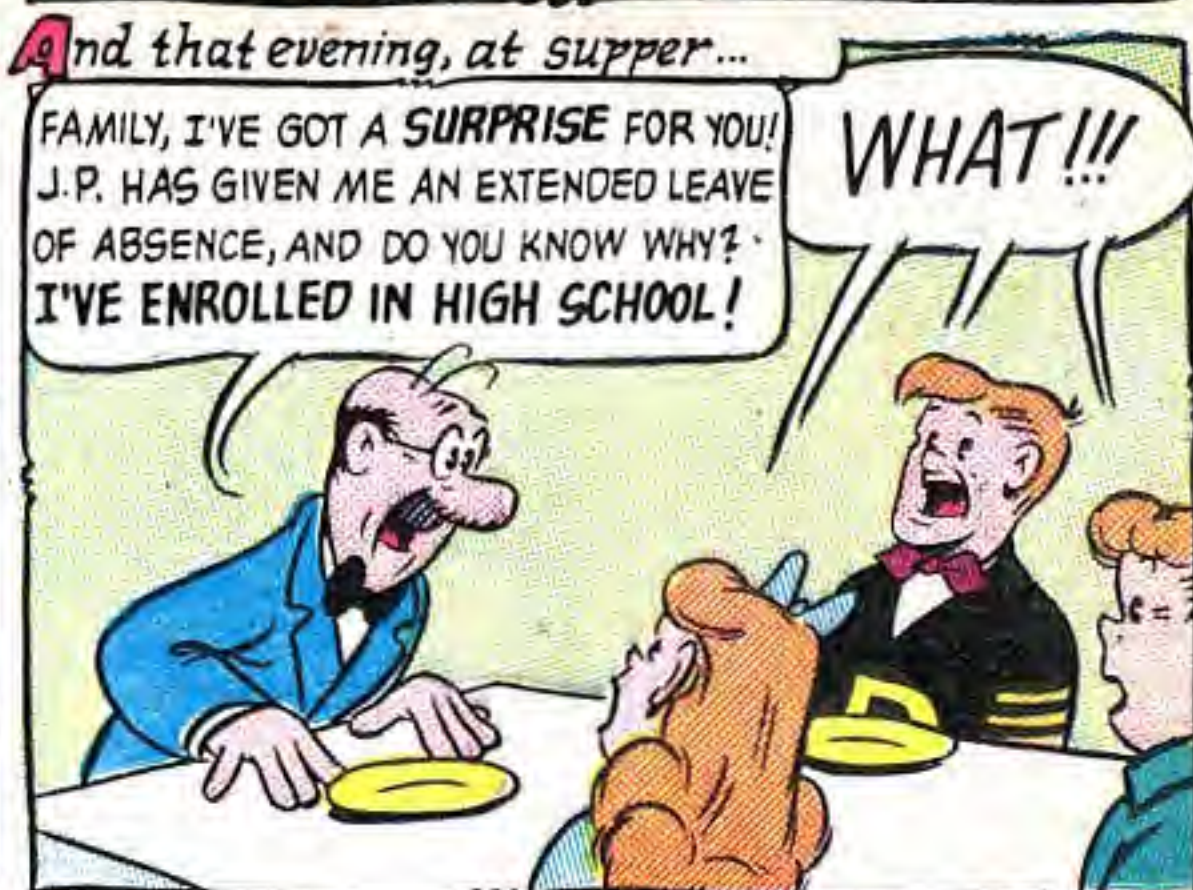
HOLY HANNAH! J.P. WILL HAVE A FIT IF I'M EVEN 3 MINUTES LATE!

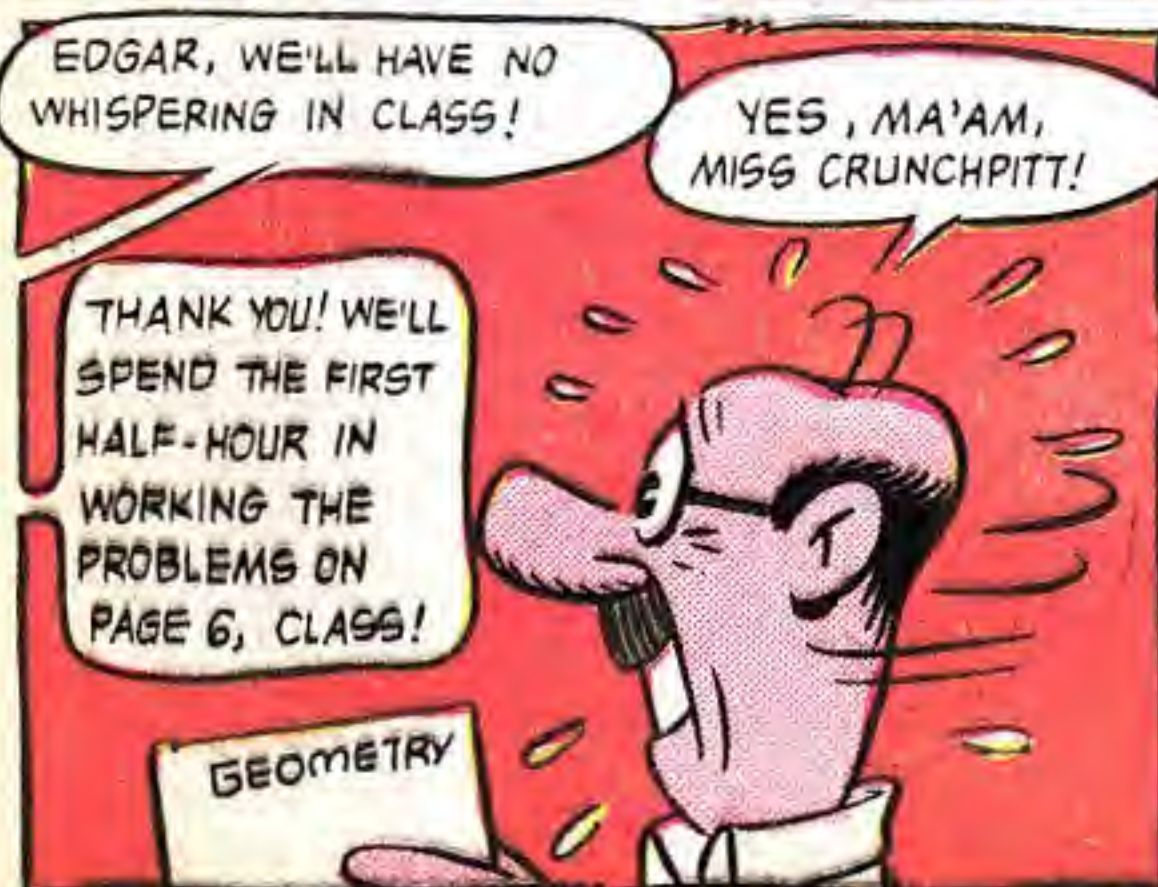
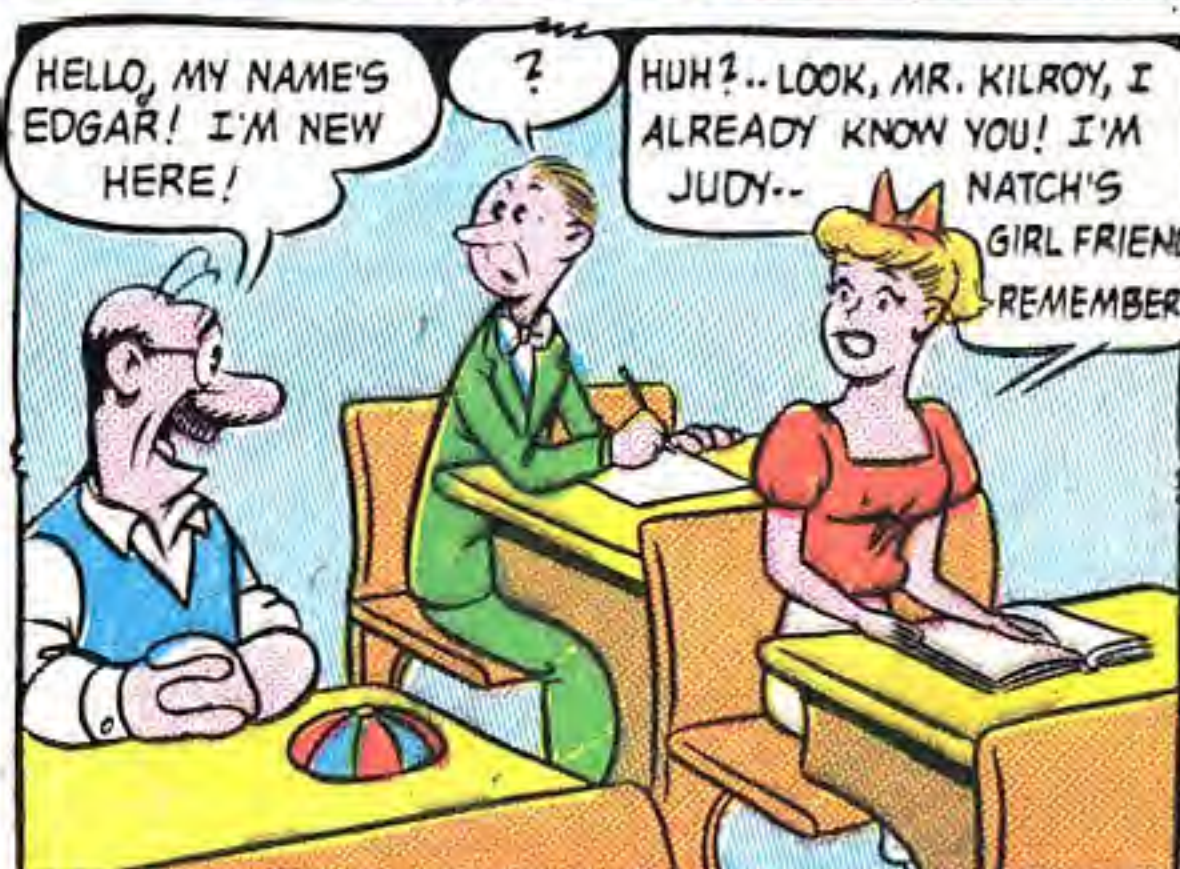
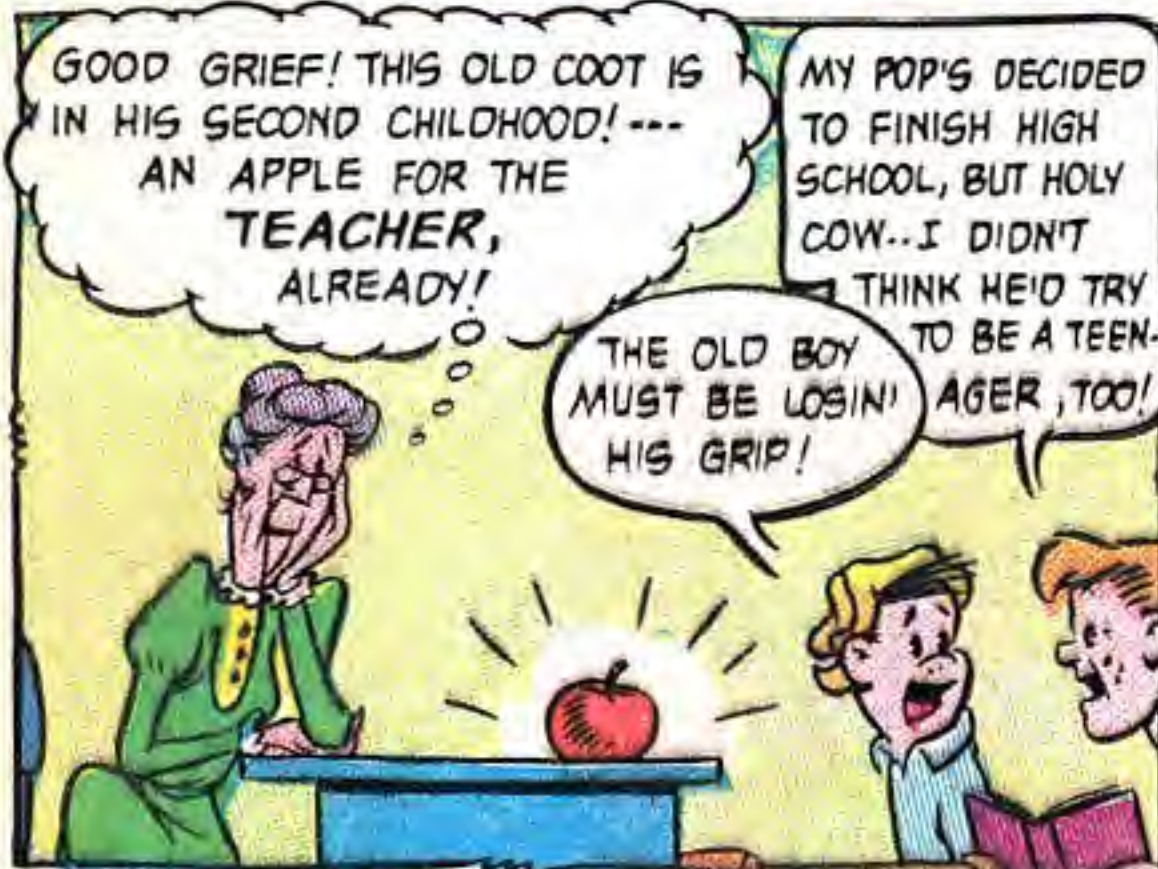
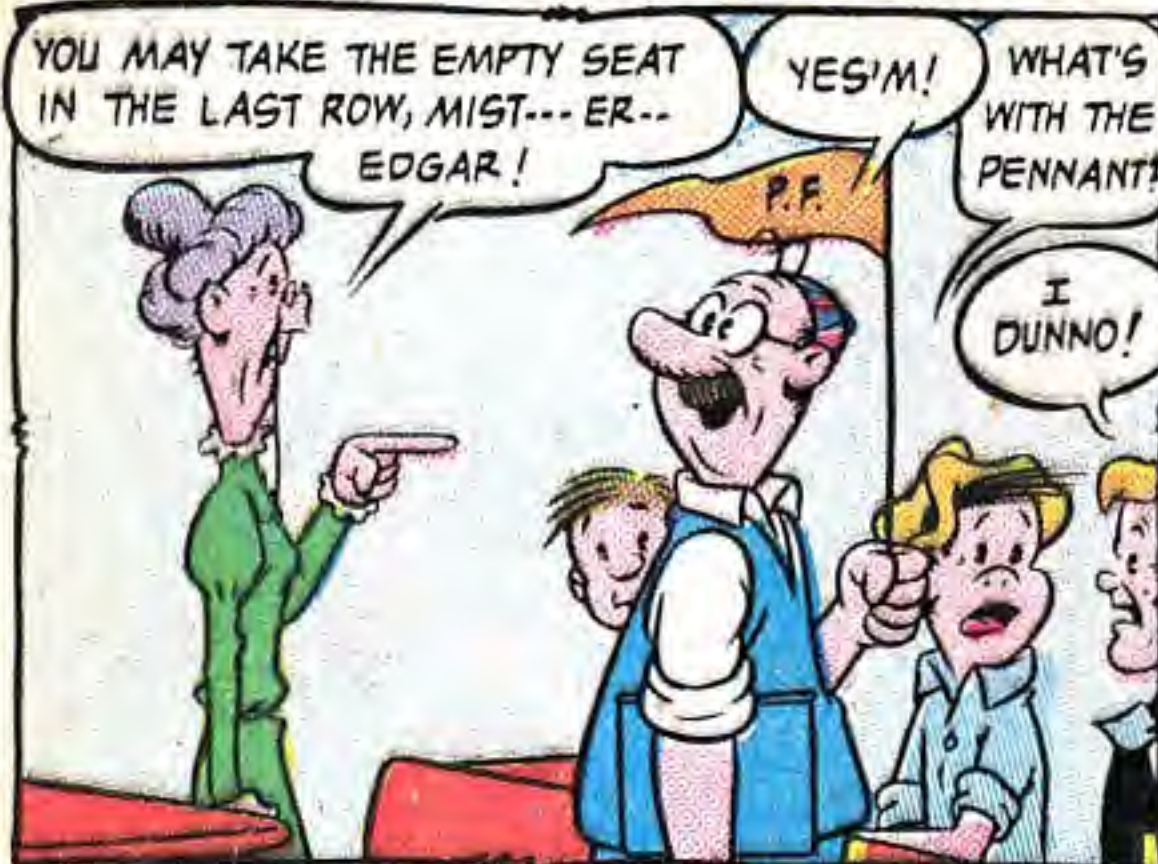


THE OLD GOAT! I WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE RUNNING LIKE THIS IF I'D GRADUATED FROM HIGH SCHOOL LIKE HE DID! I'D HAVE MY OWN BUSINESS!

HOLD THAT CAR!







CHILDREN, ATTENTION!-- I HAVE AN ANNOUNCEMENT, AND I WANT NO PANIC! WE'VE ALL GONE THROUGH THE FIRE DRILL MANY TIMES AND KNOW WHAT TO DO, SO LINE UP AND MARCH QUIETLY FROM THE ROOM-- I HAVE DETECTED THE ODOR OF SMOKE!



QUICKLY, BUT QUIETLY, CHILDREN! HURRY!



THERE'S THE LAST ONE SAFELY OUT OF --- WHAT TH--- ?!!?



ED KILROY! PUT OUT THAT CIGAR!



CLASS, COME BACK! IT WAS A FALSE ALARM! THE SMOKE I DETECTED WAS FROM A STUDENT SMOKING A CIGAR!



EDGAR KILROY, IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO SMOKE ON THE SCHOOL PREMISES, AND IT'S AGAINST THE RULES TO DISRUPT A CLASS! IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, I'LL PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE EXPELLED!

P- PLEASE, DON'T SEND ME TO MR. JONES' OFFICE, MA'AM! PLEASE DON'T!



And so the rest of the day, the following things happened ---

ALL RIGHT, ALL YOU GUYS TRYIN' OUT FOR THE LEFT HALF SPOT LINE UP HERE! GOOD GRAVY-- WHO ARE YOU? MY NEW ASSISTANT COACH?

NO, SIR, COACH! I'M "FLASH" KILROY-- ALL CITY HALF, P.S. 202, 1914! I'M TRYIN' OUT FOR THE LEFT HALF SPOT!

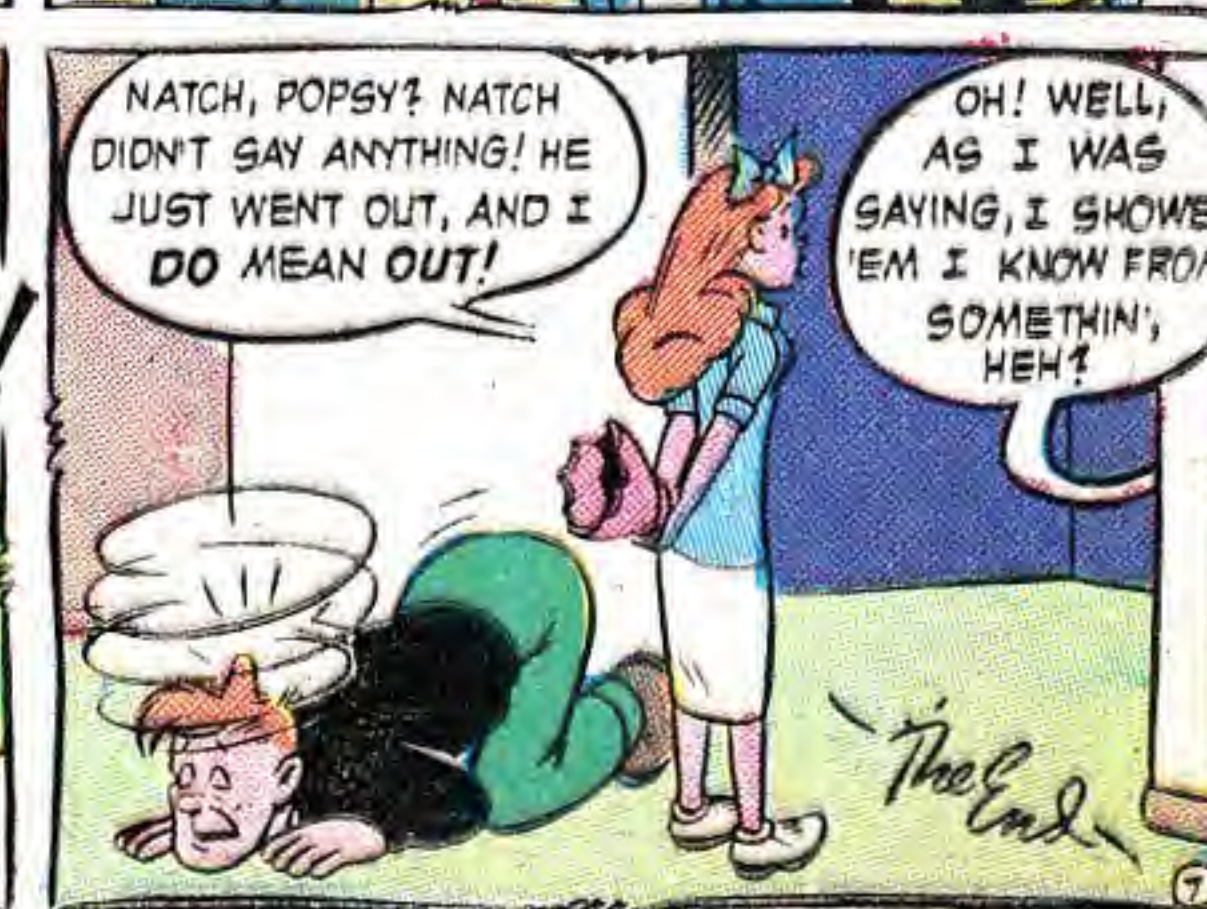
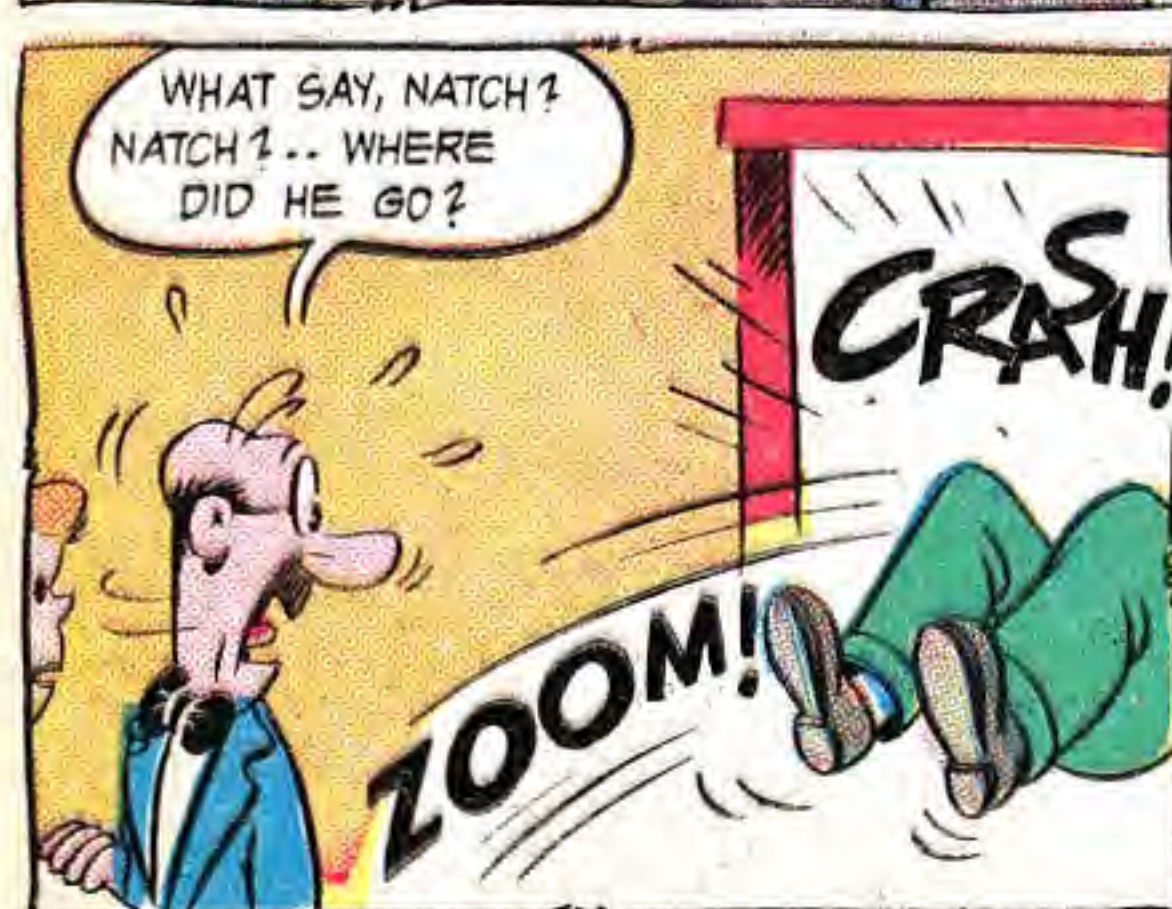
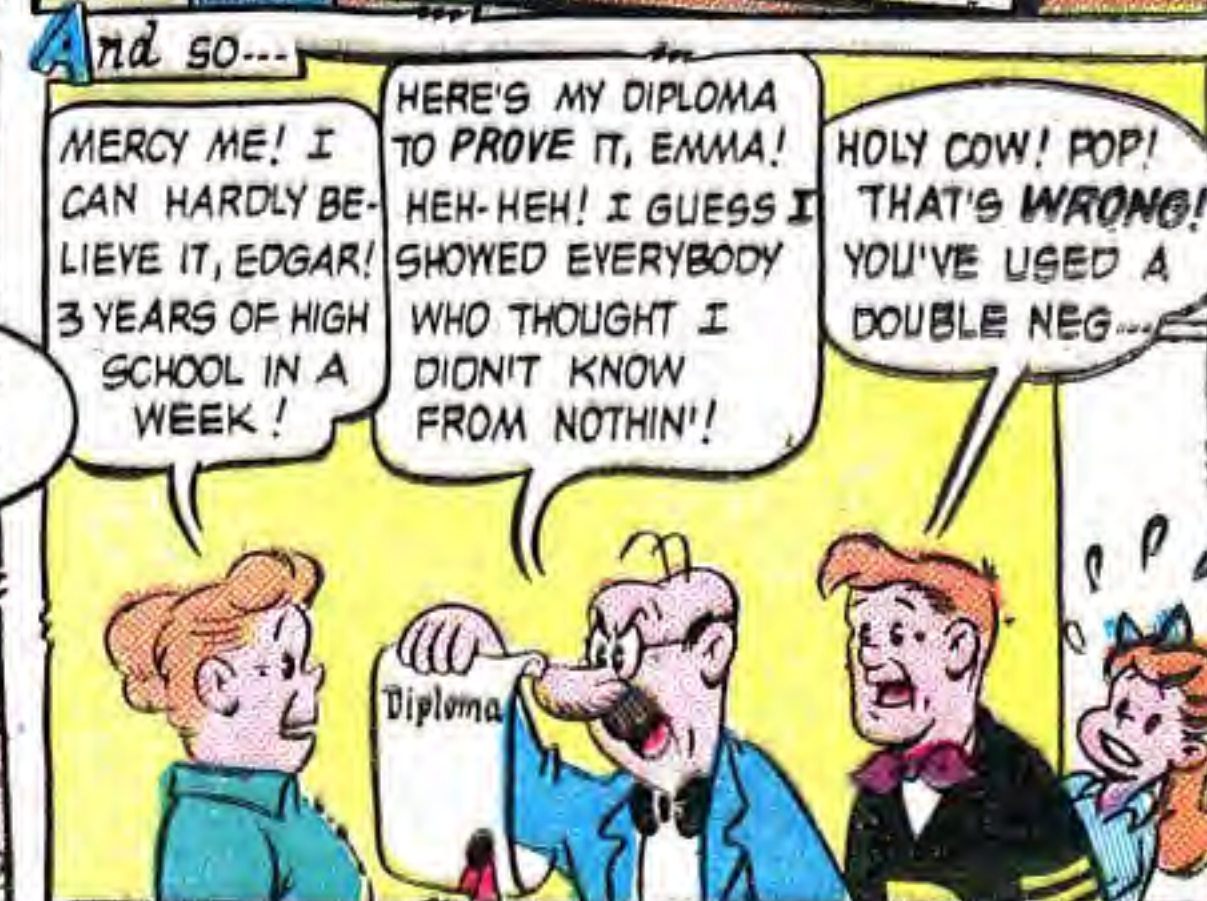
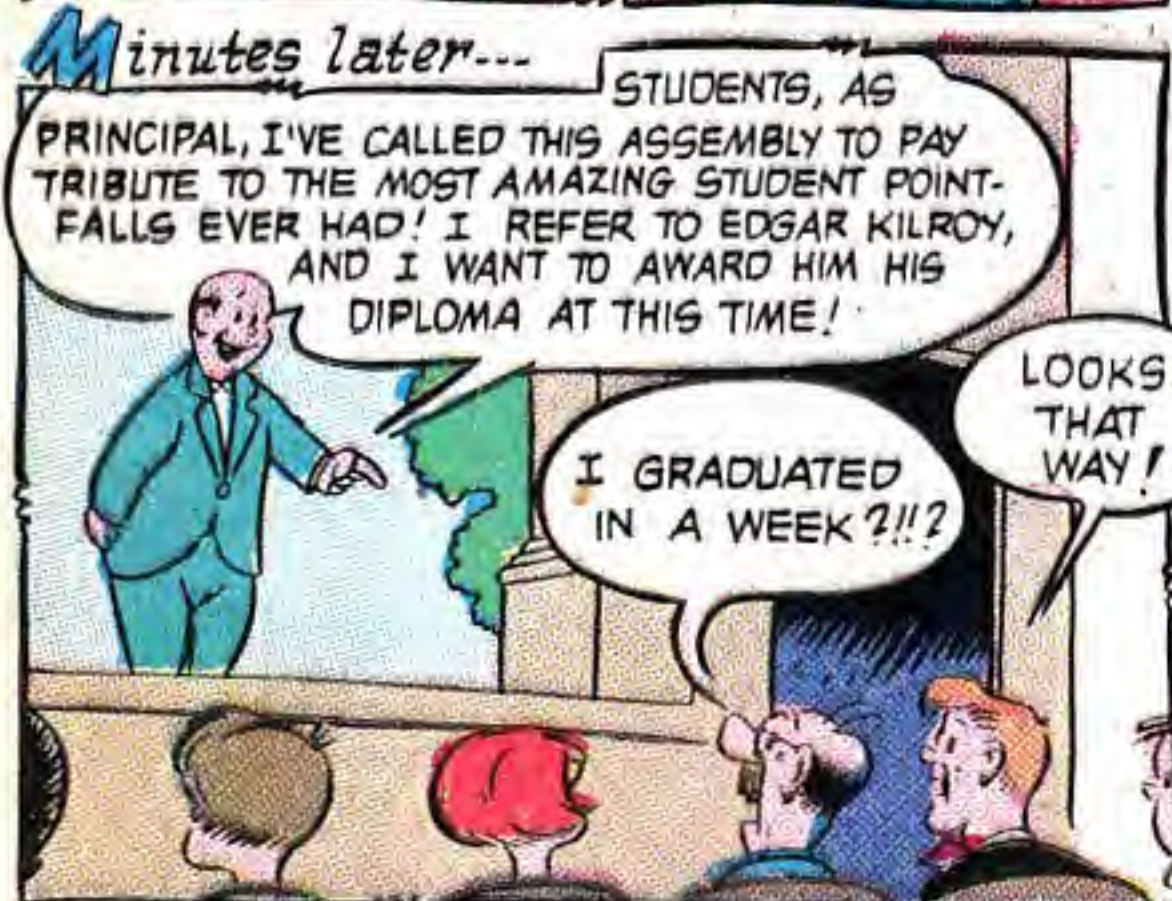
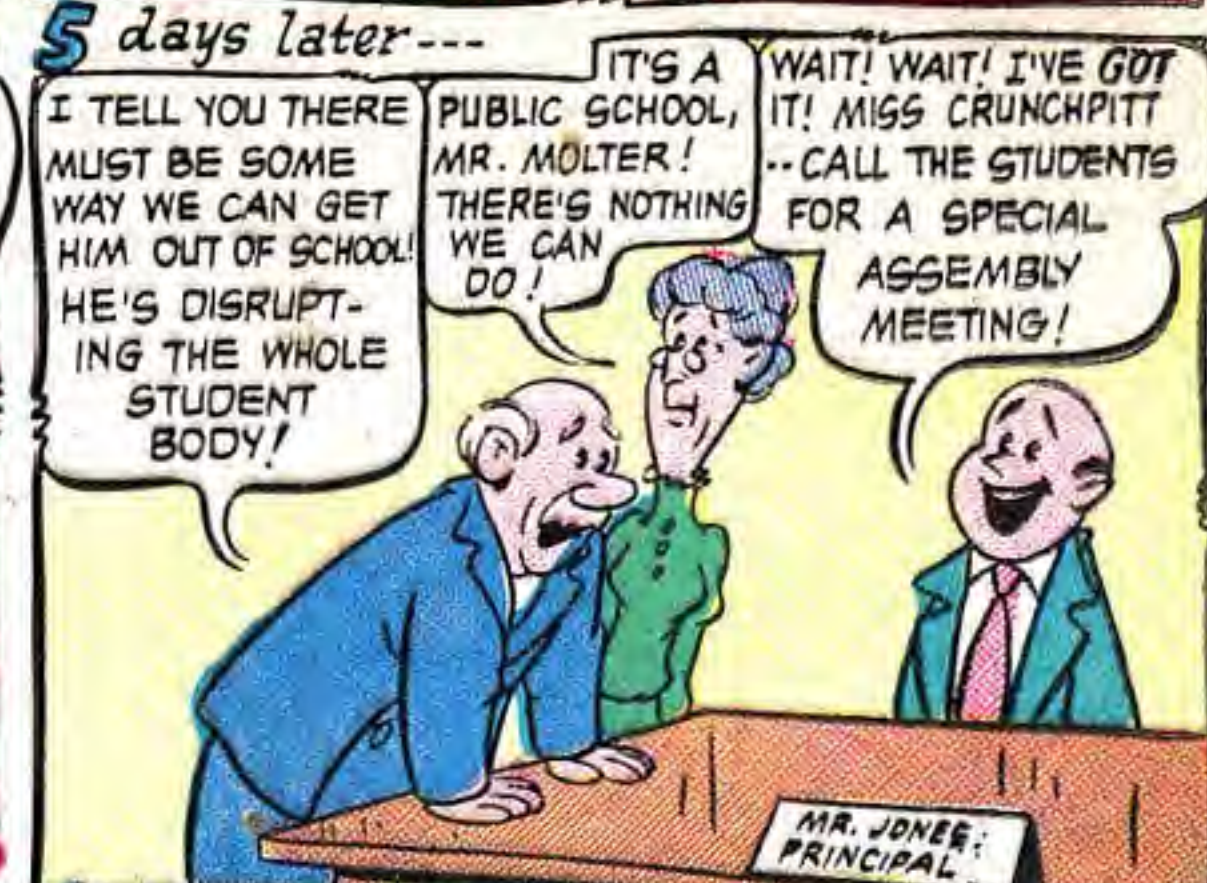
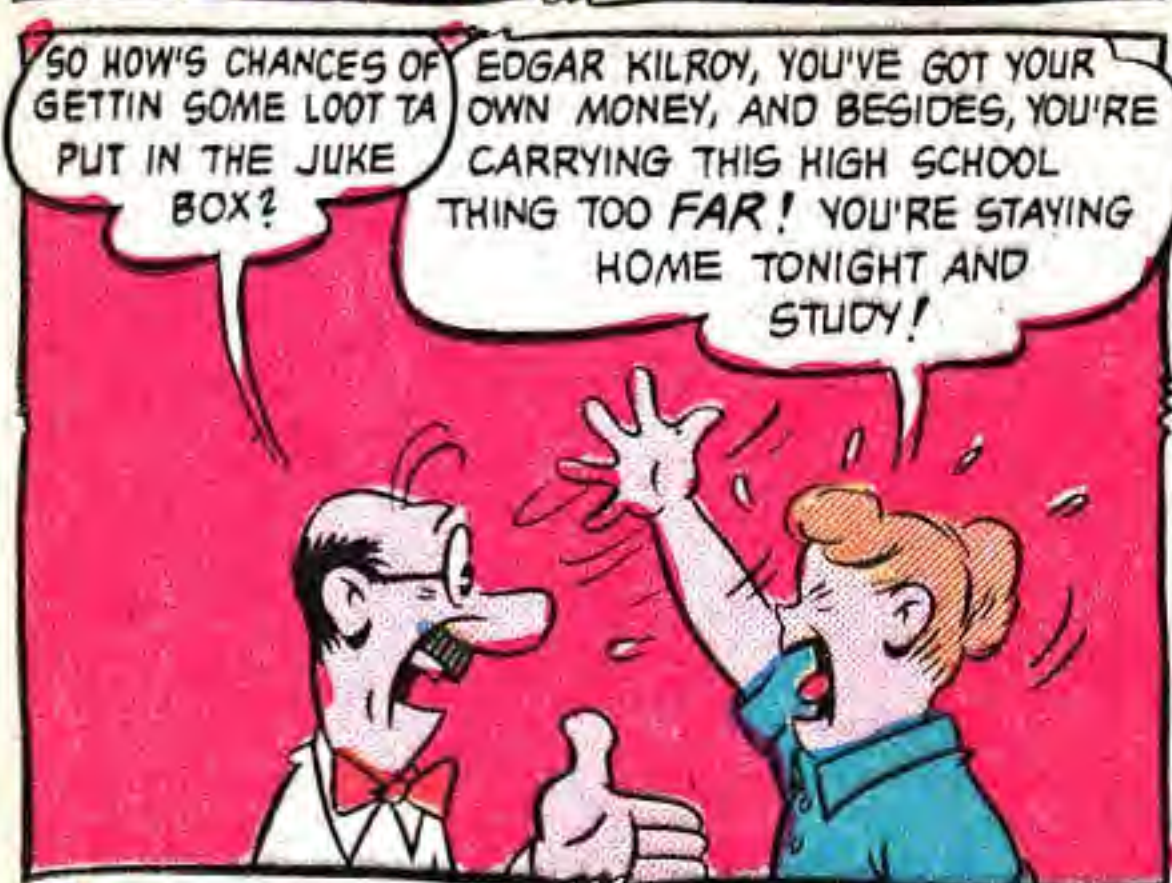
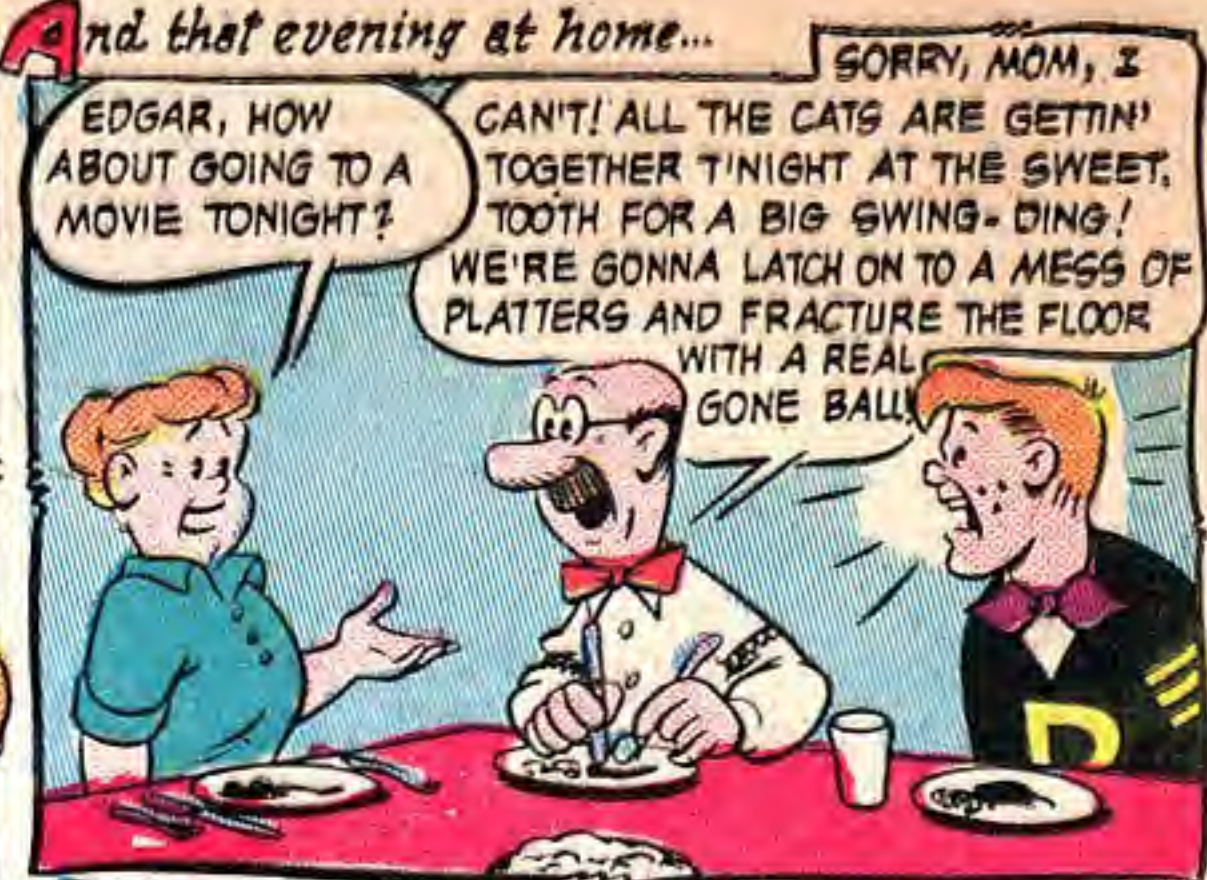
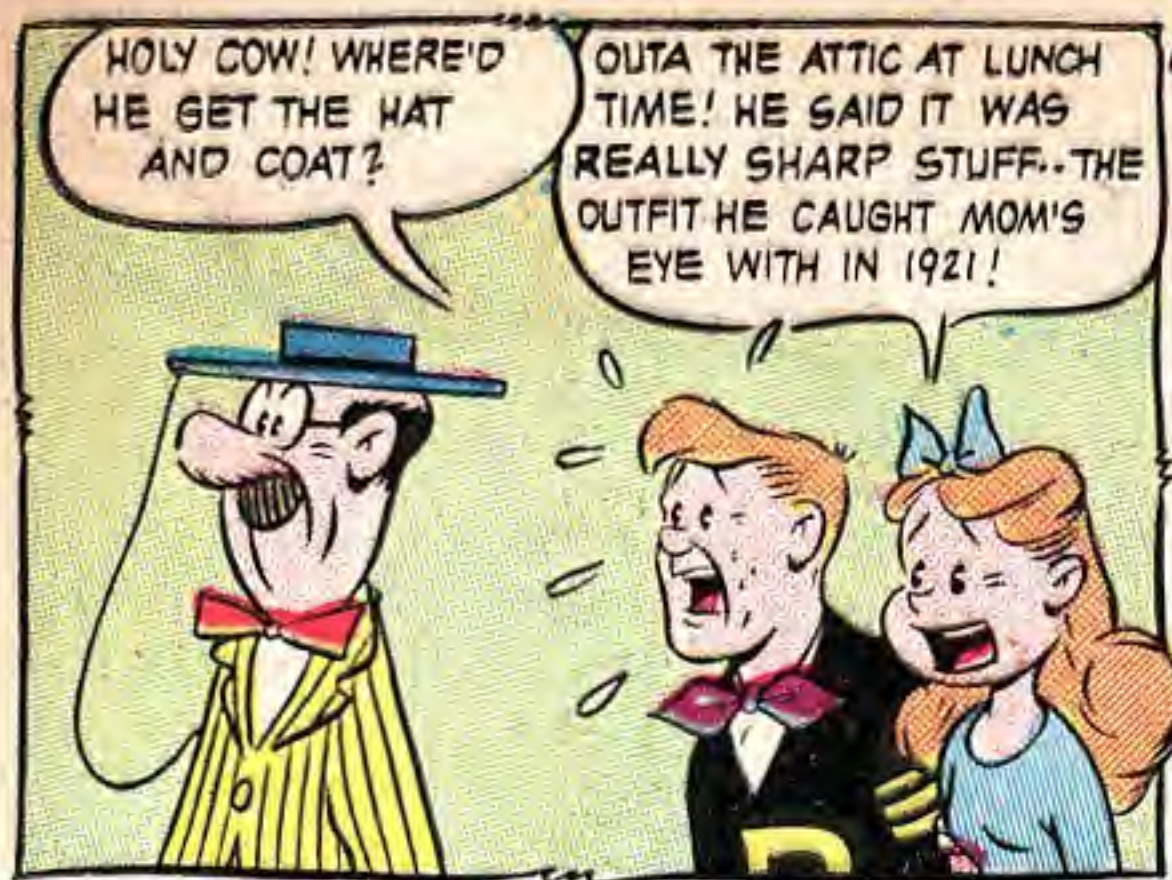


NATCH KILROY, YOU'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING! HE'S EMBARRASSIN' ME TO TEARS! WHEN HE GOT UP IN ASSEMBLY AND TRIED OUT FOR THE CHEERLEADER'S JOB AND ENDED UP WITH A CRICK IN HIS BACK, I THOUGHT I'D DIE!

HI, YOU CATS! 23 SKIDOO! OH, YOU KID-- AND ALL THAT SORTA JAZZ!

NOW LISTEN, KATIE, I-- SHHH, HERE HE COMES!





OUT OF THIS WORLD *and* BACK!

KITTY WONDERED WHETHER it showed, whether people could tell just by looking at her that she burned with a fierce inner glow. "I'm *dedicated*," she thought as she walked home from school, "to *science*!"

It had happened that very afternoon in science lab. Up until that day, Kitty'd been having a bit of difficulty, especially in the lab experiments. Nothing ever seemed to come out the way it was supposed to, and she generally had a terrible time finding anything under the microscope lens.

But today was different! Not only had her experiment come out perfectly, but Mr. Craddock, the science teacher, had smiled at her and said, "That's very good, Kitty! You'll be a lab technician yet!"

And suddenly, it had all become clear to her! Not for Kitty the silly, frivolous world of men and clothes and dates! Not for Kitty the empty, hollow round of parties and phone calls and club meetings!

"For me, there will be...*science*!" She could see herself, ten years older, a slim, intense young woman with enormous eyes, wearing a white lab coat too large for her, her hair pushed up in an untidy bun. "I won't be bothered with looks, I guess," she thought, feeling it was somehow noble of her.

Perhaps she would live in a book-lined room, somewhere in a quiet neighborhood where no one suspected that the little creature in the shabby coat, who seemed so plain, would some day be another Madame Curie! How surprised their faces would be when they saw her picture in the paper. "Scientist Receives International Award!"

All that afternoon, Kitty mused on this future of hers, much to the anxiety of her parents. "I hope Kitty's not coming down with a cold," her mother remarked

to her father after Kitty had refused a whipped cream dessert. "Kitty, dear, are you sure you feel all right?"

"I'm fine, thank you. But mother... dad...you might as well know now! I'm changing my life! I've had enough idleness! From now on, I'm devoting myself to science! No more dates...mother, forget what I said about a new circle skirt! I'd rather have a...a...*lab coat*!"

"She *isn't* well," Kitty's dad remarked to her mother, after dinner. "Katherine, I don't like this...it worries me! It's not natural, a fifteen-year-old girl as pretty as Kitty reading her eyes out, refusing dates...we'll have an unhappy old maid on our..."

"Excuse me, dear, there's the phone!" Kitty's mother, answering the phone, called out, "It's for you, Kitty. Helene!"

"Oh, dear! Well, I might as well talk to her, though I shouldn't be wasting my time on chatter! She probably wants to go out walking or something...hello, Helene? Listen, I'm afraid I haven't got time to...*what*? He *is*? You mean the one you were *telling* me about? From *Harvard*? Oh, golly, yes, in twenty minutes!"

Like a shot, Kitty was up the stairs, brushing at her hair, changing into her good skirt and the shoes with the higher heels. She came running breathlessly down the stairs, glowing with excitement.

"Mother, he's *here* visiting Helene's family...her cousin...the one she's been telling me about...that just entered college...*Harvard*! May I...?"

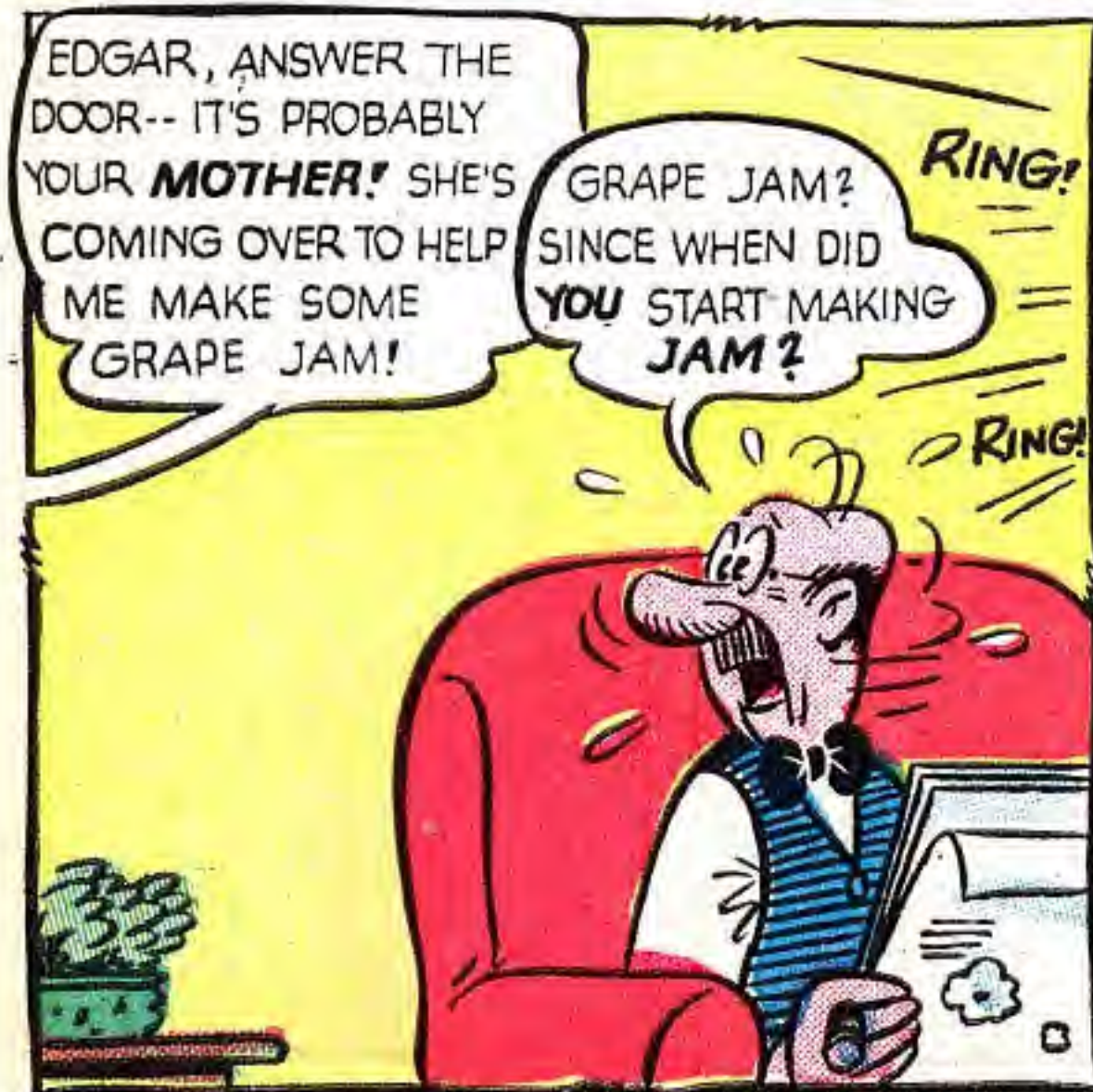
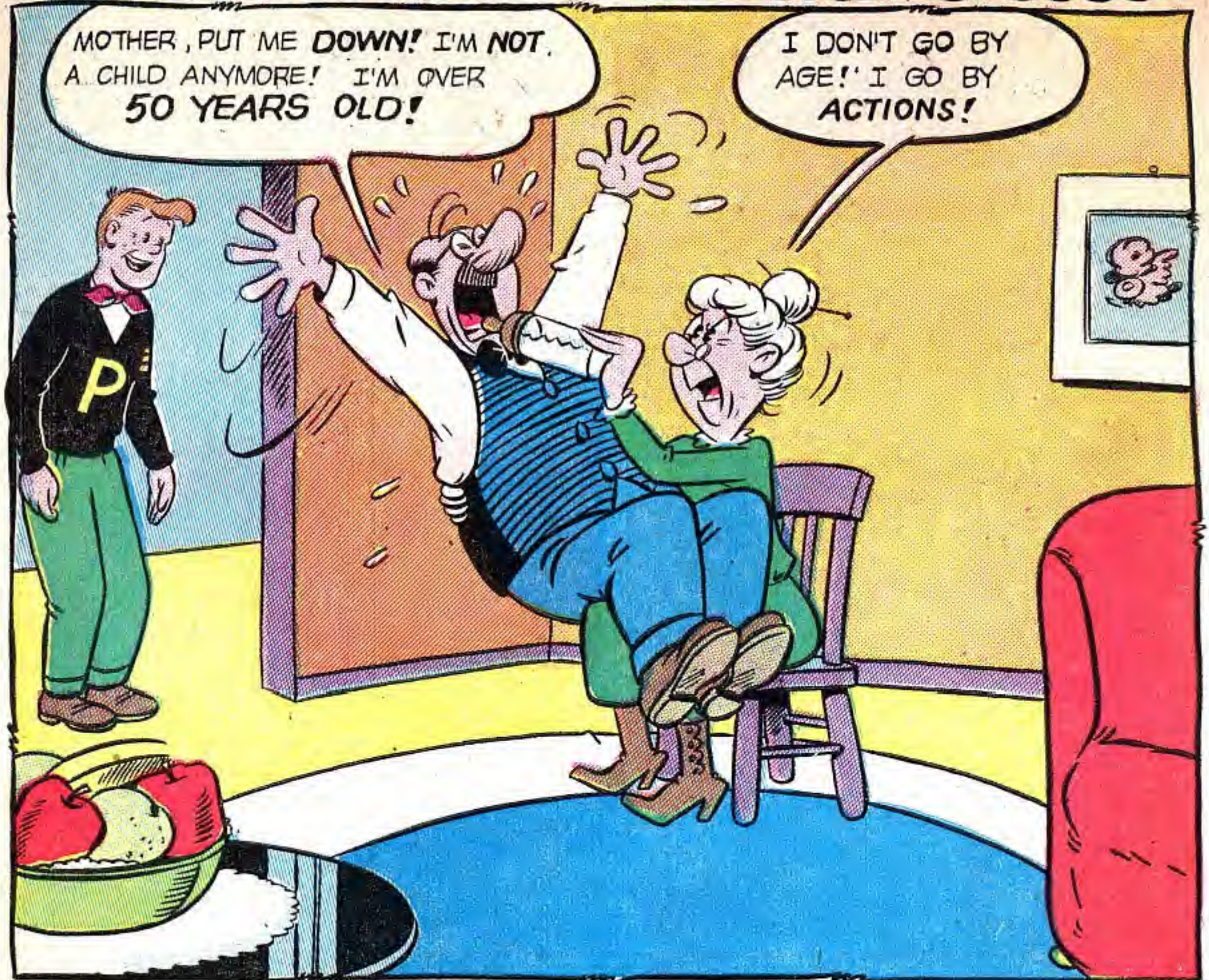
"Run along, dear, and have a wonderful time," smiled her mother.

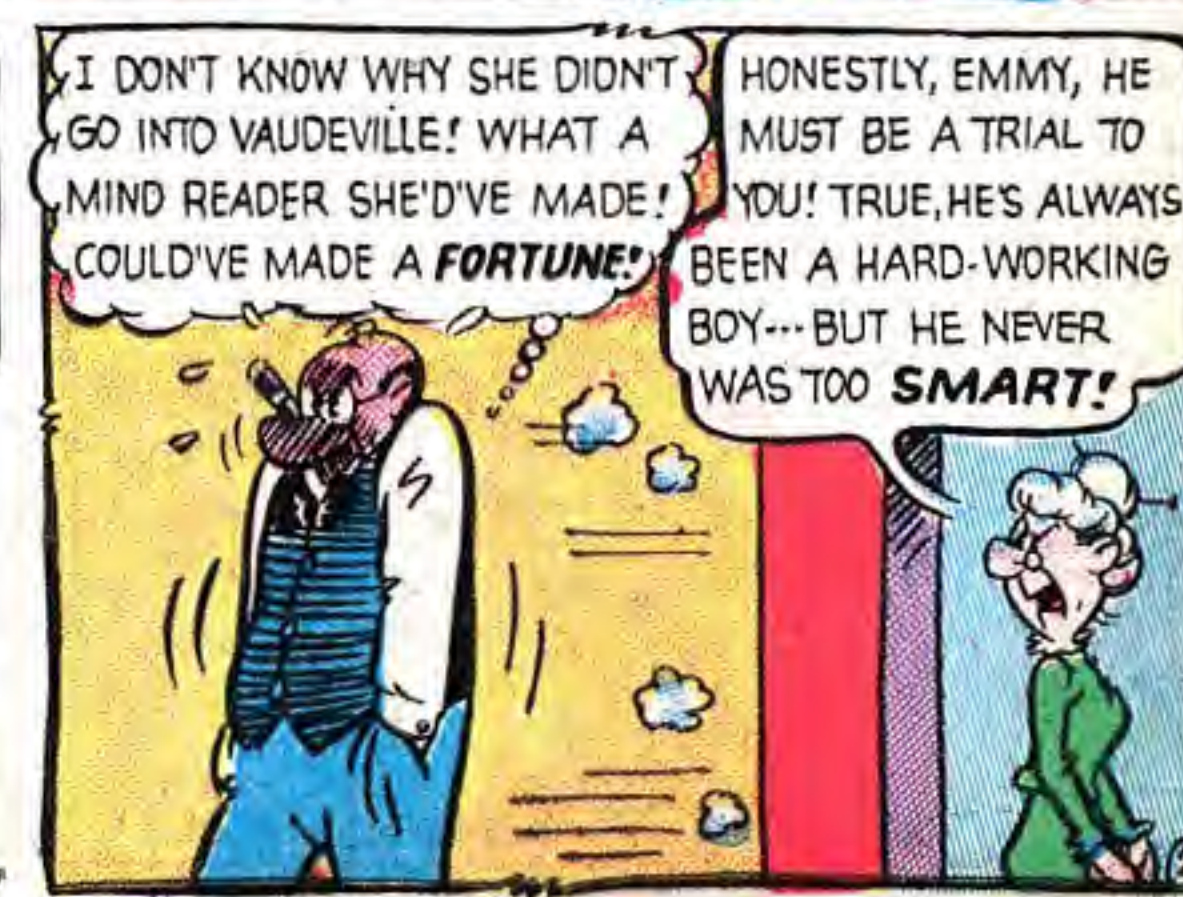
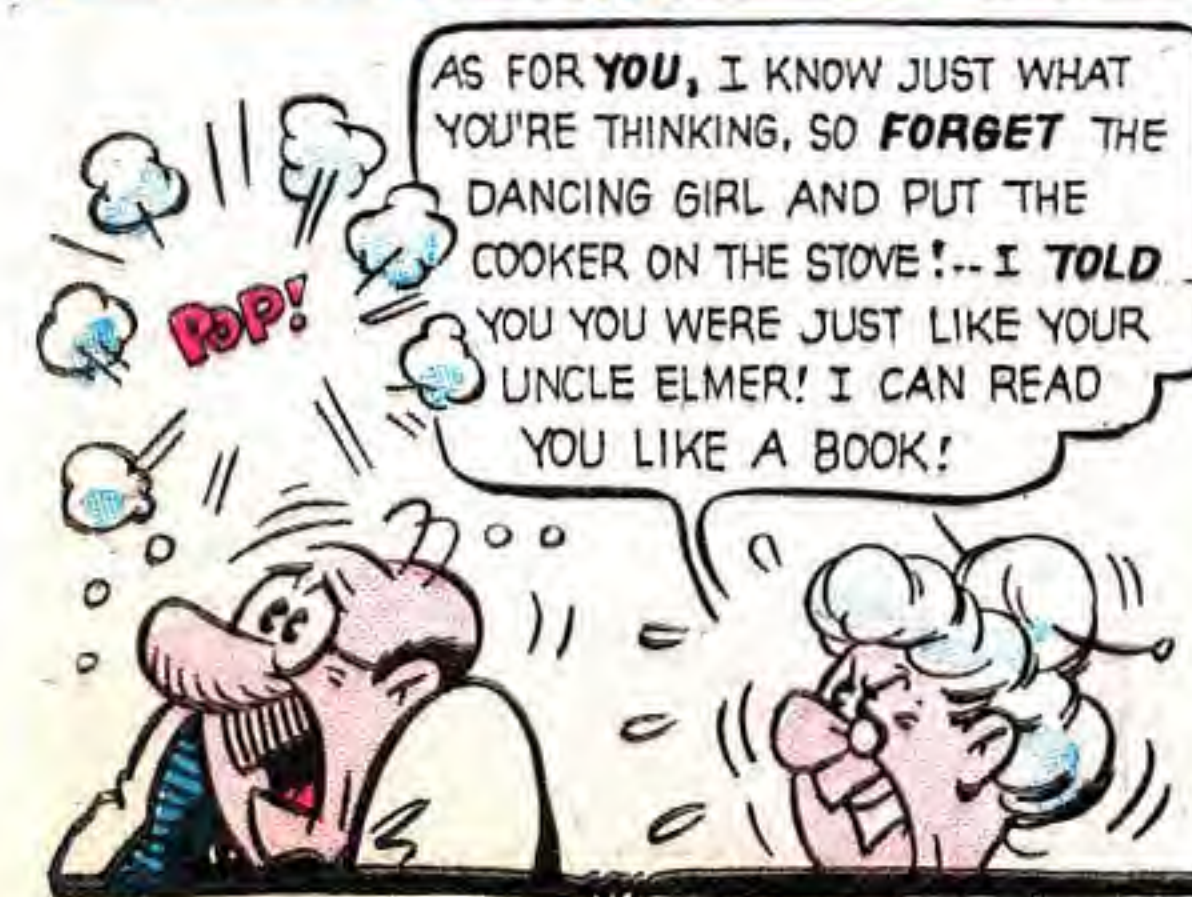
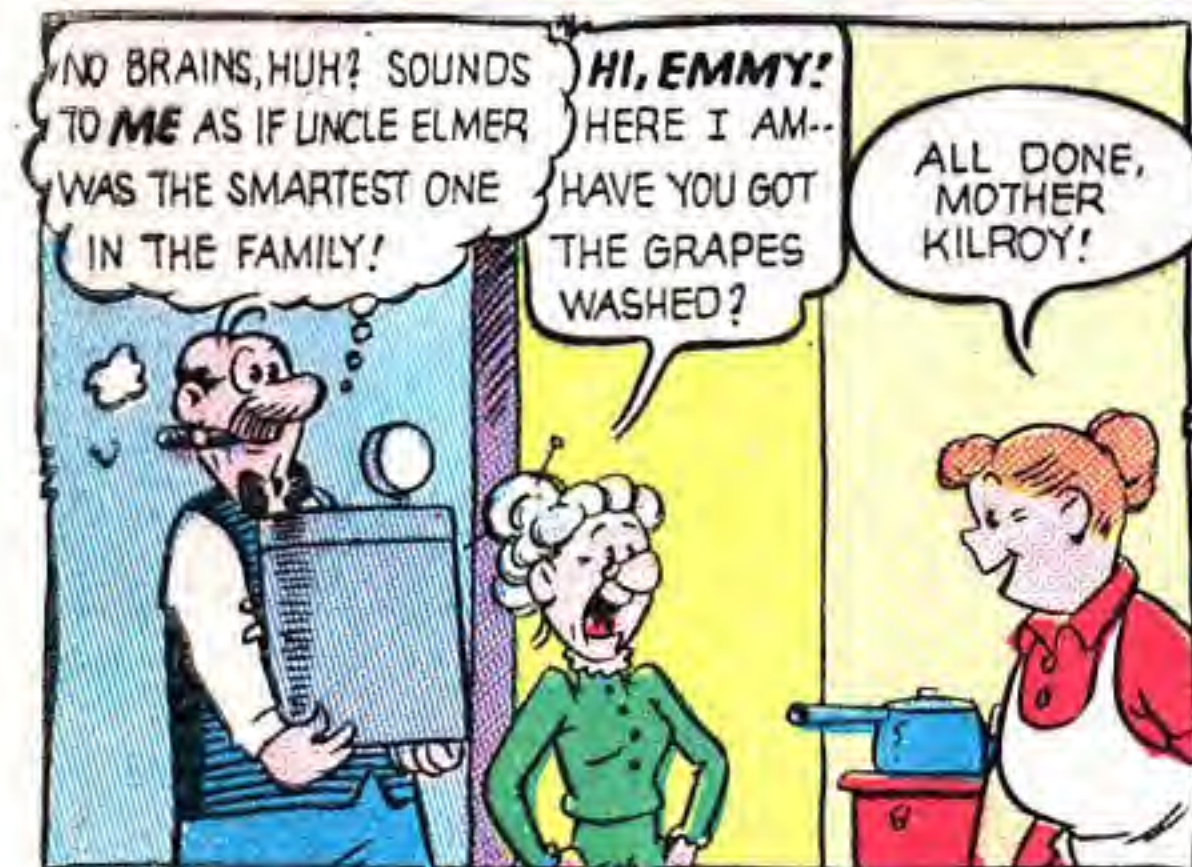
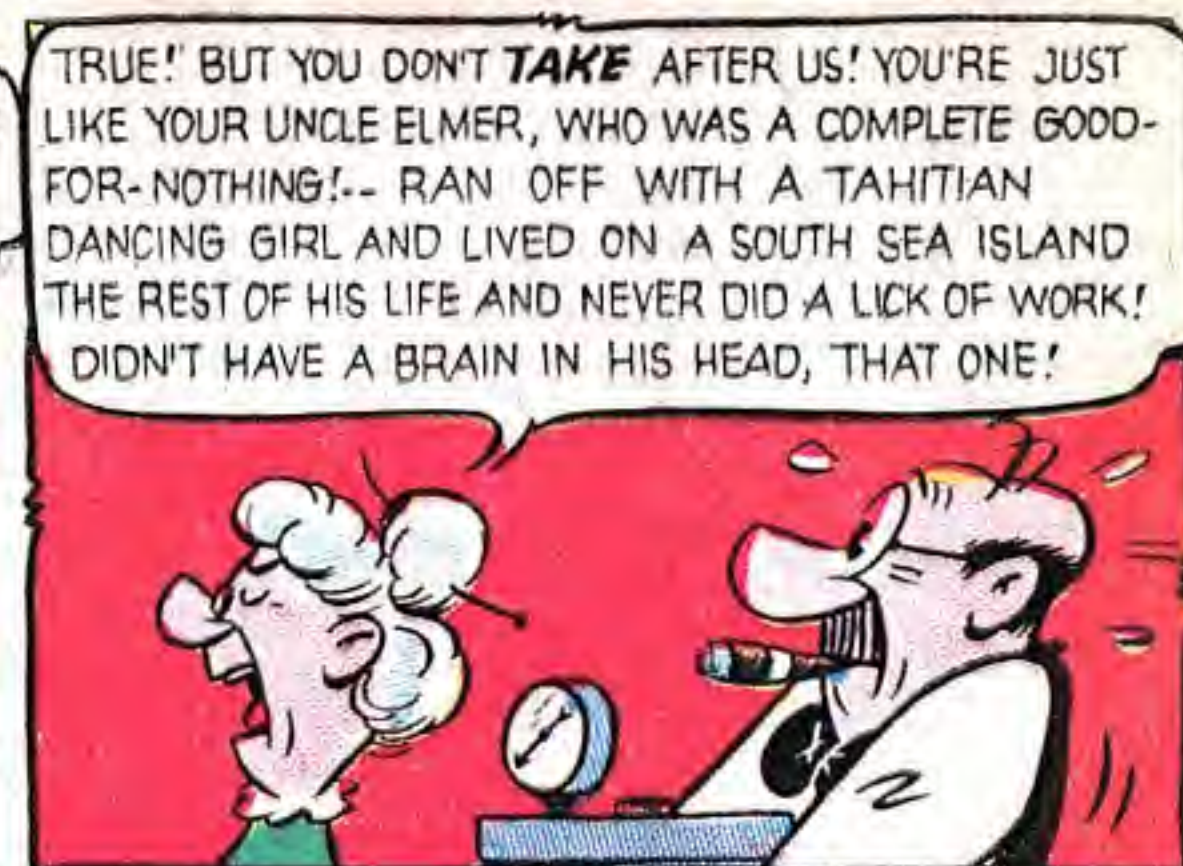
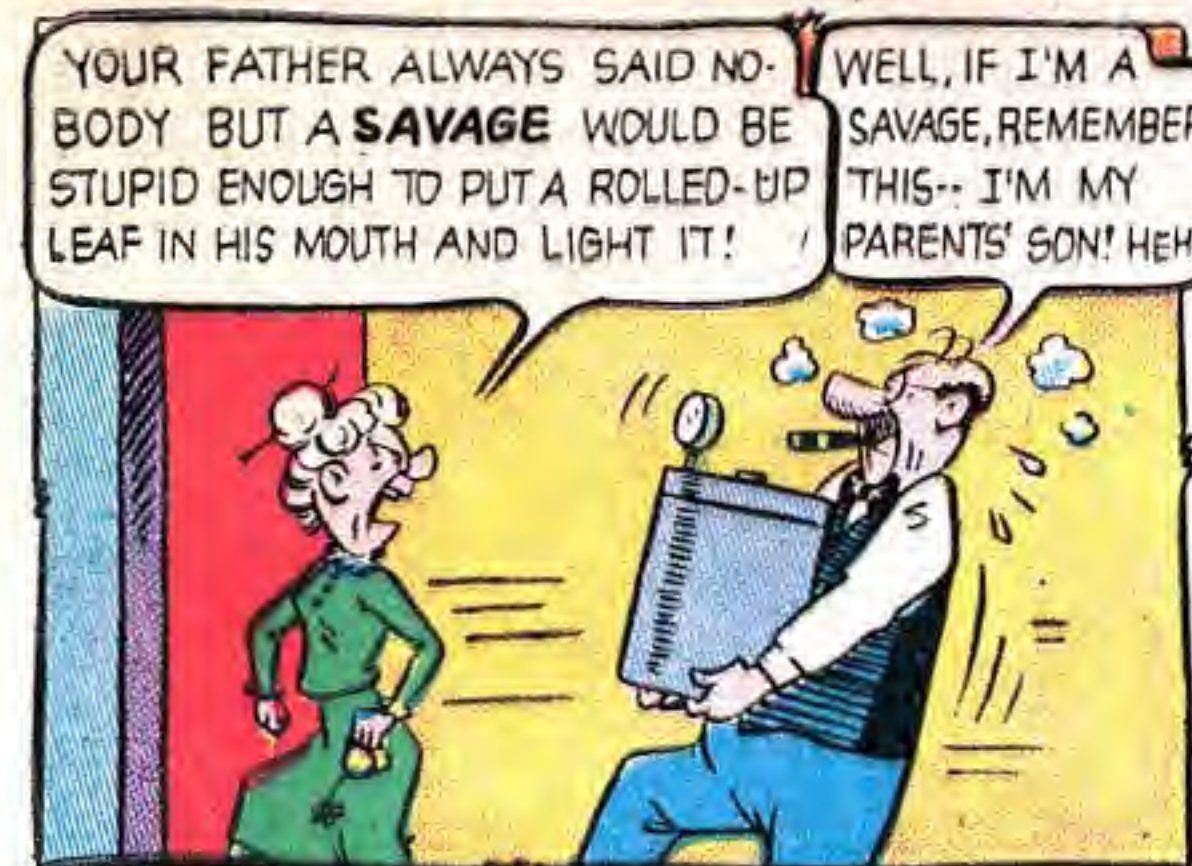
"What about your homework?" Kitty's father asked.

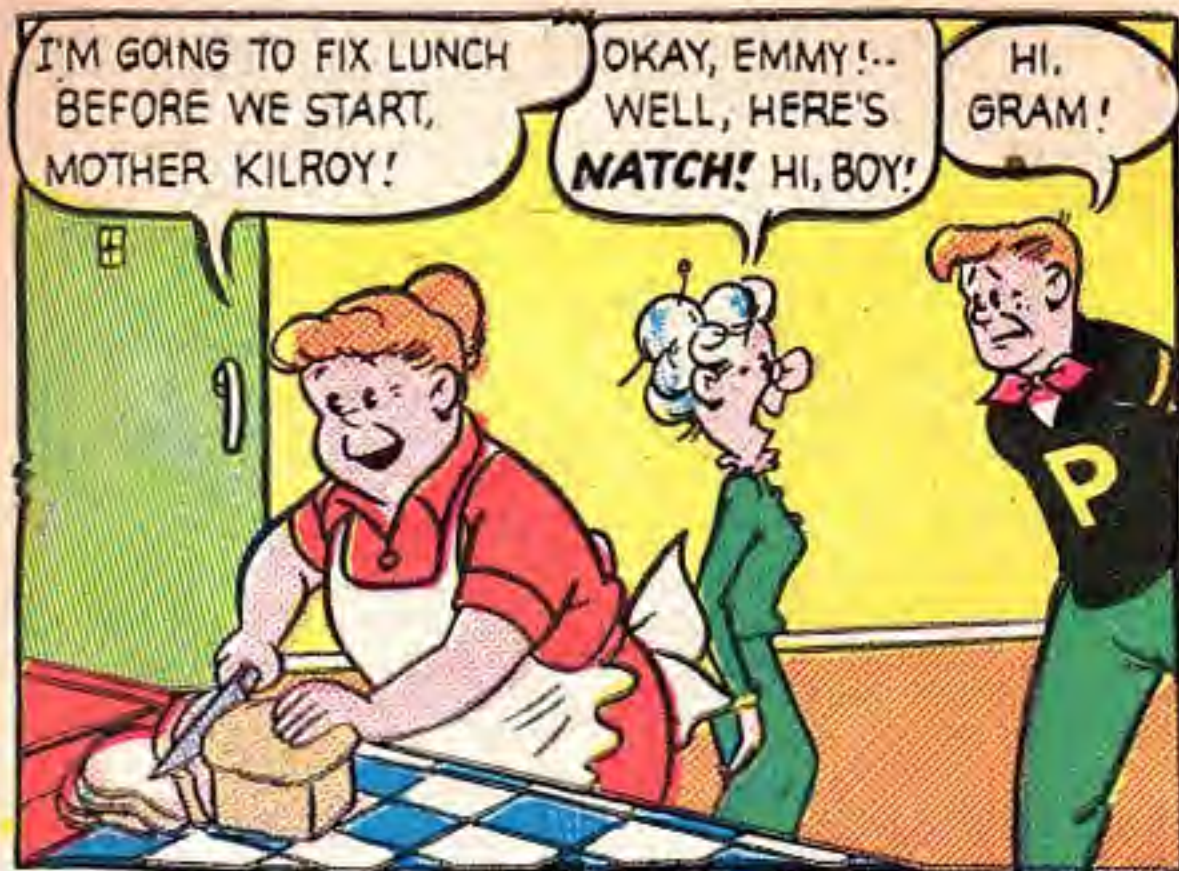
"Oh, I'll do that later, dad, honestly! G'bye now!"

"Old maid?" Kitty's mother asked above the sound of the slamming front door. "Did you *really* believe that?"

Natch and Grandma



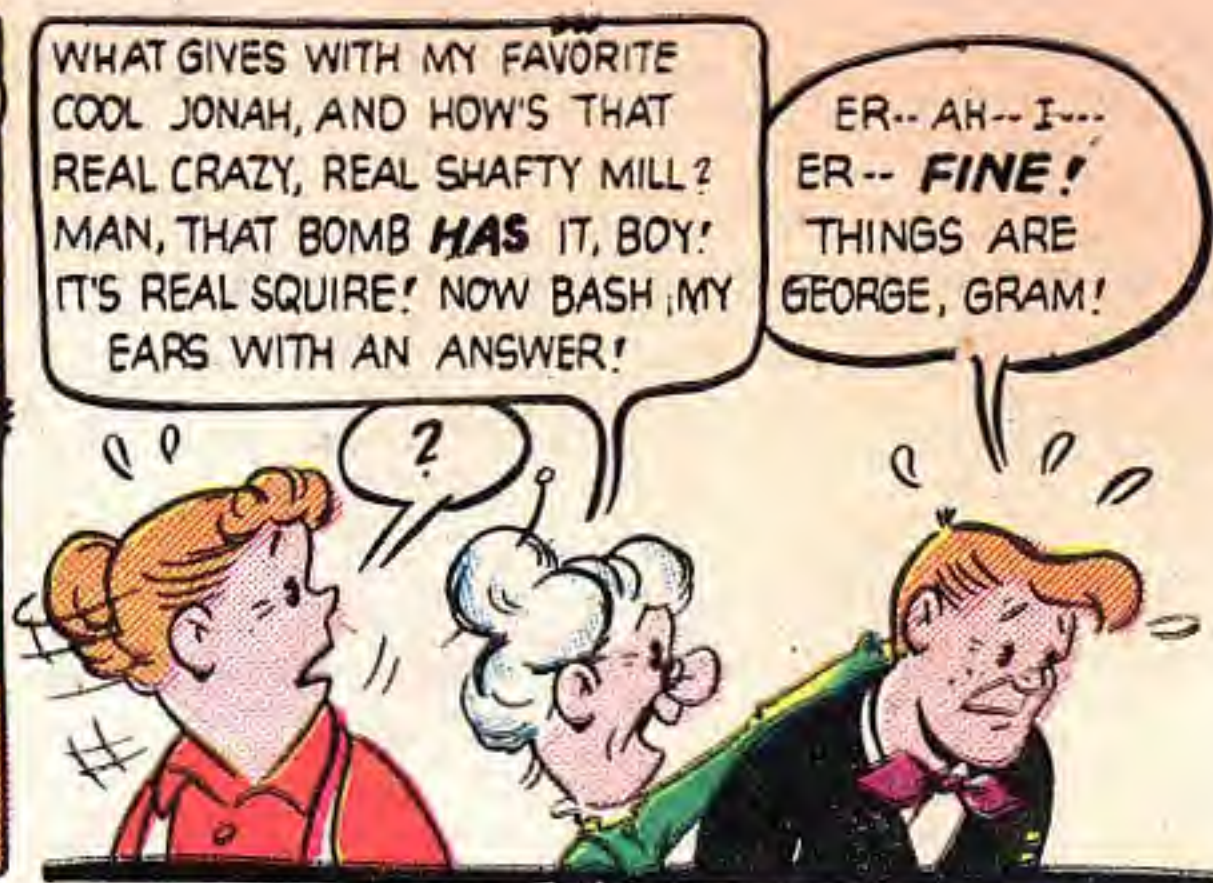




I'M GOING TO FIX LUNCH BEFORE WE START, MOTHER KILROY!

OKAY, EMMY!-- WELL, HERE'S **NATCH!** HI, BOY!

HI, GRAM!



WHAT GIVES WITH MY FAVORITE COOL JONAH, AND HOW'S THAT REAL CRAZY, REAL SHAFTY MILL? MAN, THAT BOMB **HAS** IT, BOY! IT'S REAL SQUIRE! NOW BASH MY EARS WITH AN ANSWER!

ER-- AH-- I--- ER-- **FINE!** THINGS ARE GEORGE, GRAM!



THERE'S SOMETHING **BOTHERING** THAT BOY EMMY-- I CAN TELL IT!

MAYBE HE JUST DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU SAID, MOTHER KILROY! -- I DIDN'T!



FIDDLESTICKS! HE KNEW **EXACTLY** WHAT I SAID! THAT WAS PLAIN OLD TEEN-TALK THAT **EVERYONE** UNDERSTANDS!

OH!-- ER-- WELL, JUST WHAT **DID** YOU SAY?



WHY, I ASKED HOW THINGS WERE WITH MY FAVORITE BOY, AND HOW HIS CAR WAS! DON'T YOU **REMEMBER?**

OH, YES! SURE! SURE! YES! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU SAID! I FORGOT!



ALL RIGHT, COME AND GET IT, EVERYONE! LUNCH IS SERVED! EDGAR! NATCH! COME ON!



ER--AH--SAY, POP, I WONDER IF I CAN HAVE FIVE PIECES OF GOLD IN ADVANCE ON NEXT MONTH'S ALLOWANCE?

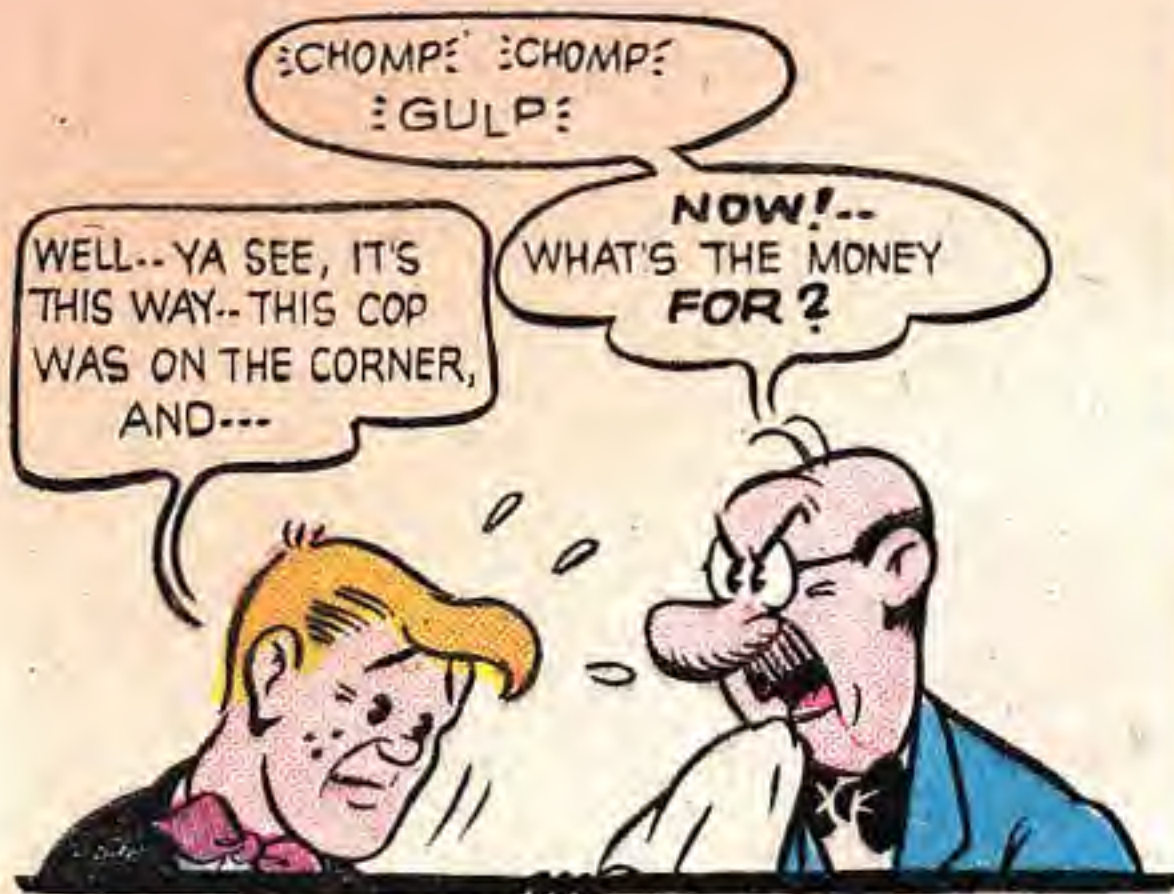
WHAT FOR?

ER, WELL-- SOMETHING **SPECIAL** CAME UP!



SOMETHING **WHAT** SPECIAL? QUIT **BEATING AROUND THE BUSH!**

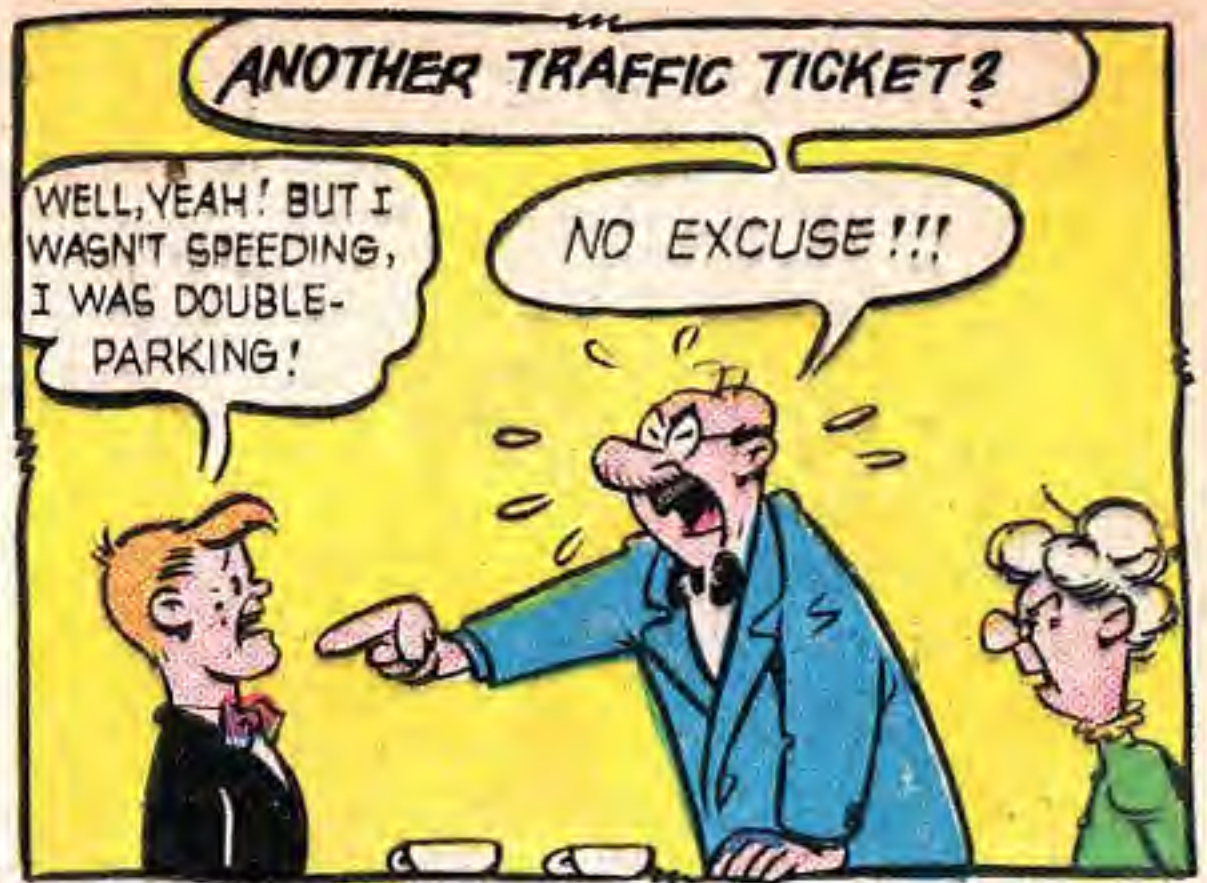
EDGAR KILROY, STOP TALKING WHEN YOUR MOUTH'S FULL! AFTER 50 YEARS, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE **SOME** MANNERS!



CHOMP! CHOMP!
GULP!

WELL... YA SEE, IT'S
THIS WAY-- THIS COP
WAS ON THE CORNER,
AND---

NOW!--
WHAT'S THE MONEY
FOR?



WELL, YEAH! BUT I
WASN'T SPEEDING,
I WAS DOUBLE-
PARKING!

NO EXCUSE!!!



BUT-- BUT--

RIGHT NOW!

NOW, JUST
A MINUTE,
SON!



NOW YOU STAY **OUT** OF THIS, MOTHER! THERE ISN'T ONE
KID IN THIS TOWN WITH A HOPPED-UP JALOPY THAT
ISN'T GETTING TICKETS ALL THE TIME-- AND IT
WOULDN'T HAPPEN IF THEY DROVE
MORE CONVENTIONAL CARS IN-
STEAD OF THOSE AIRPLANE MOTORS
WITH WHEELS!

I ONLY HAD A
SUGGESTION
TO MAKE! NOW WILL
YOU **LISTEN**?

OKAY!
OKAY!



NATCH, YOU KNOW I'M ALWAYS FAIR WITH YOU! NOW, IF I
OFFER YOU A PLAN THAT'S ACCEPTABLE TO YOUR FATHER,
WILL **YOU** PROMISE TO
ACCEPT IT?

OKAY, GRAM! I
HAVEN'T MUCH
CHOICE, ANYWAY!

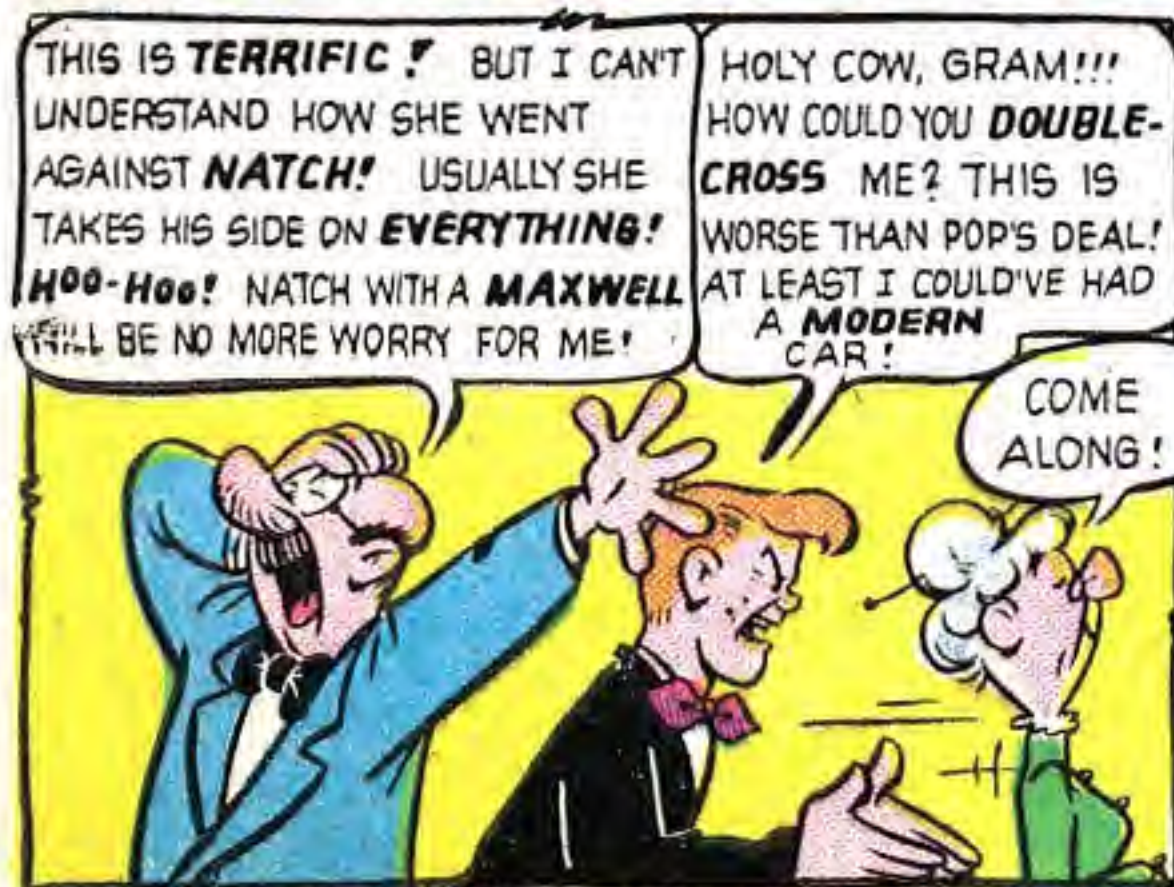
IF YOU'RE GOING TO SUGGEST
LETTING HIM KEEP THAT CAR
INSTEAD OF GETTING A CON-
VENTIONAL ONE, YOU CAN
FORGET IT!



MY SUGGESTION IS FOR NATCH TO
SELL HIS CAR AND GET
ONE LIKE
MINE!

WHAT?

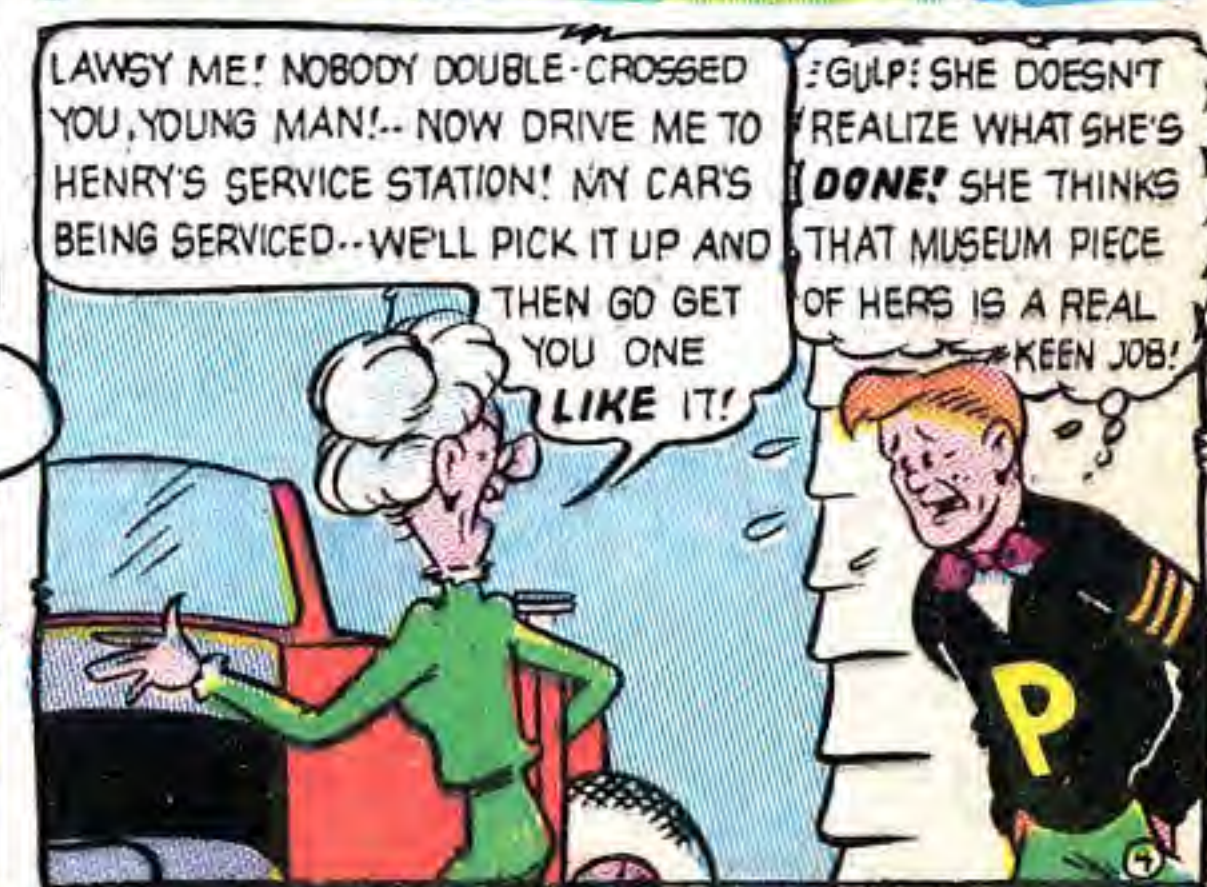
LIKE **YOURS**? I
ACCEPT, MOTHER! IT'S A
WONDERFUL
IDEA! A CAR LIKE
YOURS! YES! YES!



THIS IS **TERRIFIC**! BUT I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND HOW SHE WENT
AGAINST **NATCH**! USUALLY SHE
TAKES HIS SIDE ON **EVERYTHING**!
HOO-HOO! NATCH WITH A **MAXWELL**
WILL BE NO MORE WORRY FOR ME!

HOLY COW, GRAM!!!
HOW COULD YOU **DOUBLE-
CROSS** ME? THIS IS
WORSE THAN POP'S DEAL!
AT LEAST I COULD'VE HAD
A **MODERN**
CAR!

COME
ALONG!



LAWSY ME! NOBODY DOUBLE-CROSSED
YOU, YOUNG MAN!-- NOW DRIVE ME TO
HENRY'S SERVICE STATION! MY CAR'S
BEING SERVICED-- WE'LL PICK IT UP AND
THEN GO GET
YOU ONE
LIKE IT!

GULP! SHE DOESN'T
REALIZE WHAT SHE'S
DONE! SHE THINKS
THAT MUSEUM PIECE
OF HERS IS A REAL
KEEN JOB!

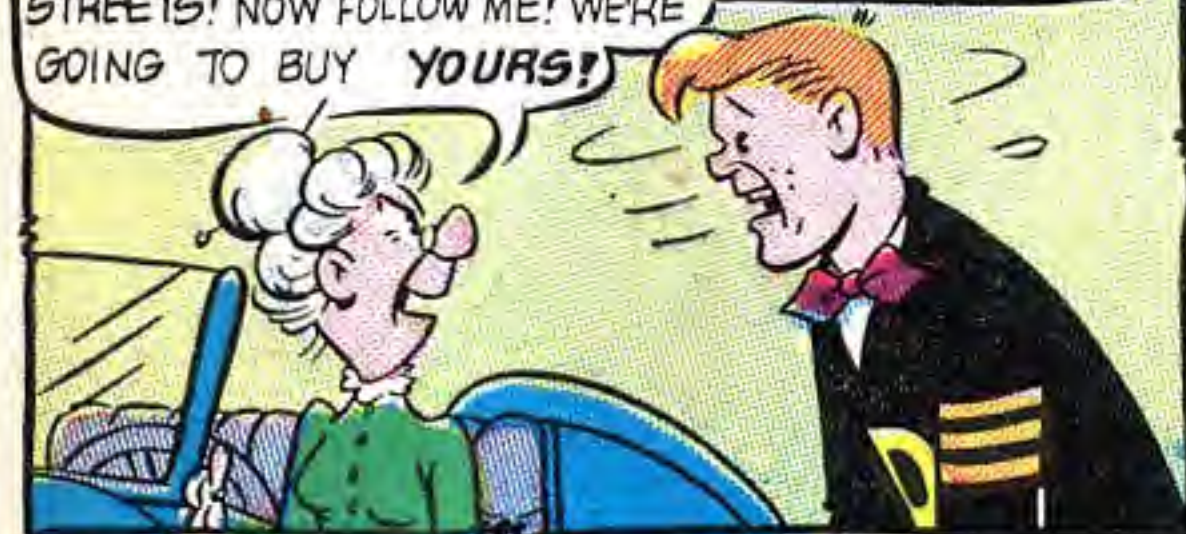


THAT'S RIGHT, NATCH! JUST BOUGHT IT, BUT I DIDN'T THINK THAT I HAD TO TELL YOUR **FATHER** THAT!... REAL SHAFTY, REAL COOL, EH? IT'S AN **M.G.**, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SPORT CARS IN THE WORLD--AND ONE OF THE **SAFEST** IN THE

AND **THAT'S** WHAT I'M GONNA GET? POP'LL FLIP HIS WIG WHEN HE FINDS OUT YOU TRICKED HIM!



YOU SEE, MY PLAN IS TO START A POINTFALL'S SPORTS CAR CLUB FOR TEEN-AGERS! WE'LL HAVE SUPERVISED COMPETITIONS, SPEED TRIALS, RALLIES, EVEN GROUP TRIPS AND MANY OTHER THINGS, BUT IT'LL ALL BE **SUPERVISED!** NO MORE HOT-ROD RACING IN THE STREETS! NOW FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GOING TO BUY **YOURS!**

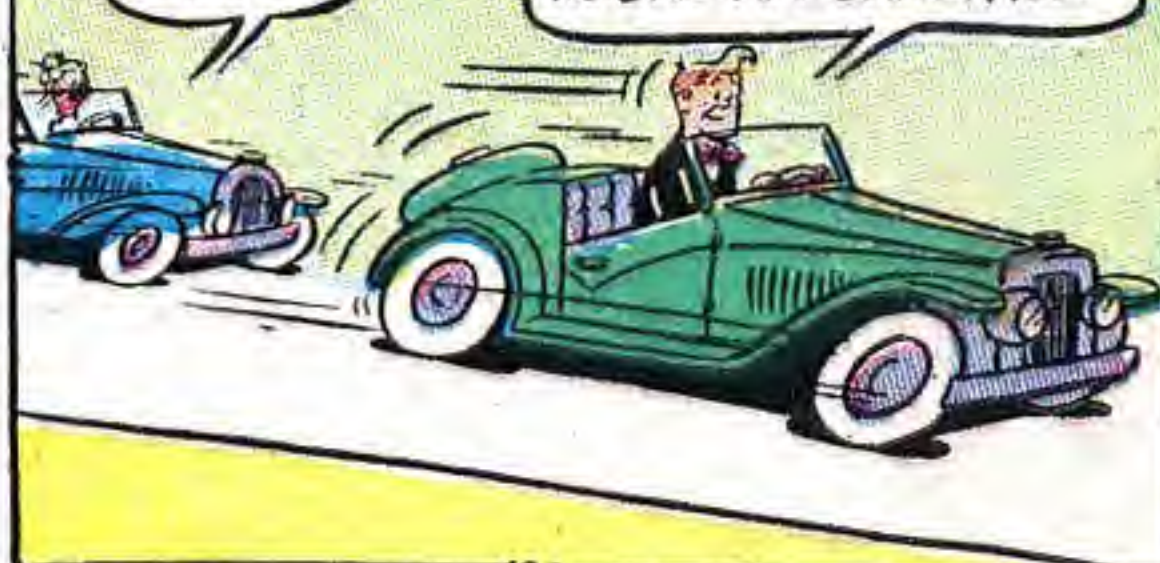


I DIDN'T TRICK HIM! THESE LITTLE CARS ARE--WELL--CONVENTIONAL AND STRAIGHT STOCK, BUT THEY'LL OUTPERFORM ANY REGULAR AUTOMOBILE BECAUSE OF THEIR WONDERFUL HANDLING QUALITIES! THEY AREN'T SOUPED-UP, DANGEROUS RACING MILLS--AND THAT'S WHAT YOUR FATHER COMPLAINED ABOUT!



SO... DOWN TO THE **SWEET TOOTH**, NATCH! WE'LL SHOW THE CATS YOUR NEW CAR!

HOLY HANNAH! THIS THING IS **SENSATIONAL!** IT ISN'T AS FAST AS A HOT-ROD, BUT IT GOES AROUND A CORNER WITH NO SKID AND SAFELY, TOO!



SLIM! CHURN UP MALTS FOR EVERYBODY! --THEY'RE ON ME! WE'RE CELEBRATING NATCH'S SELLING HIS MILL AND BUYING ONE LIKE MINE!

WHA--HOLY COW! NATCH, YOU DIDN'T **REALLY**, DID'JA?



LOOK! HERE IT IS! IT'S A SPORTS CAR, AND AFTER ALL, THAT'S WHAT WE KIDS WHO BUILD UP CONVENTIONAL CARS INTO HOT-RODS ARE TRYING TO GET ANYWAY! -- A SPORT AUTOMOBILE!

HAW! YOU CALL THAT TOY A **CAR?** HO!



YOUNG MAN, I DON'T USUALLY WAGER, BUT I'LL BET YOU TEN GEETAS THAT NATCH CAN DRIVE FROM HERE TO CASTLE CITY, STAY WITHIN THE SPEED LIMIT, AND GET THERE QUICKER THAN **YOU** CAN IN YOUR **CADDY!**

YOU GOT A BET, GRANDMA! YOU RIDE WITH ME AND CHUCK RIDES WITH NATCH TO CHECK HIM!



Meanwhile...

THAT'S RIGHT, JONES' AS OF

NOW, NATCH NO LONGER HAS A HOT-ROD! **HAW!** SLICKEST DEAL I EVER PUT OVER! HEH-HEH! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T GET THAT BOY OF YOURS TO GET RID OF **HIS**

AND HE HAD TO GET ONE LIKE HIS GRANDMA'S! HA! THAT'S RICH, KILROY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE MEN'S CLUB!

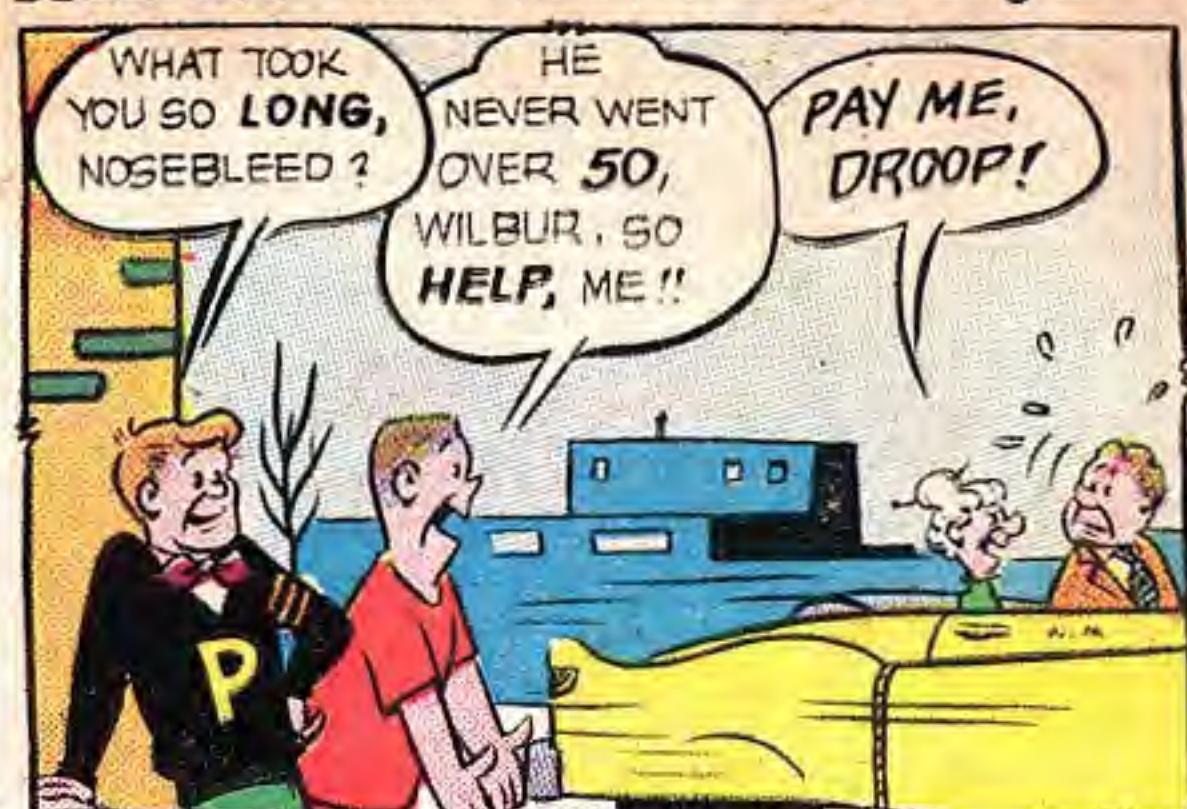


And so, an hour later, in Castle City...

WHAT TOOK YOU SO **LONG**, NOSEBLEED?

HE NEVER WENT OVER **50**, WILBUR. SO **HELP**, ME!!

PAY ME, DROOP!



So, in no time -- all over town...

POP, CAN I SELL MY HOT-ROD AND BUY A CAR LIKE NATCH KILROY'S GRANDMA'S?

ARE YOU **SERIOUS?**



SURE! SURE! NATCH HAS ONE LIKE HERS, AND HE SOLD **HIS** HOT-ROD!

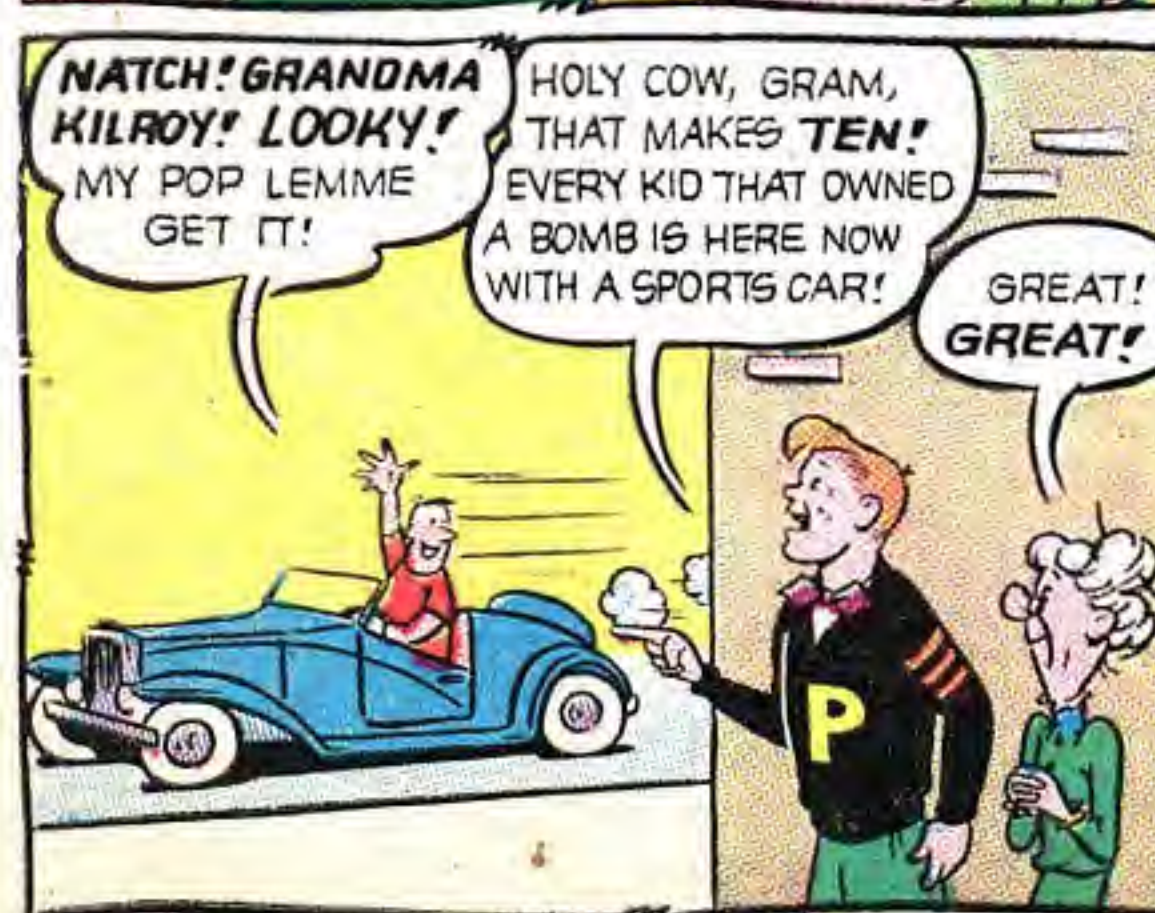
ED, THIS IS CHARLIE JONES! THAT BOY OF YOURS MUST BE A **REAL LEADER!** IN THE LAST HOUR, EVERY BOY IN TOWN WHO OWNED A HOT-ROD HAS INSISTED ON SELLING IT AND GETTING ONE LIKE **NATCH'S!** IMAGINE! THEY WERE WILLING TO HAVE AN OLD KLUNK JUST BECAUSE **HE** DID! WE'VE GOT **YOU** TO THANK FOR THE **WHOLE THING!**



NATCH! GRANDMA KILROY! LOOKY! MY POP LEMME GET IT!

HOLY COW, GRAM, THAT MAKES **TEN!** EVERY KID THAT OWNED A BOMB IS HERE NOW WITH A SPORTS CAR!

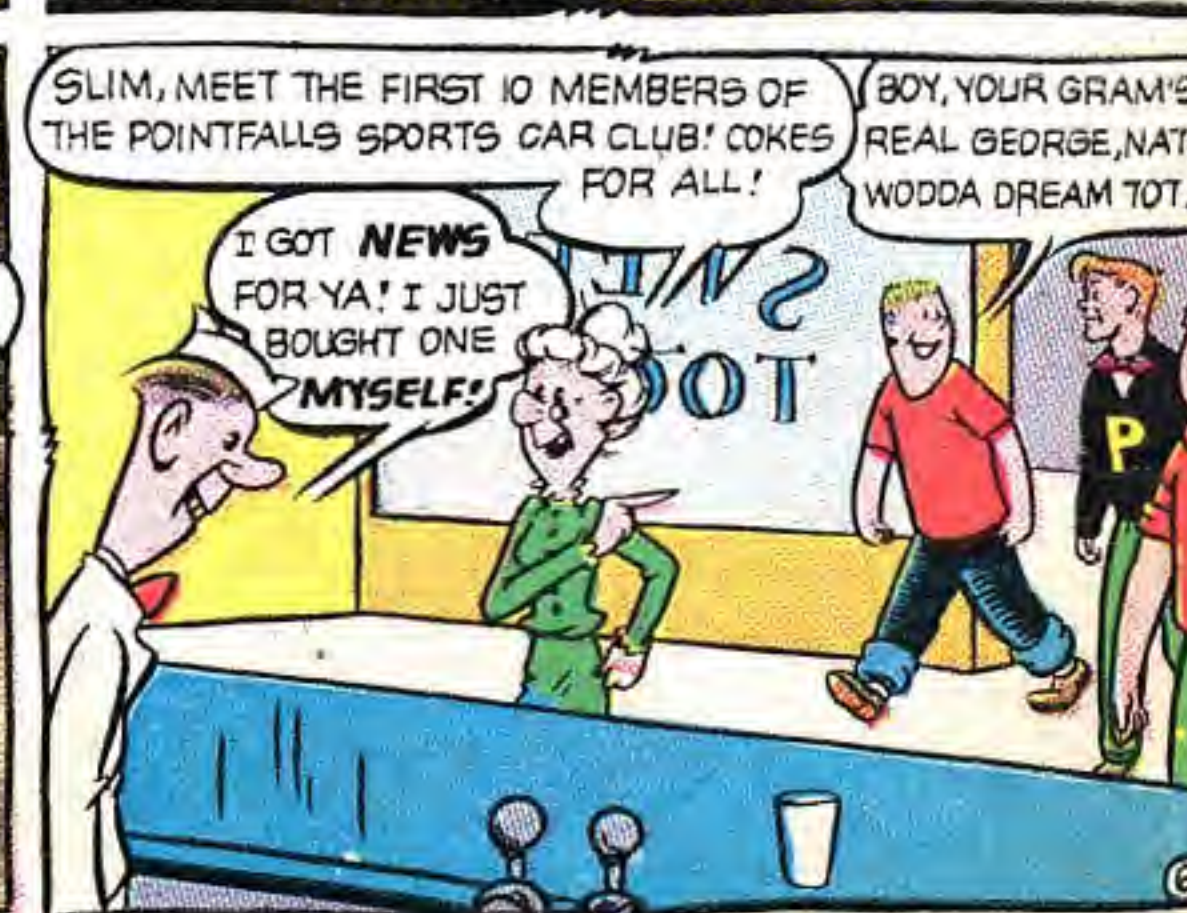
GREAT! GREAT!

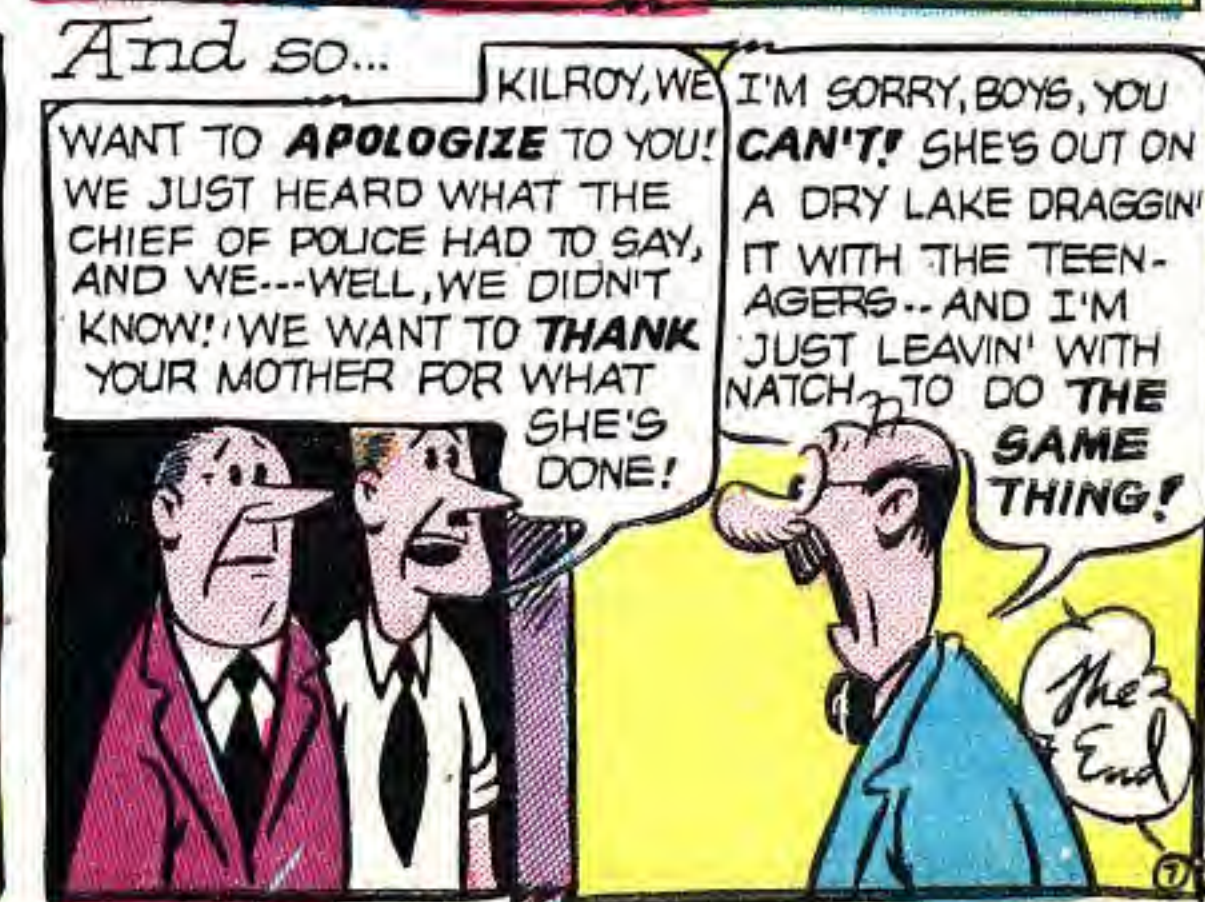
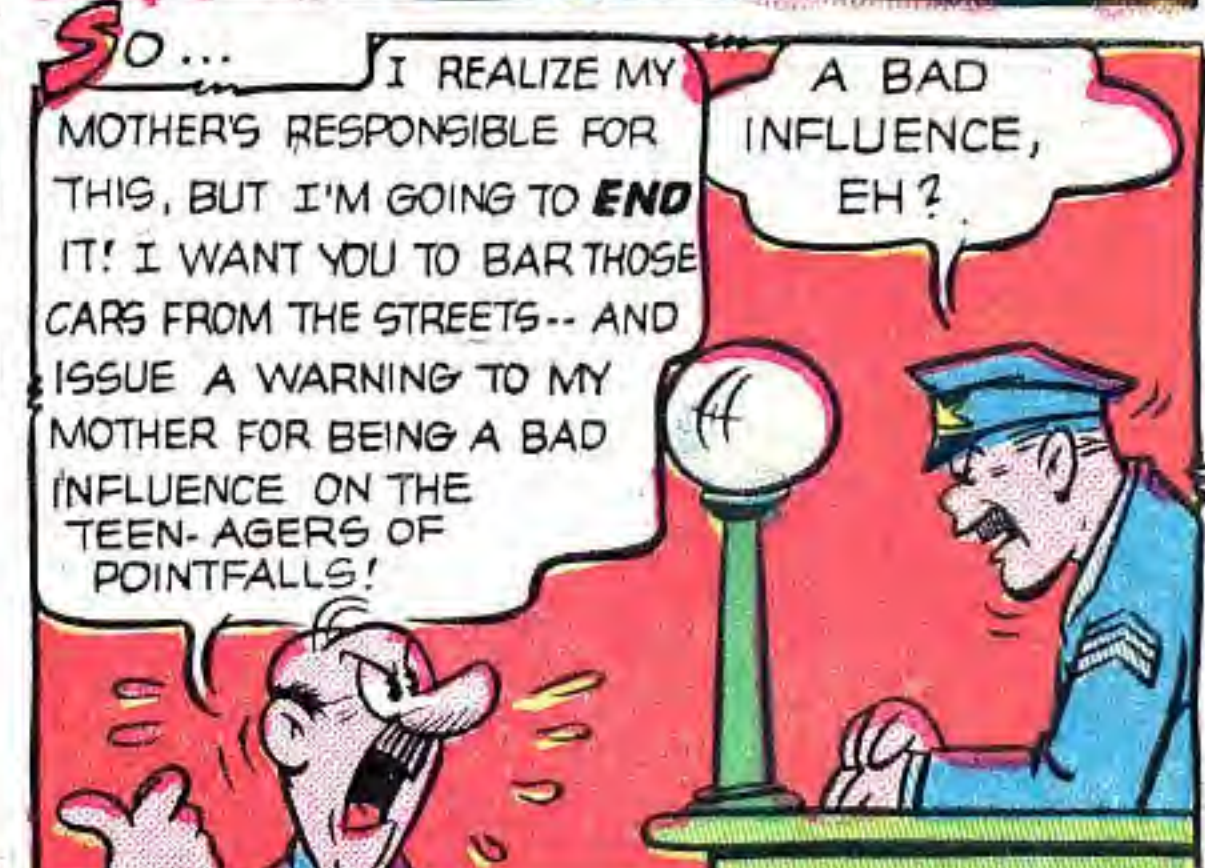
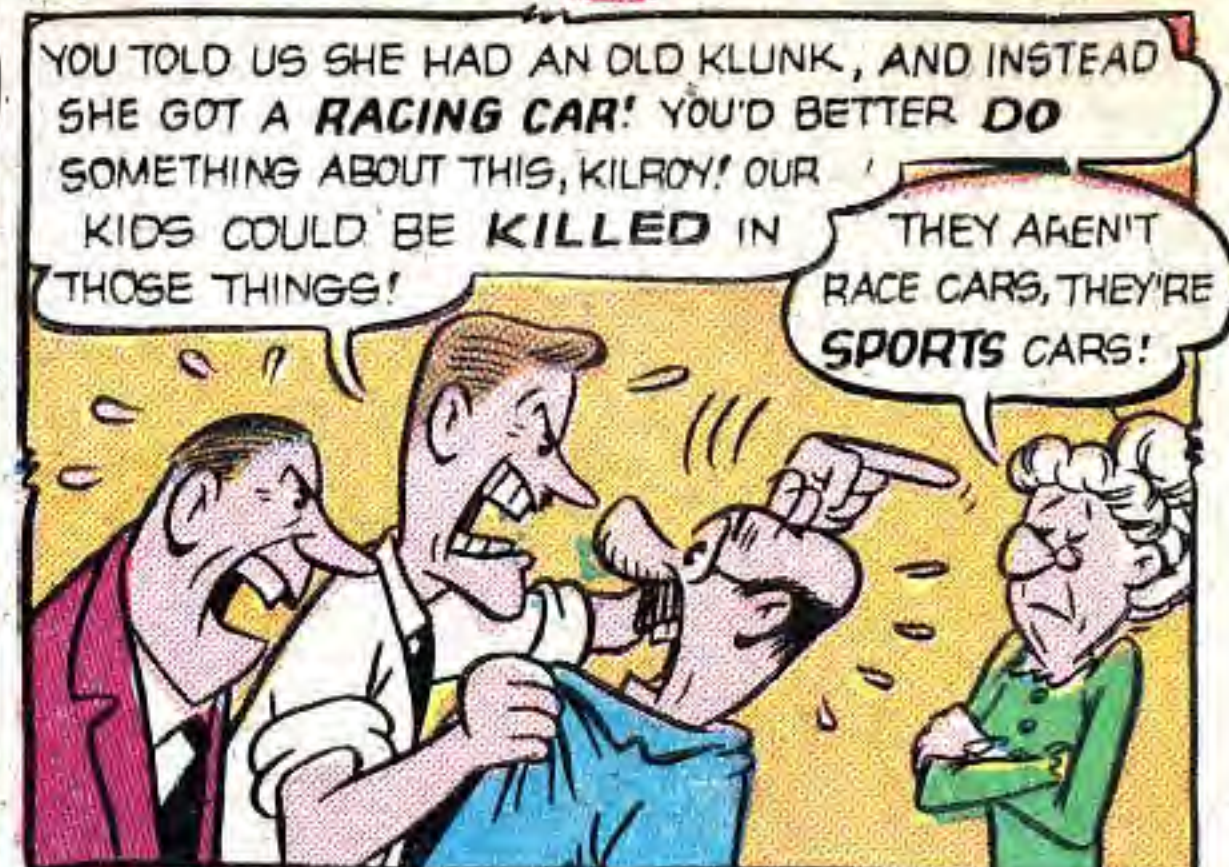
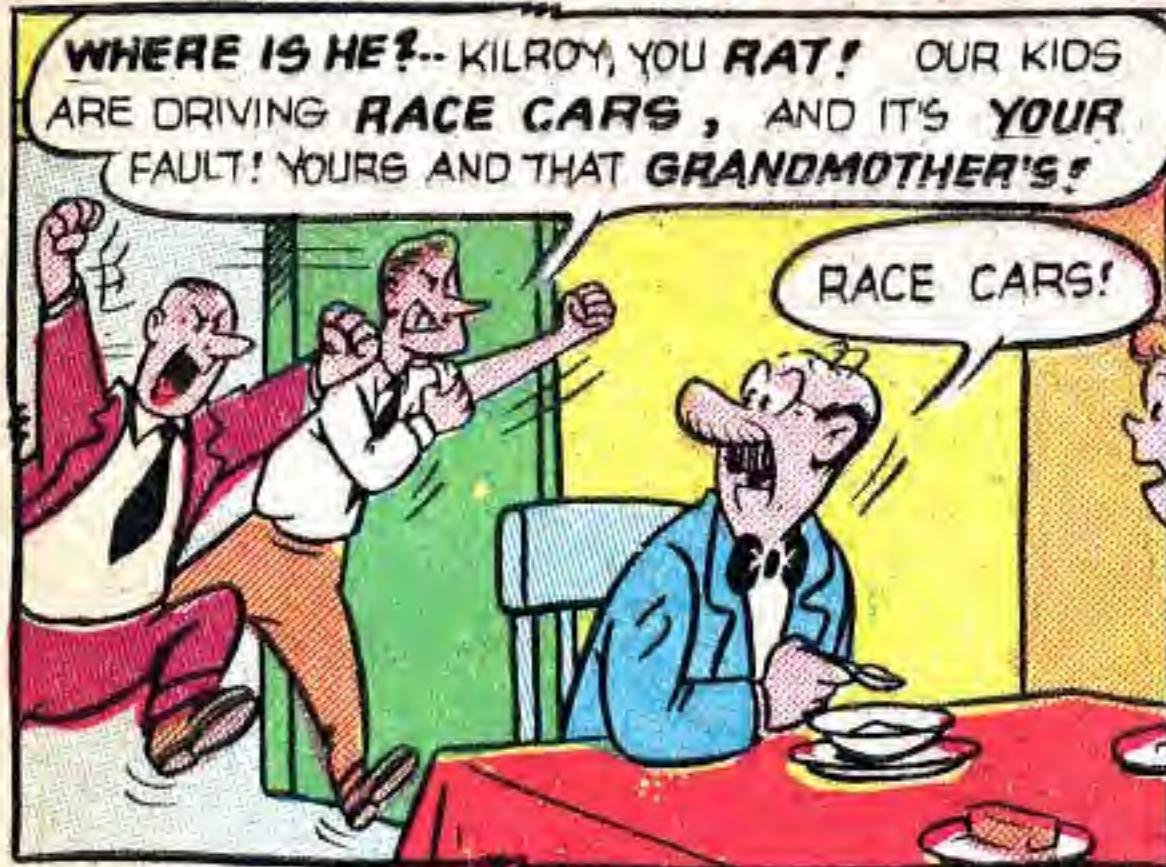
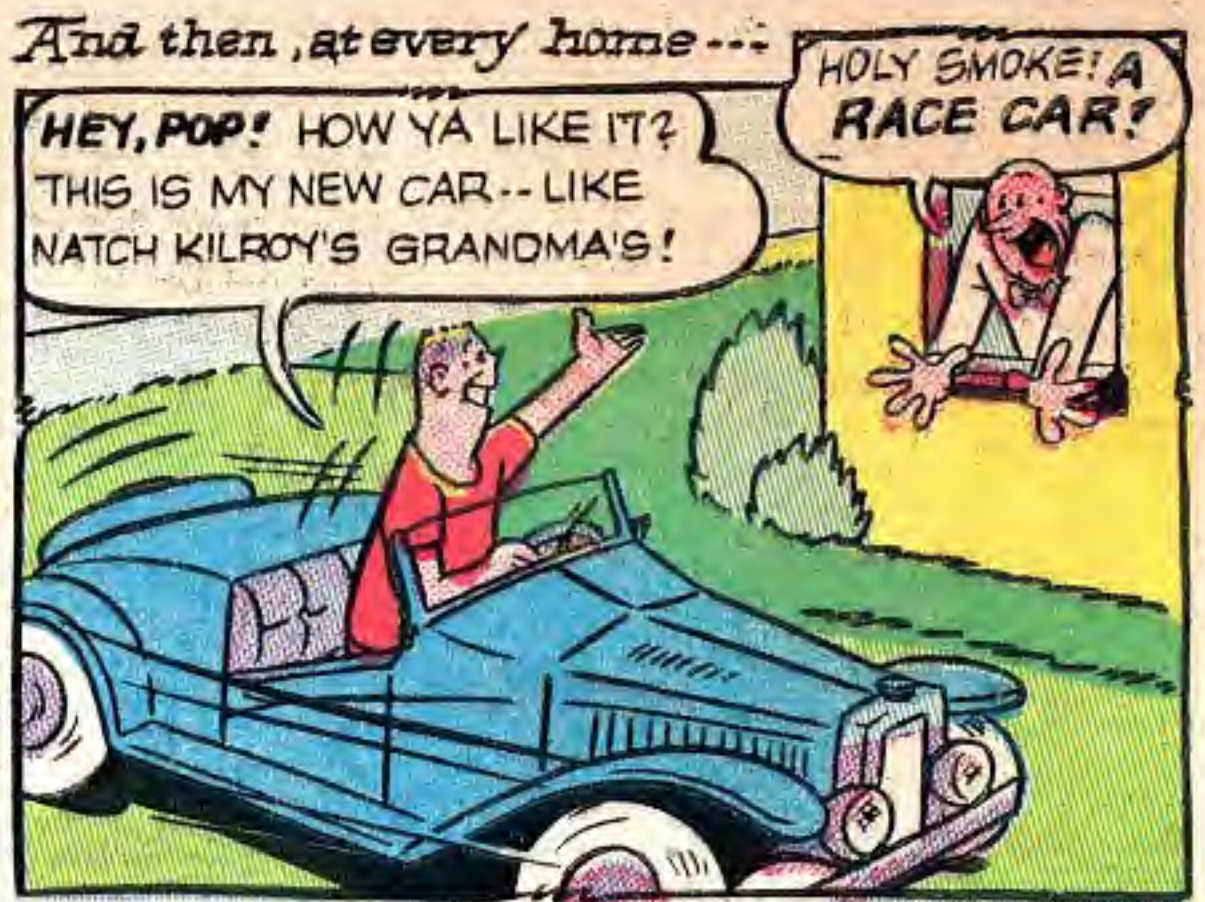
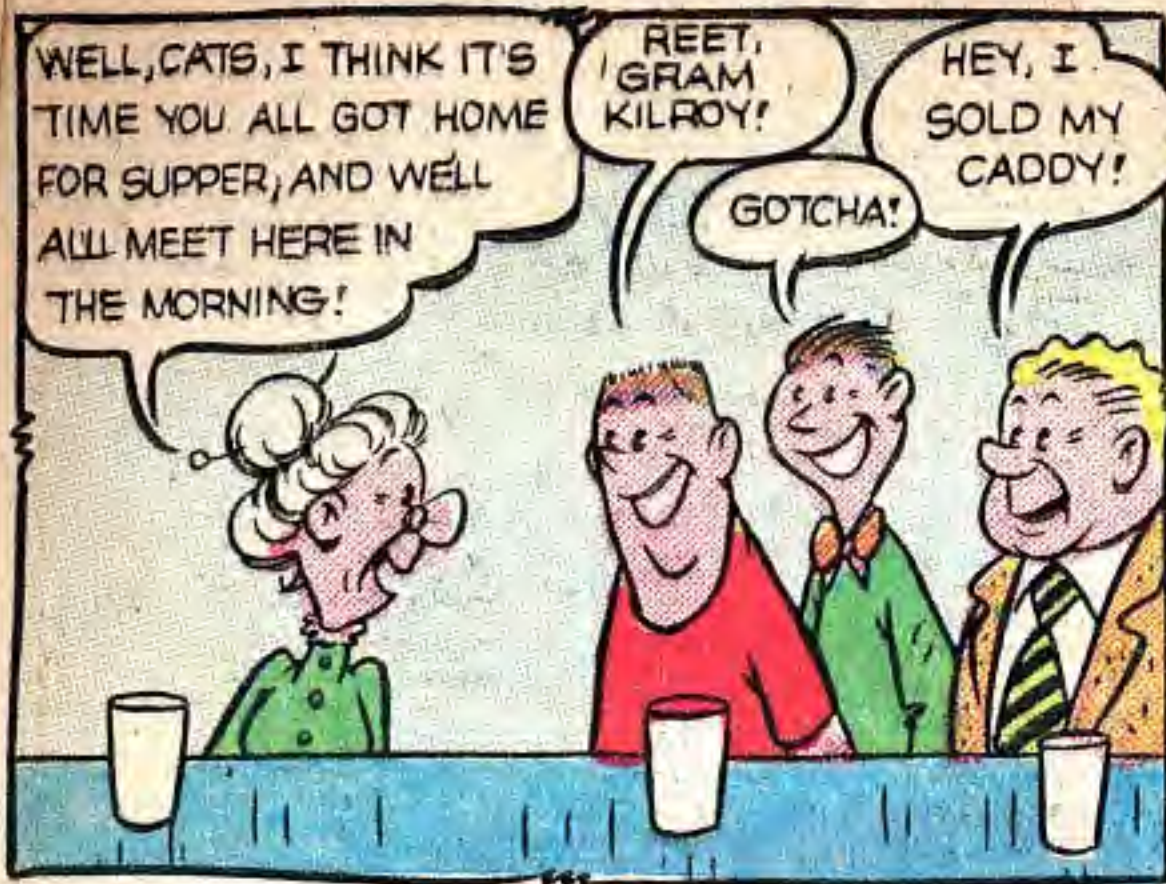


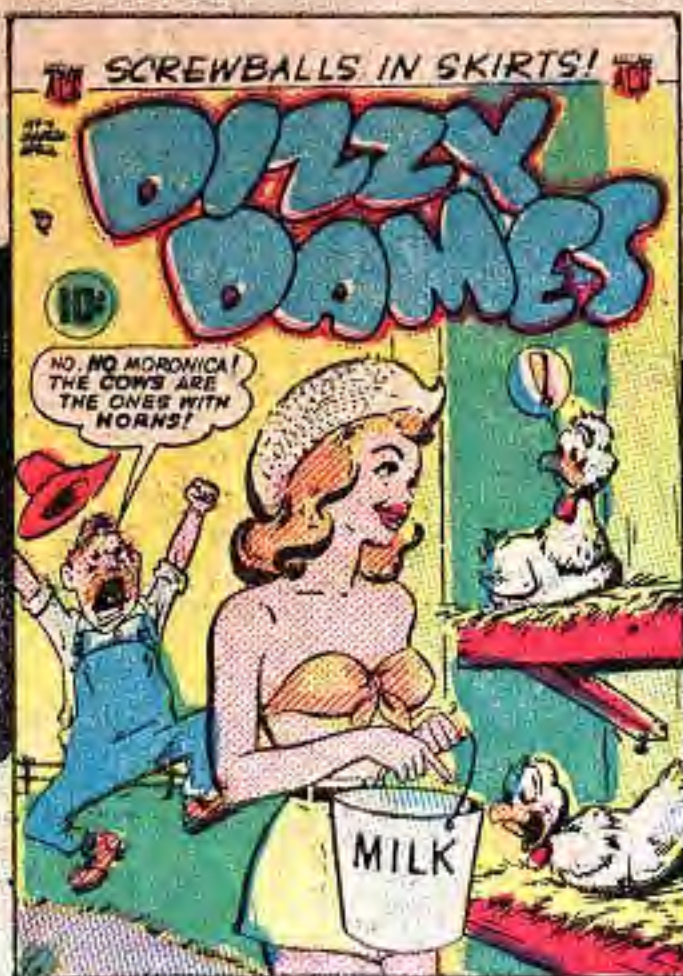
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Of THE KILROYS, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1952.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183rd St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Best Syndicated Features, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81st Street, New York, N. Y.; Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mort-

gages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1952.

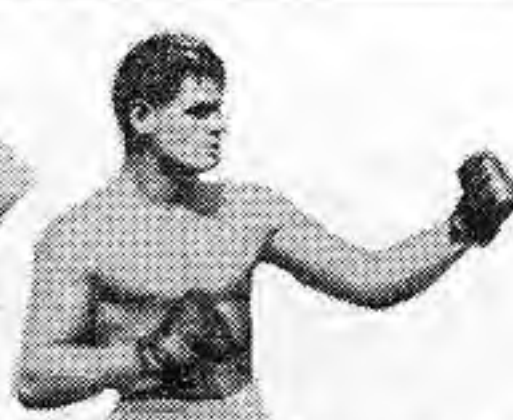
Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)



"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."
—R. F., South Africa



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"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

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Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

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